LIFE



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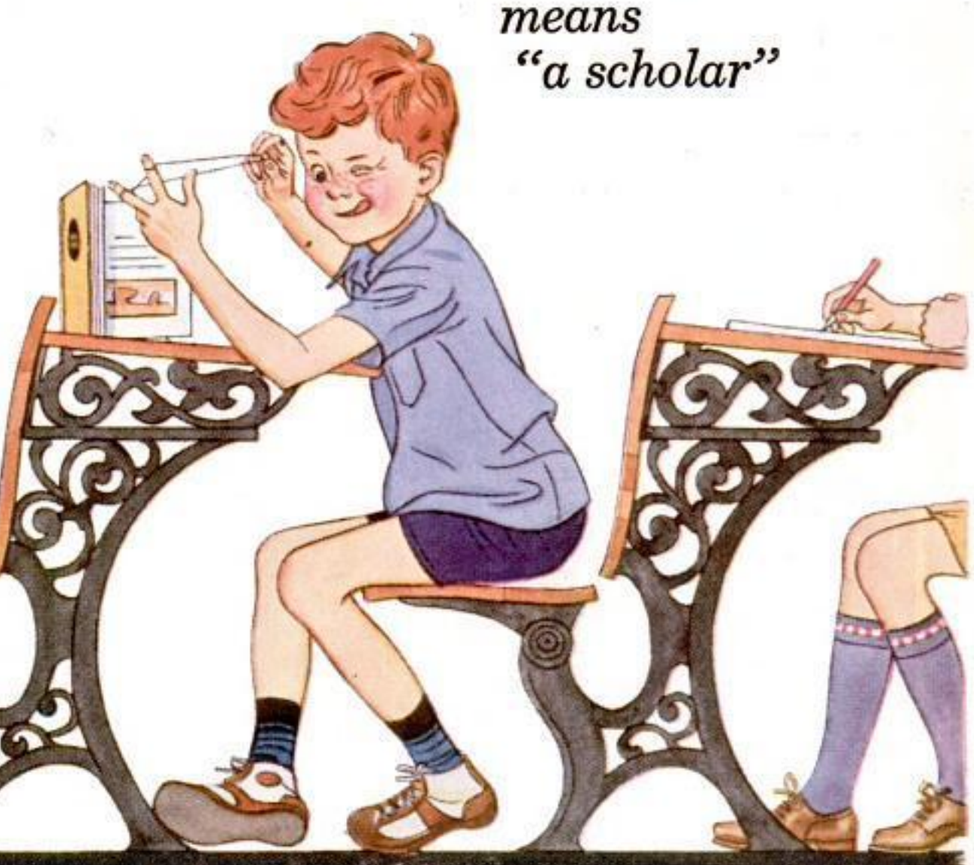


STEPHEN
means
"a crown"

CLARA
means
"brilliant"

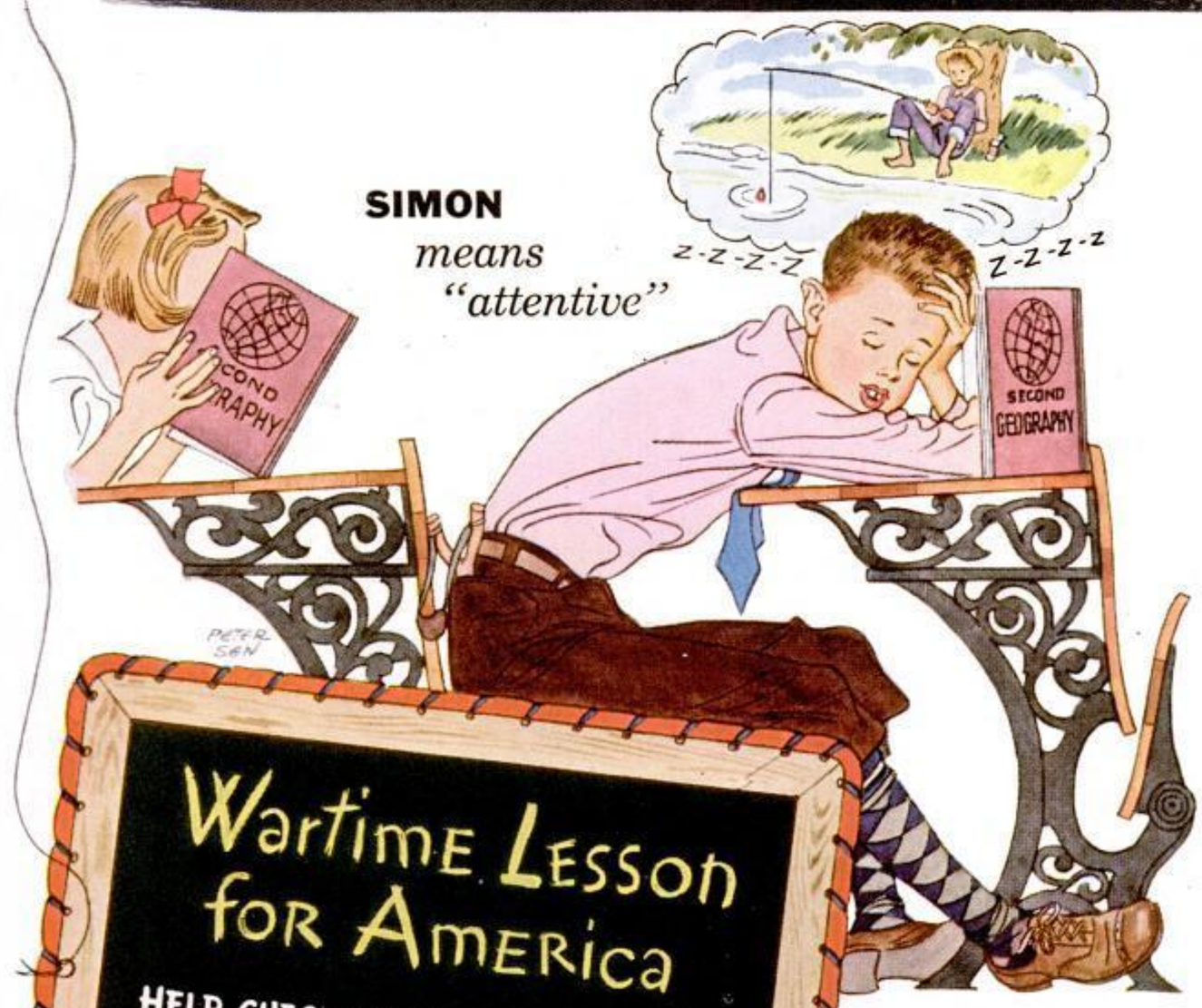


SCHUYLER
means
"a scholar"



What's in a name?





SIMON
means
"attentive"

Wartime Lesson for America

HELP CHECK INFLATION AND RISING PRICES. USE IT UP... WEAR IT OUT... MAKE IT DO... OR DO WITHOUT!

ETHYL *is a trade mark name.*

It stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking. The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

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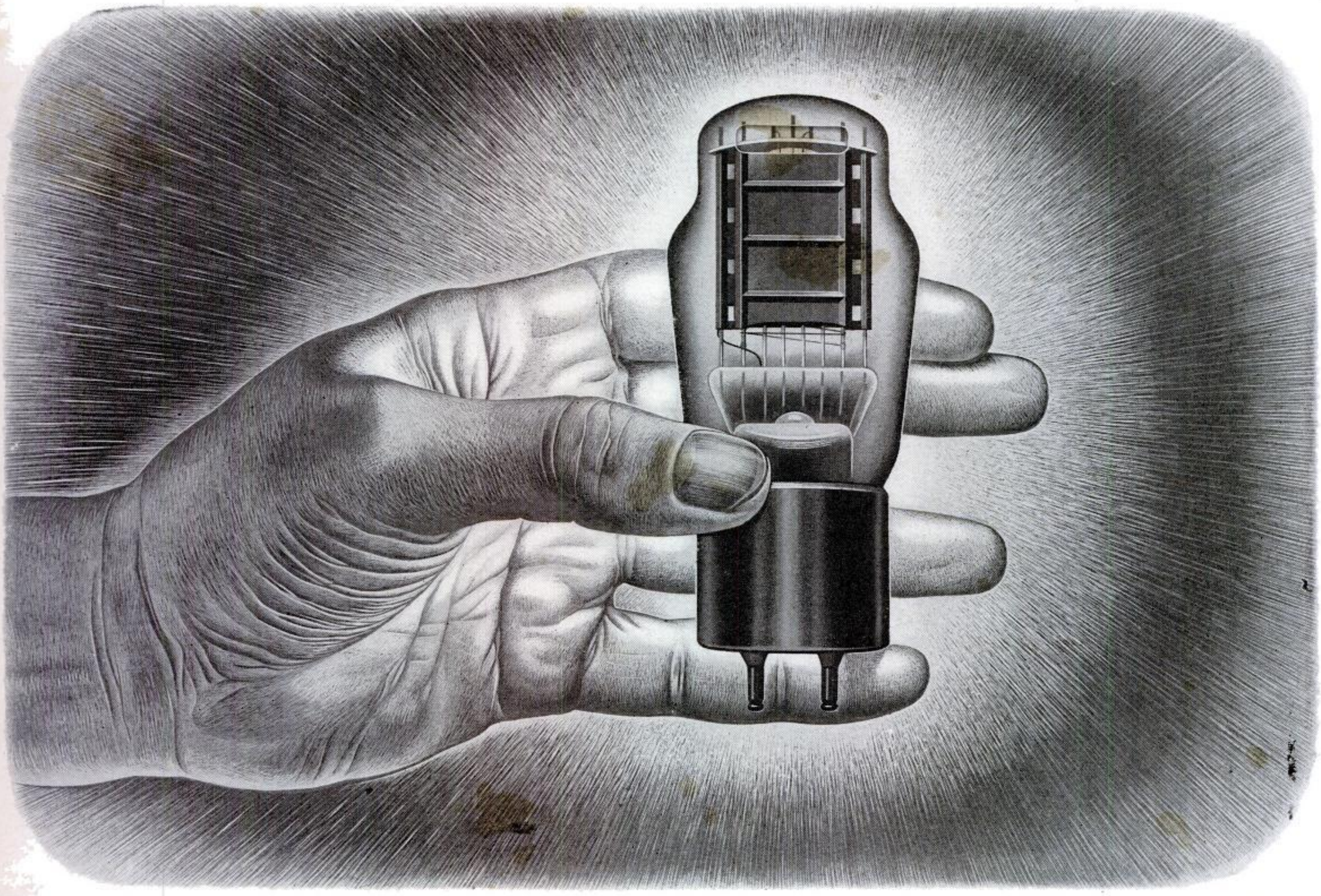
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"IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war — turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

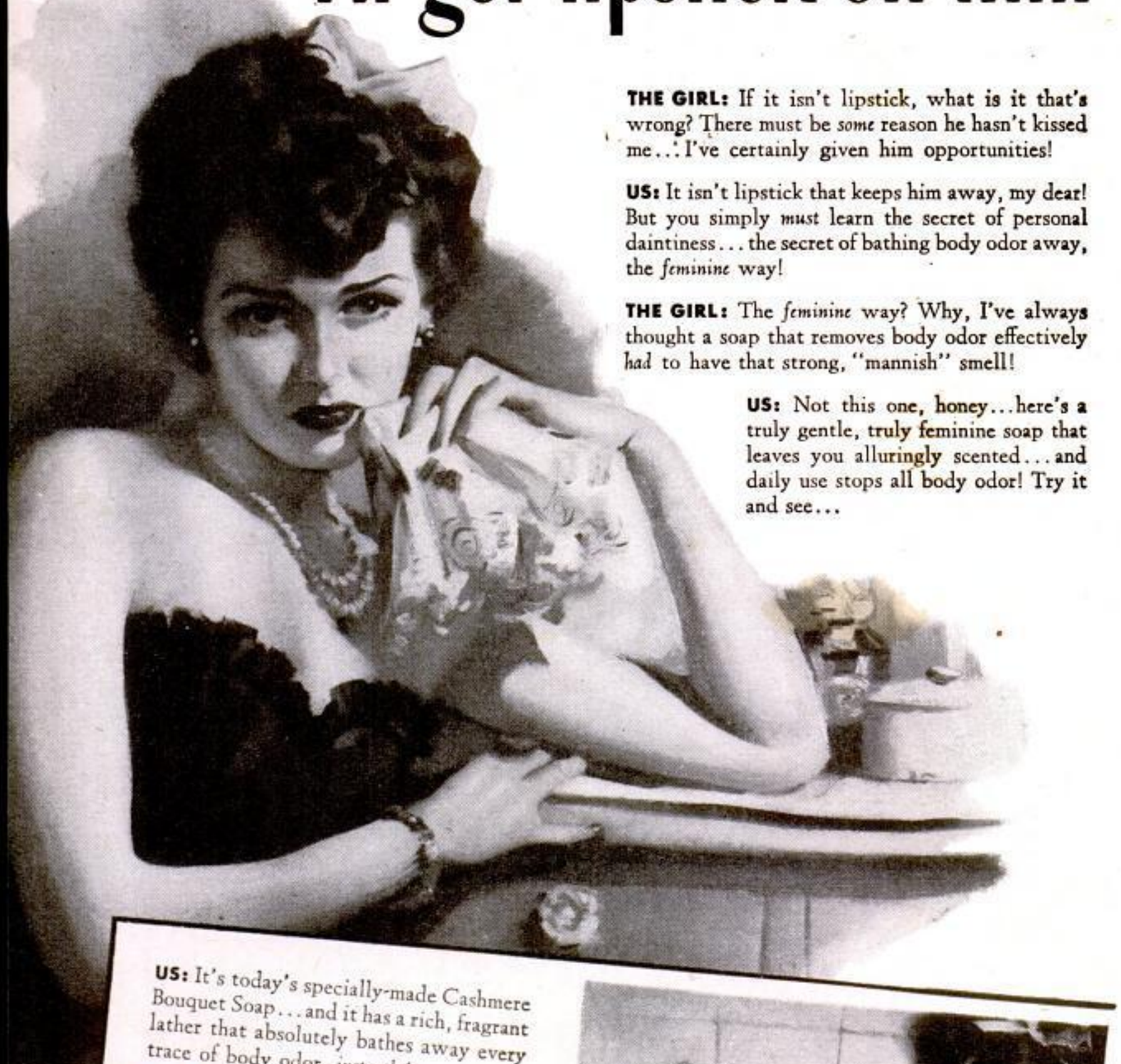
After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY.

This One
XOPS-TR6-EX4G
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Maybe He's Scared
I'll get lipstick on him



THE GIRL: If it isn't lipstick, what is it that's wrong? There must be *some* reason he hasn't kissed me... I've certainly given him opportunities!

US: It isn't lipstick that keeps him away, my dear! But you simply *must* learn the secret of personal daintiness... the secret of bathing body odor away, the *feminine* way!

THE GIRL: The *feminine* way? Why, I've always thought a soap that removes body odor effectively *had* to have that strong, "mannish" smell!

US: Not this one, honey... here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented... and daily use stops all body odor! Try it and see...

US: It's today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap... and it has a rich, fragrant lather that absolutely bathes away every trace of body odor, *instantly!*

THE GIRL: Well, I can't argue now—it's true! Such suds... and I adore that perfume! Smells like $20-an-ounce!

US: Good, huh? That's Cashmere Bouquet's famous "fragrance men love" ... and just think, not even strong "mannish" soap can get rid of perspiration better than complexion-gentle Cashmere Bouquet!

THE GIRL: I can't wait for him to see glamorous little me! An' I know just where to find him... he's on the bridle path every day!





THE GIRL: Goodness, I never *saw* a man ignore lipstick like he does! Does Cashmere Bouquet *guarantee* so much affection?

US: Your loveliness guarantees the affection, my dear... Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of tender moments by guarding your daintiness!

THE GIRL: From now on they're *all* going to be tender moments... he asked me to marry him!

US: That's great! Good luck to you... and don't forget, your lucky secret is Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**



THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

REPUBLICAN RENASCENCE

Sirs:

Thank goodness someone finally formed a pattern for the Republican Party. I consider the article, "Republican Renascence," by Russell W. Davenport in the Sept. 6 issue of LIFE exceedingly instructive and constructive.

D. O. TABER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

I was very much interested in "Republican Renascence," but here in Minnesota we are under the impression that former Governor Harold E. Stassen has been something of a factor in the liberalization of the G. O. P. Perhaps we are a little provincial in thinking that Stassen was the outstanding liberal Republican Governor in the nation, but your article would suggest that you don't even put him in the running for that distinction.

WARREN E. BURGER

St. Paul, Minn.

● The omission of Harold E. Stassen was no slur to his career as a great and liberal Republican, but Mr. Davenport's article was confined to men in office and Lieut. Commander Stassen has stated that he is out of politics for the duration.—ED.

Sirs:

Russell Davenport did an ineffective glamorizing job in "Republican Renascence." The fault lies not with Mr. Davenport but with his poor material. By no stretch of imagination or deftness of word can his four "progressive" Republican governors be tricked out as men of substance or stature to lead us in our period of greatest trial. They still remain political pigmies on the national scene.

PAUL H. GILBERT

New York, N. Y.

COLLAGE ART

Sirs:

The collages in LIFE's Speaking of Pictures (Sept. 6) so fascinated me that I was inspired to work out a little nonsense myself. I had pronounced my brainchild complete only to realize the



eye had been omitted and what bit of surrealism would be complete without an eye? Here you have the result.

MARGI WIELGOT

Chicago, Ill.

THE CHICKEN BUSINESS

Sirs:

I read with interest your article on the chicken business in the Sept. 6 issue. But I am disappointed that LIFE, in emphasizing the white eggs, has neglected to put the finger on the absurd prejudice that some sections of our population have against brown eggs.

Uninformed people in New York, St. Louis and other cities insist on white eggs and pay a premium for them, whereas Bostonians pay two or three cents extra for brown eggs.

As to the difference of taste or qual-

(continued on p. 4)





"IT'S A LETTER FROM JIMMIE"

Few things equal the thrill of a letter from a fighting man.

Nothing is so cheering as a letter from a fighting man. Few things equal the thrill of knowing that he's well.

Stratford Pens and Pencils are serving at all the far-flung fronts... and serving well! Stratford's instant-touch writing and streamlined styling make letter-writing a very pleasant duty indeed.

The Armed Forces receive almost all the Stratford Pens and Pencils that are made. So, if your dealer cannot supply you, please be patient and remember there is a mighty good reason for it.

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Other pens of unusual merit made by Salz Brothers, Inc., are Black & White, Peter Pan and Stratford 77

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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HERE'S ONE NAZI BROADCAST THAT'S THE GOSPEL TRUTH!

U. S. TANK IS BEST, SAY NAZI EXPERTS

Germany Will Doubtless Copy Gyroscopic Feature of General Sherman Tank, Berlin Radio Declares

By The Associated Press

A special new German institute for testing captured tanks has adjudged the American "General Sherman" the best type the Allies have turned out, the Berlin radio said yesterday, adding that the Nazis "doubtless" would copy its construction—particularly the gyroscopic gun-mount, which they consider its outstanding feature.

"Doubtless" Best Type

"According to the findings of the Institute," said the broadcast, recorded by the Associated Press, "the 'General Sherman' tank is doubtless the best type the allied armament industry has yet produced.

"A special innovation on this type tank, which by a gyroscopic system prevents the gun from being affected by the jolting of the tank when traveling on rough grounds, greatly interested the German experts. They believe this to be the first attempt at borrowing from the construction of warships for the construction of arms for warfare on land, and doubtless it will be copied soon."



WHEN THE GERMAN RADIO paid glowing tribute to the General Sherman tank—for once it was telling the truth.

You see, tank battles used to be stop-and-go affairs, because a tank's heavy cannon could be aimed accurately *only when the tank was at a complete standstill.*

That was bad—because every stop naturally made the tank a juicy target for the enemy.

Then the Army Ordnance Department called on American industry for the solution of this problem. So the men of Westinghouse went into a huddle. And out of it came what has been called one of the greatest military developments of this War—a tank gun stabilizer that permits *incredibly accurate fire while the tank is charging ahead at full speed over rough ground!*

And then, to button up the job, Westinghouse went into production on these gun stabilizers so fast and so thoroughly that almost before you could say "El Alamein," they were being produced in sufficient quantity to equip every American tank!

No wonder the Germans thought well of the General Sherman. And no wonder they considered its gun stabilizer its outstanding feature. For this one device has revolutionized the whole combat technique of tank fighting!

For us, tank battles are no longer stop-and-go affairs, with every stop offering the enemy a "sitting pigeon." American tanks are now more than 500% deadlier than ever before.

And the Westinghouse Research Laboratories, which developed the device—the Westinghouse engineers, who perfected it—and the men and women of Westinghouse who make it in great numbers—are proud as Punch.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

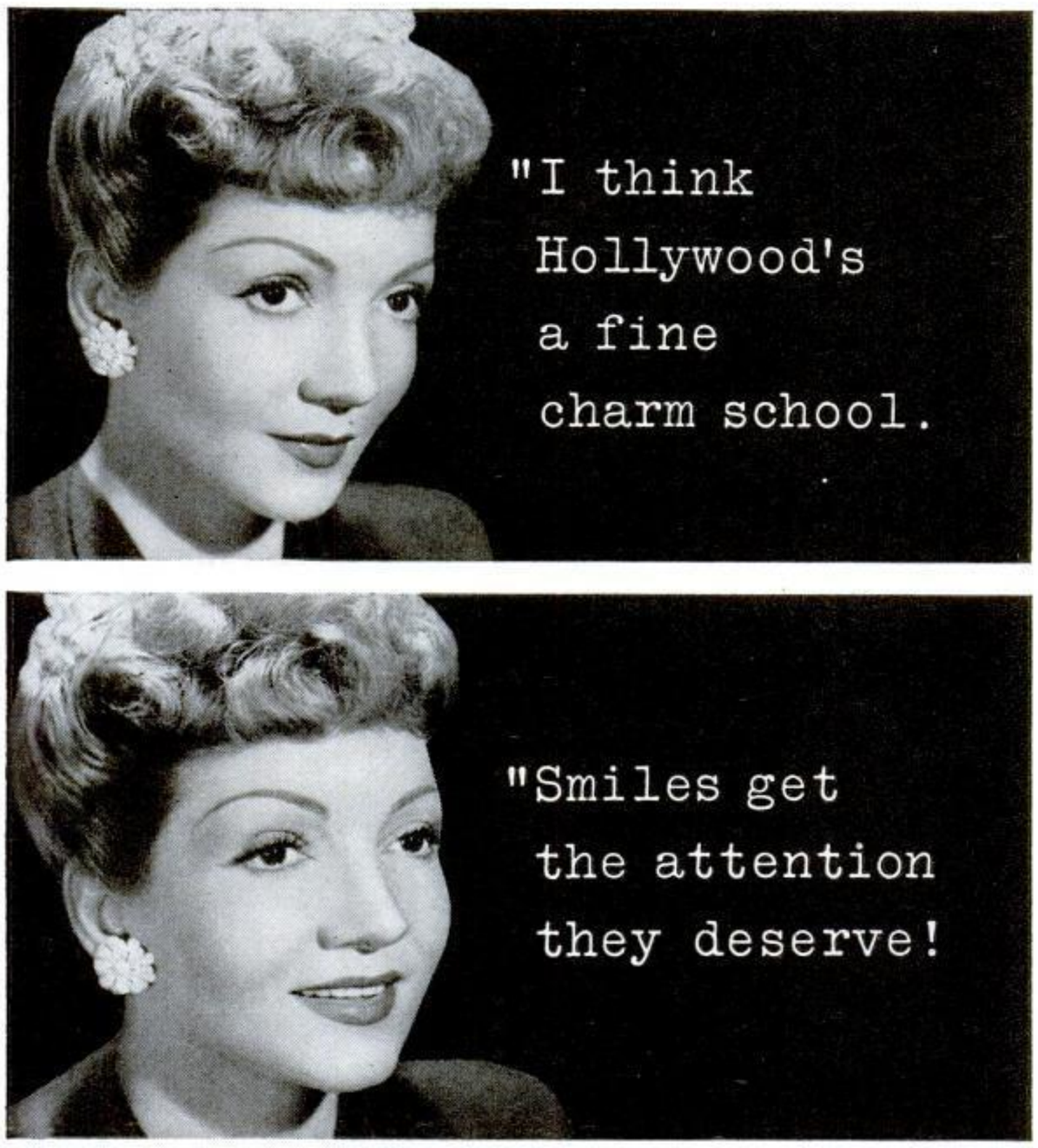
» » **Westinghouse** « «

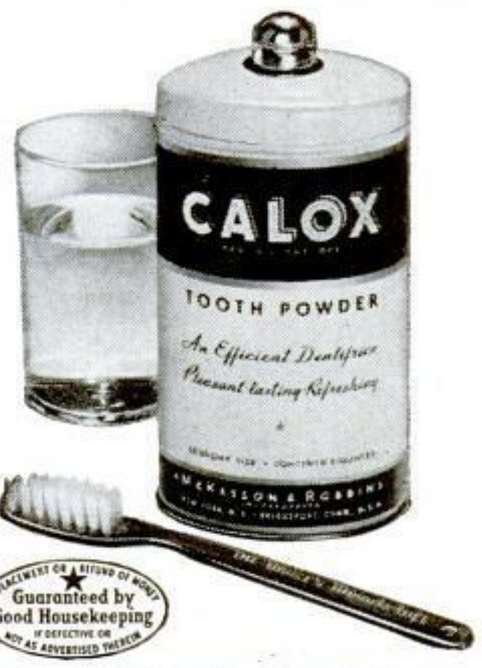
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CLAUDETTE COLBERT speaking:

Co-star of the Paramount picture, "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"





A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with utmost gentleness. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.

"and McKESSON makes it" OTHER FAMOUS McKESSON PRODUCTS: BEXEL VITAMIN B CAPSULES, ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM, YODORA DEODORANT, SORETONE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

ity between brown and white eggs, there is none. What gives any egg its taste is strictly governed by what you feed your hen. If you feed a hen table scraps and garbage, you will get an egg that tastes like a sulphur bomb. If you feed a hen good mash and grain, you will get a tasty egg—no matter what color its shell is. If there is any advantage to the shell itself, the brown egg is better. It is thicker and will keep the egg fresh longer.

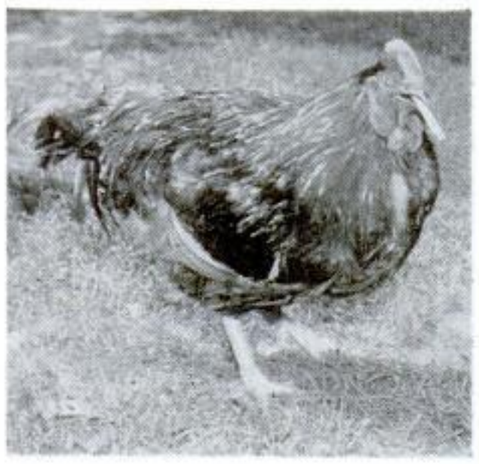
The principal source of white eggs is White Leghorn hens which are very lightweight birds that have been bred to lay a lot of eggs and then pass out. The heavy breeds—New Hampshire Reds, Barred Rocks *et al*,—lay brown-shelled eggs. When a Leghorn has laid for one or two seasons and has passed its usefulness, all the poultryman has to show for his bird is a couple of pounds of bones and feathers. When the heavy, brown-egg-laying breeds have ceased to be productive in the nest, they will still fill a stewpot or roasting pan most satisfactorily. Thus, the penchant for white eggs and Leghorns is costing the United States many hundreds of thousands of pounds of edible poultry every year.

FRANK NORRIS

Verbank, N. Y.

Sirs:

As a follow-up to all the notice which the hens came in for in your story, here is a picture of a rooster which smokes



cigarets. He proudly struts with the lit cigaret in his beak until a breeze blows the smoke into his eyes. The cigaret is then promptly and forcibly expelled.

RAY HELLRIEGEL

Hollis, Long Island, N. Y.

Sirs:

I am only a 13-year-old farm girl who cares for her dad's 600 chickens, but I am old enough to know how good your pictures on the chicken business were. Congratulations on your wonderful essay!

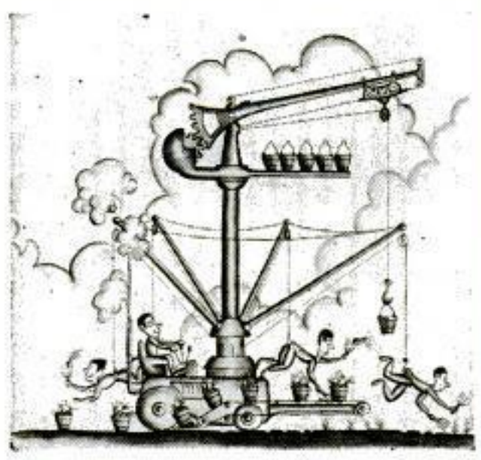
CAROL DuBOIS

Gardiner, N. Y.

TOMATOPICKER

Sirs:

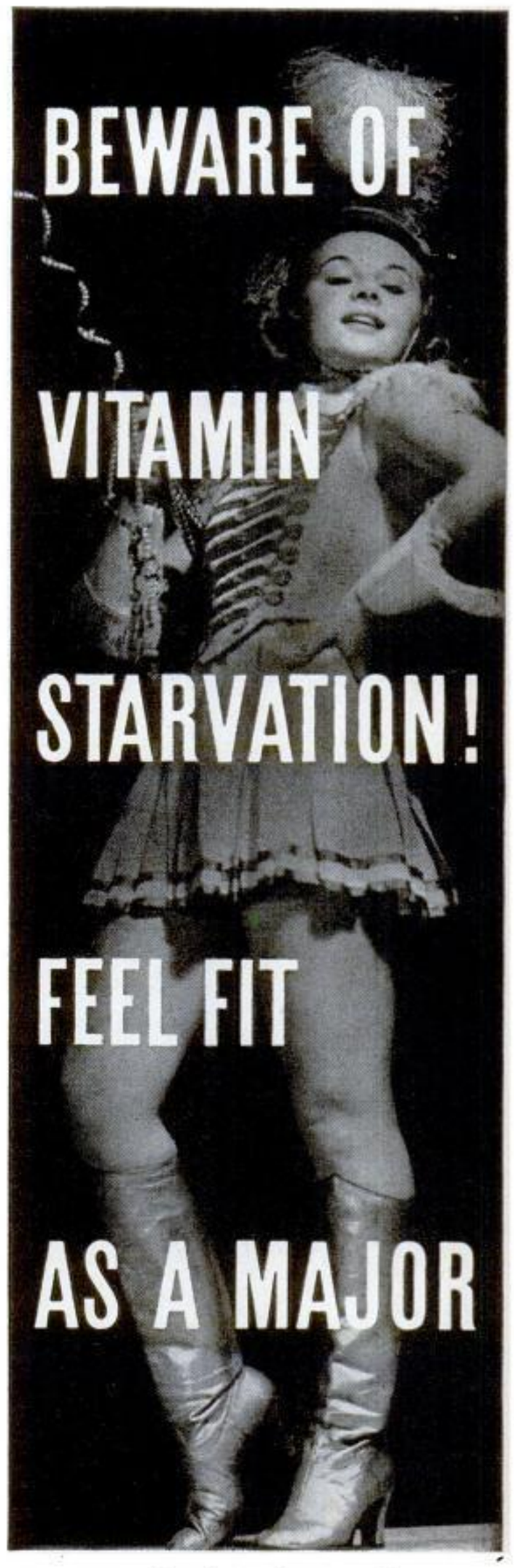
What Farmer Garber has done for the tomatopicker (LIFE, Sept. 6) I hope to do for the turnip digger. The enclosed sketch shows a general layout of my



turnip-digging machine. Although this machine has not as yet been patented, any attempts to copy it will surely lead to trouble.

ROBERT E. CHARLESWORTH

South Orange, N. J.



MANY of us lack adequate vigor, nutrition, vivacity, due to vitamin deficiencies. To help you and your family "Feel fit as a Major," supplement the daily diet with Major-B Complex Vitamin Tablets. They are of guaranteed potency and contain all the B-Complex Vitamins necessary to help develop vigor and energy.

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There is a Major-B Vitamin Consultant at your KRESS Store

(continued on p. 6)

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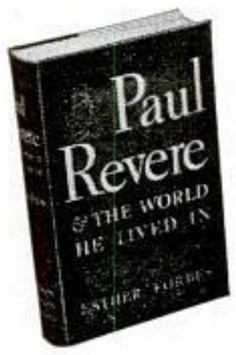
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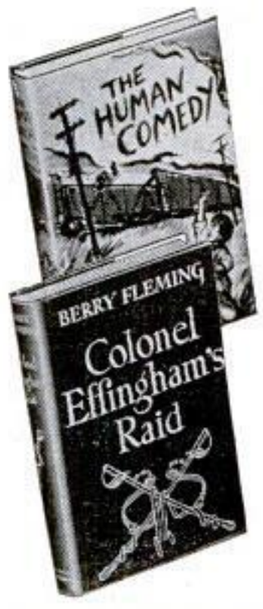
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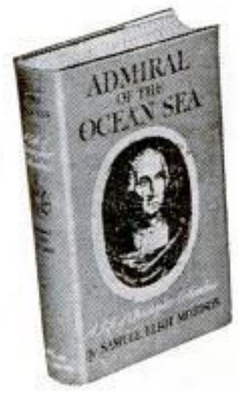
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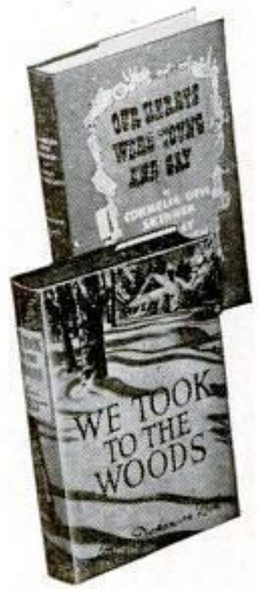
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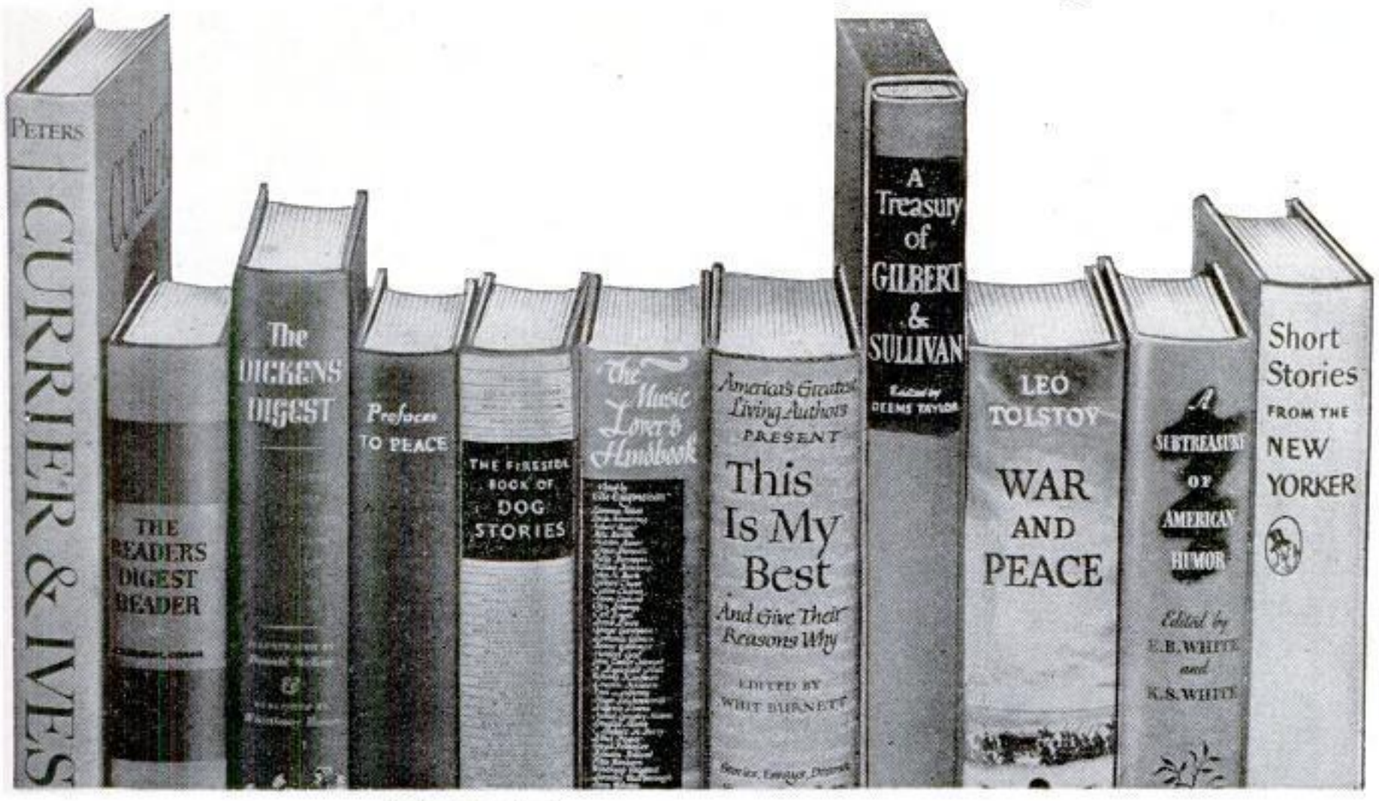
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"my lips are for you alone"

...she cooed

"Yes, yours are the first and only lips that will ever touch mine. I'm strictly a one-man girl. I'm yours and yours alone."

"But who was that soldier I saw you with last night at the USO?", demanded the gunner's mate jealously.

"Oh, that was my twin sister. You think you see me everywhere, but it's really one of my millions of twin sisters.

"We're a big family and you find us wherever people drink in public. Uncle Sam has enlisted us by the millions to look after the health of the boys in the service. We're aboard his warships, serving the men at their battle stations. We're on the troop trains and in the camps.

"But I'm strictly a one-man girl. I'm yours alone. You don't have to share me with anyone else."

Most of us Dixie Cups are working for Uncle Sam—so if you don't always see us on our familiar peace-time jobs, it means we're taking care of him first. We know you'd want us to.

DIXIE CUPS

DRINKING CUPS AND FOOD CONTAINERS

☆

The paper cup has truly become a war-time necessity. Used but once and thrown away it breaks the chain of possible contagion from mouth contact with anything that has touched the lips of others.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

NILES'S DULCIMER

Sirs:

Are you sure the instrument which John Jacob Niles is shown playing in LIFE, Sept. 6 is a dulcimer?

I always thought that it was a percussion instrument, played with two small hammers.

VERNE E. SHERIDAN
Slocum, R. I.

● The Kentucky Mountain dulcimer of Singer Niles has evolved considerably from the true or parlor variety shown below.—ED.



SHIPPING

Sirs:

In reference to your editorial on "Shipping" (LIFE, Sept. 6), I feel that if we are to make the world a family of free people, the shipyards will have plenty to do for years after peace. I want to see Europe and it's up to the shipping industry to make it as easy to get to as any part of our country and as cheap as any greyhound bus trip to California is now.

If the shipping industry displays the same vision as the aircraft and automotive industries, they will never need to fear rusting ships again.

BERTRAM JUNE
Weehawken, N.J.

Sirs:

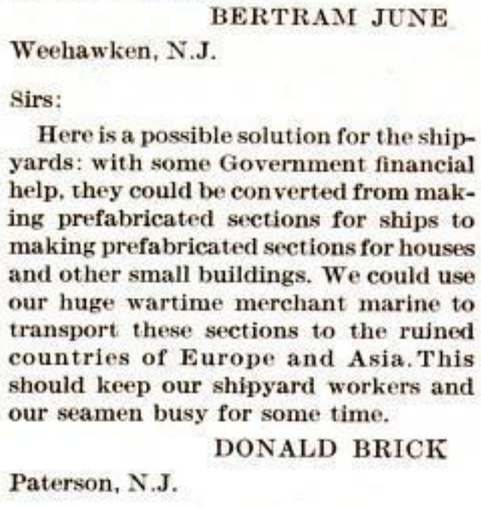
Here is a possible solution for the shipyards: with some Government financial help, they could be converted from making prefabricated sections for ships to making prefabricated sections for houses and other small buildings. We could use our huge wartime merchant marine to transport these sections to the ruined countries of Europe and Asia. This should keep our shipyard workers and our seamen busy for some time.

DONALD BRICK
Paterson, N.J.

"GOOD NIGHT LADIES!"

Sirs:

I noted that your story on *Good Night Ladies!* in the Sept. 6 issue identified me only by the name of the character I Portray, "Eva La Bouche." The old show-



FRANCES ("LA BOUCHE") KNIGHT

business adage goes: "I don't care what you print about me so long as you spell my name right," and it left me sad and forlorn, to say the least, to see "Eva" get top billing in LIFE.

FRANCES KNIGHT
Chicago, Ill.

(continued on p. 8)



QUITS GRAY HAIR!

Gets Job!

(and even today her boss doesn't know she uses Clairol on her hair!)

In trying to return to the field of fashion design, Mrs. B——— found that her drab, gray hairs were no tribute to her style sense. She saw young, smart-looking women getting the jobs she wanted, while she cooled her heels in outer offices. Then she heard about Clairol, the *original* shampoo tint—decided to try it. Today, younger and smarter looking, she holds a *better* position than she ever had before. And her boss never suspects she uses Clairol!

CLAIROL KEEPS THIS WOMAN'S SECRET—and it will keep yours. With one quick, pleasant application it permanently colors every trace of gray hair. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results. There are 23 laboratory-tested shades to choose from. And each shade completely avoids that "tattletale," brassy, ugly look of old-fashioned dyes. Refuse substitutes that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better Beauty Shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more, so be *sure* you get Clairol.

FREE... "11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair." This fascinating booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Write to CLAIROL, INC., Dept. L-14, Box 1455, Stamford, Conn.

COPYRIGHT 1943, CLAIROL, INC.

CLAIROL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Original Shampoo Tint

Caution: Use only as directed on the label



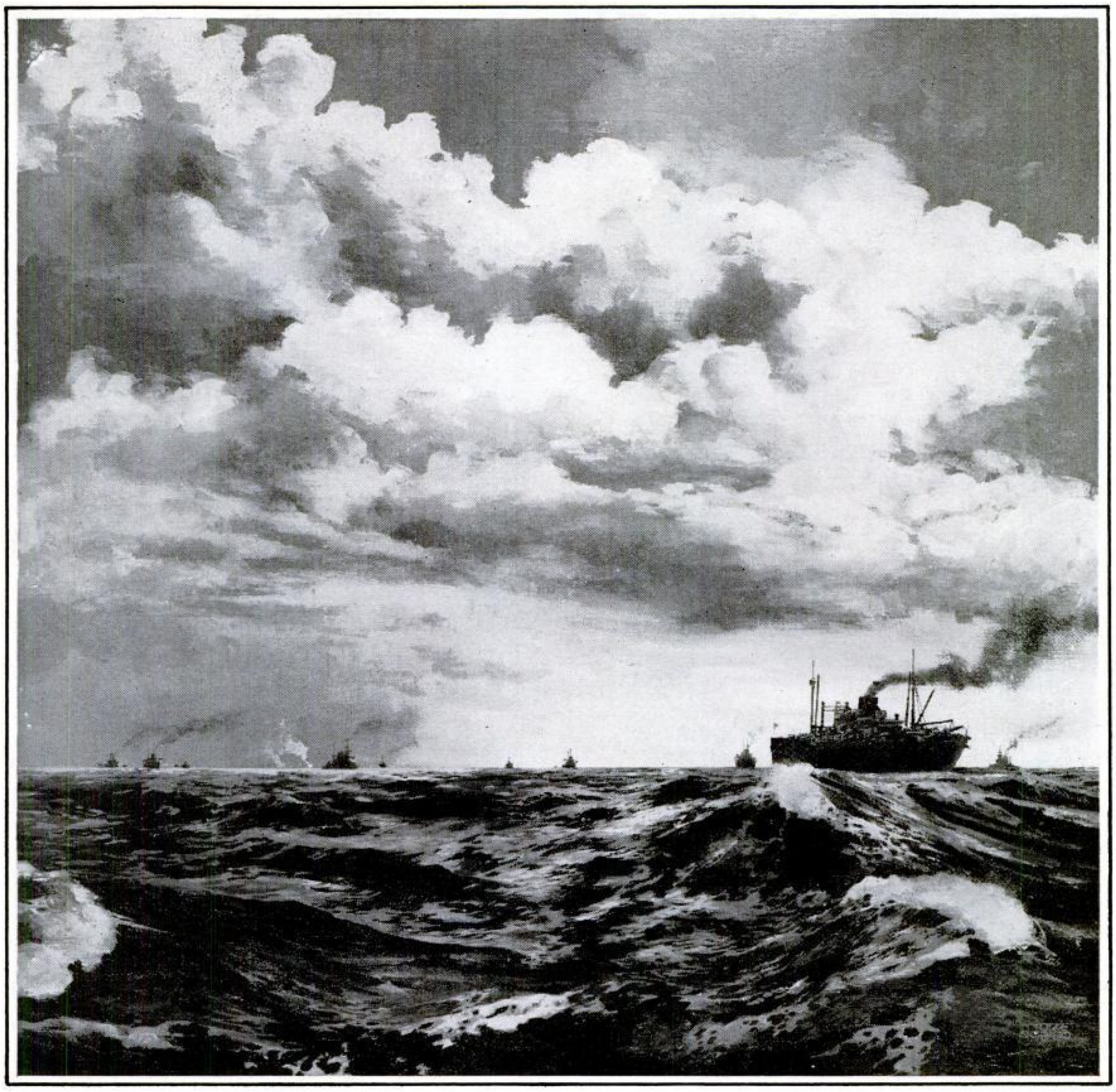
THE Whittemore name has been a guarantee of finest quality for 102 years. Today, while huge quantities of Whittemore shoe dressings are going to the armed forces, we are also making the largest possible amount of polishes and dressings for civilian use. And now, as always, Whittemore's highest quality standards are being rigidly maintained.

WHITTEMORE SHOE DRESSINGS

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



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Dependable Navigation on the High Seas

WHEN the U. S. Navy asked the Chrysler Corporation if it could build the famous Sperry Gyro-Compass, the manufacturing job was promptly referred to the Dodge Division, where precision craftsmanship has been the rule for a quarter century.

The Sperry Gyro-Compass is one of the most intricate and precise products in the world, made up of more than ten thousand precision parts. It was Dodge that supplied men and ways to make them, in quantity production, to the urgent demands of the war.

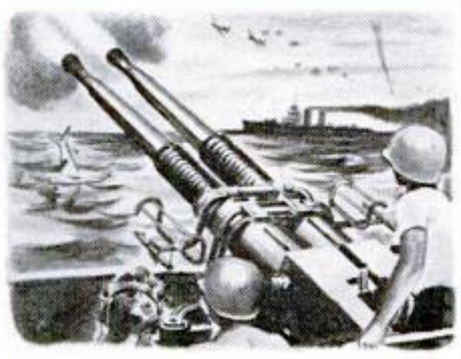
Just as the Gyro-Compass finds and holds true North for the better, safer navigation of ships at sea—Dodge dependability of workmanship remains, always, the true compass course for Dodge in every task assigned and accepted, in time of peace as well as war.

Today finds this Dodge dependability thoroughly represented on the many battlefronts of the world. Parts of great guns for attack and defense, and tough combat vehicles on which much of the army's mobility and activity depends are also the war-time products of Dodge. Dodge, today, means total war production.

Listen—to Major Bowes every Thursday, 9 P. M., E. W. T.



The Sperry Gyro-Compass, as made by Dodge, is now going onto the proud ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine.



Bofors anti-aircraft cannon, now brilliantly standing off enemy attack on land and sea, receive many of their basic parts from Dodge.



Dodge combat vehicles were the first ashore in Africa and the first to penetrate the wilderness road to Alaska.

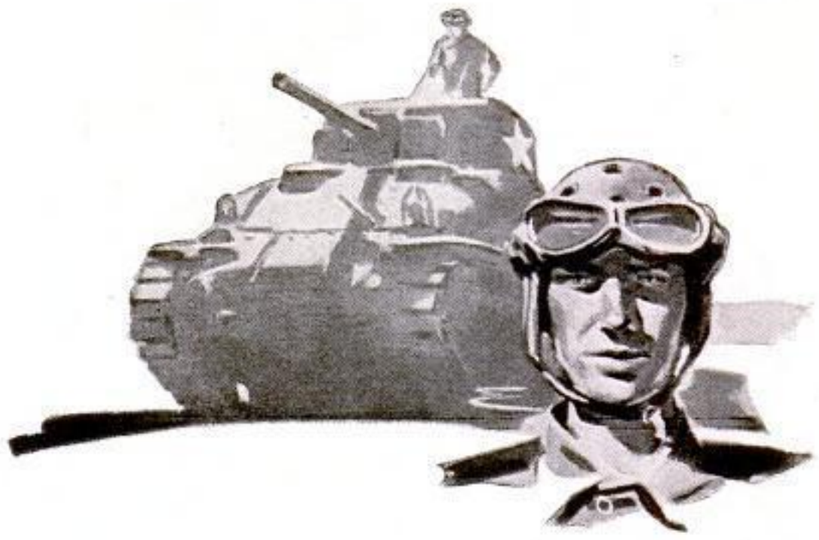
DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

[BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS]

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The Support of a Nation

Your best friends have stood the test of time. Same way with Belts. They all look good at first sight—but the best belts prove their worth long after you've bought them. That's when enduring quality, real craftsmanship and solid value prove their worth. On that score PARIS Belts score their success.

Don't let anyone deprive you of your American right to choose the dependable brands you prefer. Trust the Trade Marks which have stood the test of time. Illustrated—No. 507, Bench made rounded saddle leather—Colors, Sorrel, Natural, Hazel $2. Other PARIS Belts $1 and up.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CHECK FORGERY

Sirs:

In your story on Check Forgery (LIFE, Sept., 6) you had a picture on page 47 of a handful of Government checks. These checks are printed on lightweight cardboard, and contain slots punched so as to automatically record the amount of the check and other data on the business machines which handle the checks.

Any sort of mutilation of these checks destroys the accuracy of the data recorded by the machines and presents a constant problem to the Treasury De-



CHECK NO. 1



CHECK NO. 2

partment. Enclosed are photographs of two common types of mutilation. Check No. 1 has been thrust onto a desk spindle. The extra hole *(circled in picture)* thus created caused the amount of the check to be recorded as $72.00 instead of $42.00, the true amount of the check. Check No. 2 has been folded. This usually results in clogging of the accounting machine and destruction of the check by tearing. The Treasury Department will appreciate the cooperation of all people handling its checks in trying to reduce the amount of such mutilation.

G. O. BARNES
Acting Treasurer

Treasury Department
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Your readers may be interested to know that the check forger known as C. K. Pullins, described as a fugitive in your story on forgery, was arrested by Secret Service agents and Post Office inspectors in Kansas City, Mo. shortly before LIFE appeared on the newsstands. I am enclosing a photograph of the forger, whose real name is not Pullins but Thomas Palmer. It is very



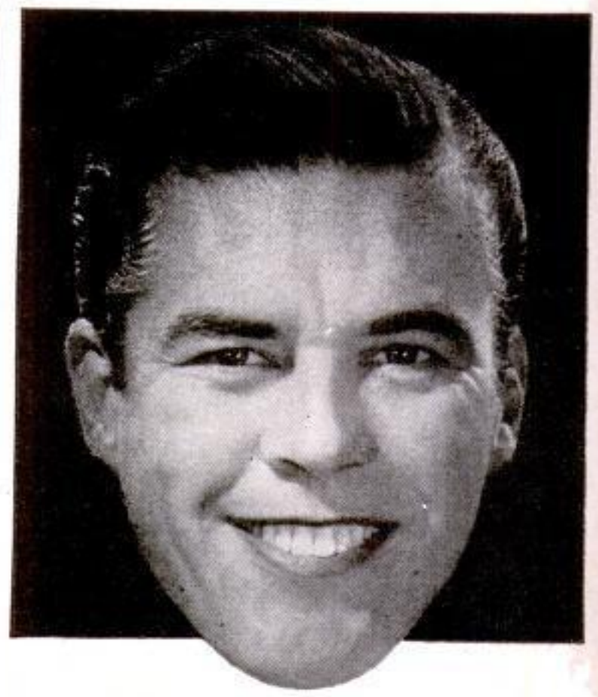
THOMAS PALMER
ALIAS C. K. PULLINS

likely that some of your readers who were victimized by this man will recognize him. In that case, we would appreciate it if they would write to the U. S. Secret Service, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., giving any information they may have concerning his criminal activities.

For your further information, this man has been arrested at least 15 times since 1909 for forgery, swindling, automobile thefts and parole violations, and he was once court-martialed as a deserter from the United States Navy.

FRANK J. WILSON
Chief, U. S. Secret Service

Treasury Department
Washington, D.C.



DEFEAT

the annoyance of itching scalp flecked with unsightly loose

DANDRUFF

Enjoy lustrous, well-groomed hair by massaging your scalp daily with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At All Drug Stores and Barber Shops

OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



America's Most Famous Name in Jackets
A MASTERPIECE of CRAFTSMANSHIP
WHITMAN SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
FULL LINED WITH BRYBRO RAYON
OTHER STYLES, COLORS and LININGS
AT LEADING STORES . . . OR WRITE
JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

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First Class Fighting Man

He's won a place beside the Marines who made that deathless stand at Wake Island . . .

. . . he's comrade to MacArthur's gallant handful on Bataan, who repeatedly stopped a ten-against-one Jap juggernaut in its tracks — *and then attacked* . . .

. . . he's made of the same stuff as Chennault's Flying Tigers in Burma, who laughed at the odds against them, and wrote history with the smoky trails of shot-down foes . . .

And it's a cinch those glory-covered scrappers are grinning in admiration as the lad on the tanker takes on Nazi dive-bombers and submarines as matter-of-factly as he takes a trick at the wheel.

Courage? He's got it to spare. Our fighting forces, our whole war effort, depend largely on OIL — and come hell or high water, typhoons or torpedoes, the tankerman will see that the oil gets through.

This fleet of hard-driven tankers and their loyal crews was built up by America's petroleum industry. But shortly after Pearl Harbor, the fleet was turned over to Uncle Sam — together with its commanders and their men. It was a ready-made task force in the Battle for Oil — the battle on which the outcome of *many* battles would depend.

The ships of Tide Water Associated united with the ships of the other oil companies to join the colors. And our hands united, too, in many vital war tasks. Fighting as one, we have, where necessary, pooled our facilities, our equipment, our processes and our patents.

The fight will be hard — it may be long. But the United States has a united people. Standing together, we cannot fall.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED

OIL IS AMMUNITION · USE IT WISELY

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

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© 1943, The Studebaker Corporation

"You purr just like those engines Dad builds!"

They're Studebaker-built Wright Cyclones for the famous Boeing Flying Fortress

SOLDIER HARRY RYAN and his father were fellow craftsmen in the Studebaker factory prior to Pearl Harbor.

They comprised one of the many father-and-son teams that have been a unique Studebaker institution since the business was founded in 1852.

Today, all over the world, large numbers of young men who once were Studebaker craftsmen, are engaged in using military equipment instead of building it.

In many instances, their fathers, and other older members of their families, are producing Flying Fortress engines, multiple-drive military trucks and other war matériel in the busy Studebaker plants.

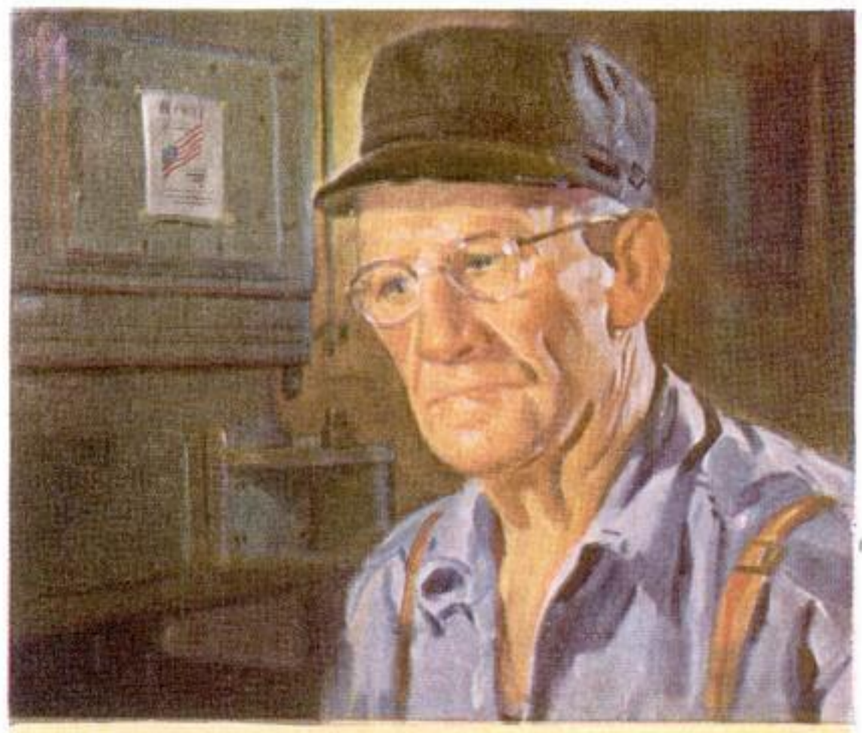
For generations, one family after another in Studebaker's home community has maintained a tradition of Studebaker employment. This has resulted in a quality of craftsmanship unmatched in the automotive world.

That craftsmanship is now being utilized to the limit, on behalf of our Nation and its Allies, in the production of large quantities of military equipment. And it will provide finer Studebaker motor cars and motor trucks than ever before for civilian use, after victory comes.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Wright Cyclone engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress, big multiple-drive military trucks and other vital war matériel



"Always give more than you promise"

That Studebaker watchword has been faithfully observed for more than 20 years by craftsman Henry C. Ryan. Today he is helping to build Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress in one of Studebaker's aircraft engine plants. On some not-too-distant tomorrow, he and his soldier son, Harry, hope to be building Studebaker cars again for you.

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LIFE'S REPORTS

"WASHINGTON HOSPITALITY?????"

by RAY MACKLAND

More than a year ago, when Superman dropped from the skies to register at a Washington hotel, residents of the capital expressed astonishment—not at the manner of his descent but the fact that, arriving without a reservation, he obtained a hotel room without difficulty.

"I know he's amazing," wrote one newspaper reader, "but that's really going too far."

The capital's housing problem is still something to write home about. And the Apartments- and Houses-Wanted-to-Rent columns in the newspapers have become the most entertaining reading in Washington, with emphasis on originality.

"MY MOTHER tells me to marry for LOVE," one girl confided in an advertisement. "Washington insists that I marry for SHELTER. Surely there is someone here who wants me to do what my mother tells me."

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE IN A CLOSET?" demanded another advertiser. "Respectable, miserable young Navy couple now doing so."

"MUST WE SLEEP IN THE DEPOT AGAIN?" asked another. "People are starting to stare."

"SHERMAN WAS WRONG," concluded one historically-minded prospective tenant. "His was a mild understatement because he never tried to rent a modern furnished home in the northwest section." Another historian utilized a naval background: "DAMN THE TORPEDOES—FULL STEAM AHEAD, but first we must find someplace to live."

There was a simple "HAVE A HEART." An Army colonel wanted "A MIRACLE." A major implored, "Help me out—I have no choice —I have to stay here." Someone who apparently liked Washington even less wrote, "Washington hospitality?????"

"Don't ADVERTISE," counseled one advertiser. "SOMEONE ALWAYS gets there before we do."

But everyone does advertise. One day's apartment-wanted list, picked at random from one newspaper, included ads from a U. S. Senator, an R. A. F. officer, "Mom and I," a British naval officer, two university women, Government officials, an editor and writer with their quiet, respectable spaniel; innumerable "responsible couples" and American service families. Even diplomats and titled officers use the classified columns.

Washington is a city where anything rents, much of it sight unseen. There is a story that one man got 700 responses to his listing of a house. Another man who advertised his house for rent, then went to sleep with friends to escape the telephone, returned at 8 a. m. to find his lawn jammed with potential customers.

A boat-housing colony has been formed on the Potomac. Hotel guests sleep in managers' offices, even in lobbies. There was talk of Congress financing and building its own living accommodations (it took Will Rogers Jr., for example, eight weeks to find his apartment) and rumor of the Army's requisitioning, if need be, an apartment for a top Federal official.

The only sure way to find a place in Washington is to locate someone who is going to move, then practically move in before he moves out. An Army officer's wife answered a knock at the door, to be greeted by a stranger who informed her that "I'm here to rent your house."

"But we don't want to rent the house," she demurred. "You can see we're living in it."

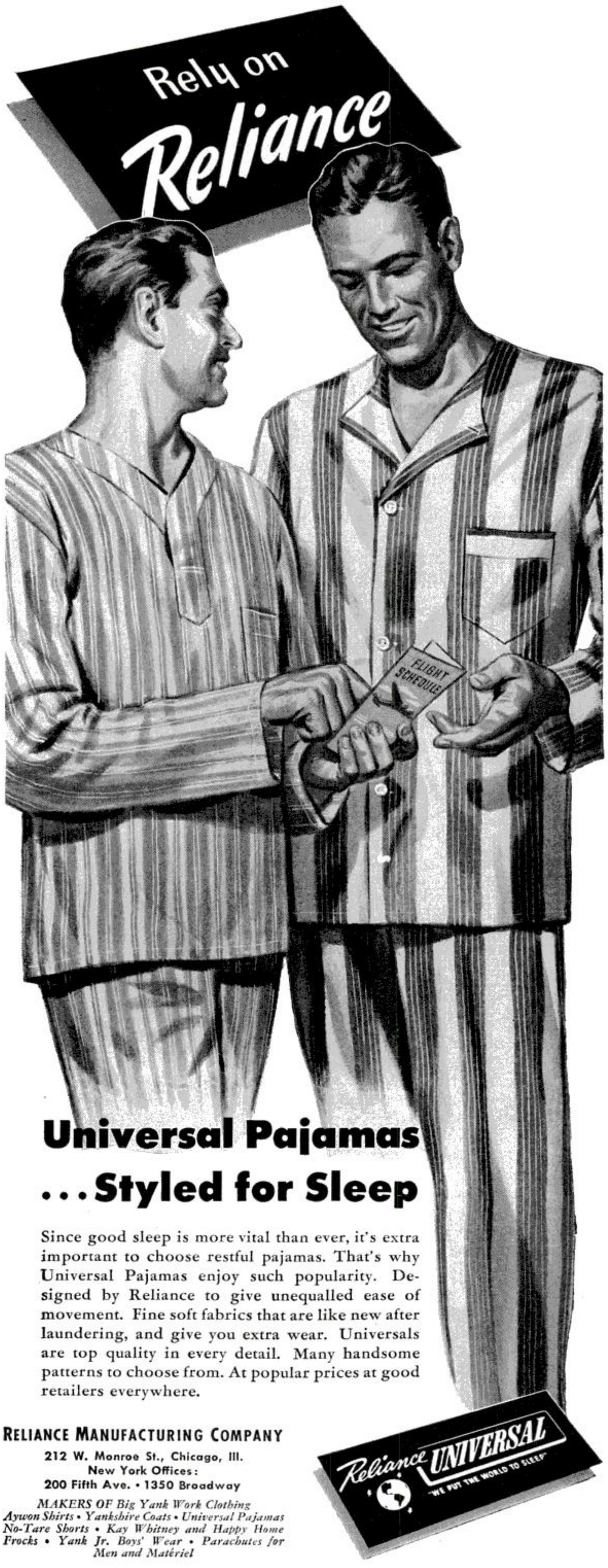
"Yes, but not for long," rejoined the stranger, triumphantly. "Your husband is being transferred. A general who saw his orders told me first so I could get the house."

Washington is the source of the whopper, which has probably since spread to every boom town with a river, about a man who, walking across a bridge, saw a man in the Potomac struggling desperately and shouting for help.

"I'll send help later," promised the pedestrian, "but first give me your name and the number of your apartment."

The drowning man complied and the man on the bridge rushed away

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Universal Pajamas
...Styled for Sleep

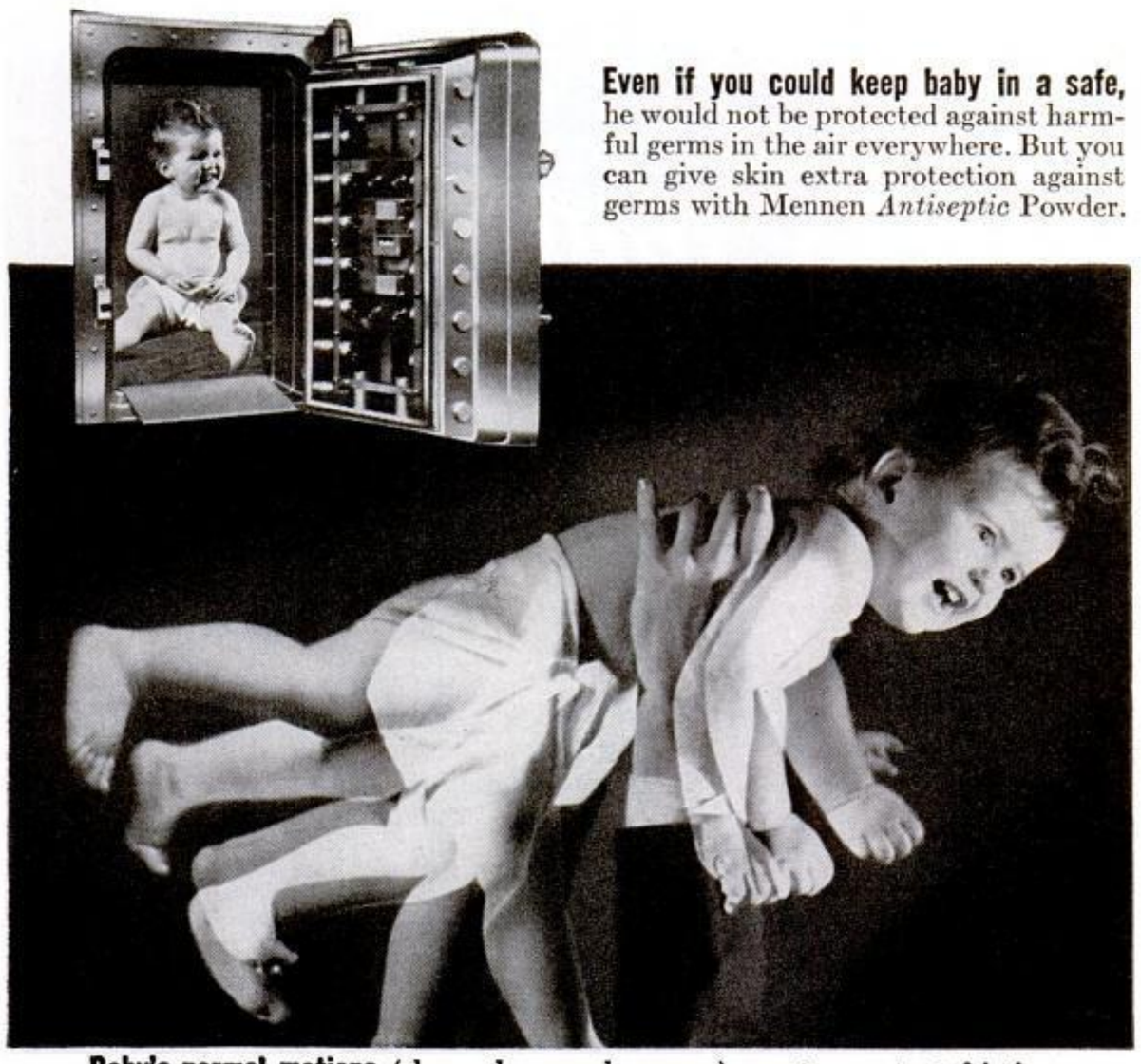
Since good sleep is more vital than ever, it's extra important to choose restful pajamas. That's why Universal Pajamas enjoy such popularity. Designed by Reliance to give unequalled ease of movement. Fine soft fabrics that are like new after laundering, and give you extra wear. Universals are top quality in every detail. Many handsome patterns to choose from. At popular prices at good retailers everywhere.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
212 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
New York Offices:
200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing
Aywon Shirts • Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas
No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home
Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for
Men and Matériel

Reliance UNIVERSAL
"WE PUT THE WORLD TO SLEEP"

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Even if you could keep baby in a safe, he would not be protected against harmful germs in the air everywhere. But you can give skin extra protection against germs with Mennen *Antiseptic* Powder.

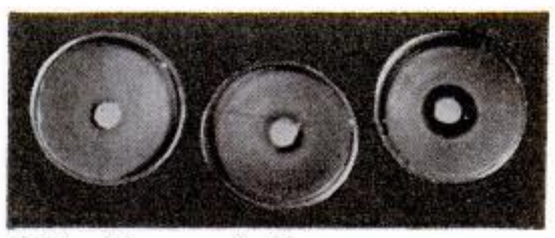
Baby's normal motions (shown by speed camera) create constant friction and danger of chafing. New protection is provided by improved Mennen baby powder, pounded to amazing fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

STARTLING DIFFERENCES IN BABY POWDERS!



3 out of 4 Physicians stated in survey baby powder should be *antiseptic.*

EVERY MOTHER wants the *best* for her baby . . . but many don't realize that today *great differences* exist between baby powders! Laboratory tests *prove* that Mennen baby powder is *more antiseptic* than others—hence protects baby's skin better against diaper rash, prickly heat and other skin troubles in which *germs* play a part. Tests also show Mennen powder is *smoother* than others, thus guards skin better against painful chafing (see photos at right). Delicate new scent of Mennen powder also keeps babies *lovelier.* You owe it to your baby to use the *best* powder, Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder. Best for baby, it is also best for you. *Pharmaceutical Div., The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*



Antiseptic superiority of Mennen baby powder is shown above in test by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (right), germ growth has been prevented.



Greater smoothness of "hammerized" Mennen baby powder is proved above. Photos taken thru microscope compare leading baby powders. Mennen (extreme right) is smoother, finer, more uniform in texture, guards skin *better* against chafing. Use Mennen Powder in diapers, and all over body.



to see the apartment manager.

"I want to rent Mr. X's apartment," he puffed. "He won't need it anymore."

"I'm sorry," replied the manager, "but it's already rented."

"Already rented! How could it be?" protested the applicant. "I just now left him drowning in the river."

"That's right," agreed the manager, "but I still say the apartment is rented. The man who pushed him in got here first."

While there may be other fallacies in this story, one is that the bridge-walker was able to locate so quickly one of Washington's harassed apartment managers.

One home hunter is supposed to have frequented police headquarters, standing watch on suicides, in his search for a house. And immediately after the death of his wife, before her funeral, an elderly gentleman was bothered by repeated telephone calls from obituary-page readers who insisted that now he was alone and had no further need for his apartment.

With conditions like these, the candor of the landlords is perhaps refreshing, but certainly not daring. For instance: "Greenwich Village in Washington; charming, but no service and not much heat, $100."

But landlords have their troubles, too. One testified in municipal court that the only reason he failed to provide proper garbage receptacles was because he rented seven apartments to seven people but soon found 35 or more had taken over the place.

And consider the sad domestic plight of "Juanita," bride of four months.

"My husband in the service is at home with me every other night," she wrote a newspaper's advisory editor. "My roommate is married to a serviceman, too, who, like my husband, is stationed in Washington, is off duty at the same time Bill is and spends the night in our apartment, the two of them sleeping on a pallet on the kitchen floor.

"None of us has any privacy whatsoever. Yet Jane and her husband stay on, even though Jane is expecting a baby and is in no condition for this sort of living. I have asked her time after time to leave; but she doesn't even look for a place, saying there are no vacancies. My husband and I are finding the situation intolerable, since he and John are not on speaking terms and Jane and I have as little to do with each other as possible."

No children, no pets is a gen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

A few timely drops



Help Prevent Many Colds from Developing!

At the first sniffle, sneeze, or sign of a cold, put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. Va-tro-nol—used in time—works right where trouble starts—aids your natural defenses against colds—helps prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults. VICKS VAPORUB

VARICOSE VEINS
Need Not Keep You From Having
Beautiful Legs

A new two-way stretch stocking that gives perfect support entirely unnoticed under sheerest silk hose. Now, bulky elastic stockings are unnecessary. At Department, Surgical or Drug Stores.

SEND FOR BOOKLET



Mail Coupon Today

BELL-HORN D
Tropical Weight
ELASTIC STOCKINGS

BELL-HORN, 451 North 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Send me helpful free booklet: New Facts about Varicose Veins and Beautiful Legs.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AMERICA'S LEADING MAKERS OF SURGICAL HOSIERY FOR OVER 100 YEARS

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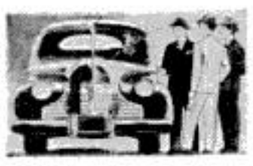
THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT YOUR CAR AND BATTERY

★ ★ ★

A Message from the Manufacturer of Delco Batteries

★

How Vital Are Private Cars to the War Effort?



The fact is that four out of five people in America *must* depend on private cars for essential transportation. What does "must" mean? It means that public transportation facilities, already loaded to capacity, can handle only 20 per cent of the traffic. The rest, 80 per cent, is carried by automobile.

Your car has become an essential link in essential transportation. Use it wisely, care for it well—*and don't neglect the battery. It is the heart of your car!*

What Are the Fundamentals of Battery Care?



Maintaining the life and dependability of a battery calls for service to both the *inside* and *outside.* "Inside" service consists of adding water periodically to keep the electrolyte at proper level, and making hydrometer tests to determine whether the battery is properly charged or requires recharging. "Outside" service means cleaning the battery top, inspecting cables, keeping connections clean and tight, and making sure the battery is securely fastened in its carrier.

How Can You Help Keep Your Battery Charged?



In days of normal driving, you didn't have to worry much about the "charge" in your battery. The generator had plenty of opportunity to keep it charged. Today that opportunity is limited by rationed driving, and a few common-sense rules on battery use are necessary. *Don't* use your car radio indiscriminately, and never for any length of time with your motor off or idling. *Don't* use the upper beam of your headlights when the lower beam will do; the lower beam draws less current. *Don't* use your car heater excessively this winter; you'll still be more comfortable than the boys on the fighting fronts!

How Often Should Your Battery Be Checked?



To understand the need for regular battery inspection, you must first realize that the *chemical condition* inside your battery determines the amount of electric power available. When your battery is low on water, or when it is undercharged, the chemical condition becomes "unhealthy." Less power is available, and serious damage may be done unless the condition is corrected. That is why batteries should be checked at least once a month. It requires only a few minutes to have your battery service man take a hydrometer reading and add water when needed.

34,000 DELCO BATTERY DEALERS
ARE WORKING TO MAINTAIN ESSENTIAL TRANSPORTATION



In your own community is a Delco battery dealer who will help you make your present battery last. The service he provides is designed to conserve materials for the fighting fronts . . . and to safeguard wartime transportation against unnecessary battery failures. Do your part. See him regularly.



PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY

DELCO BATTERIES
for all makes of
CARS ★ TRUCKS
BUSES ★ TRACTORS

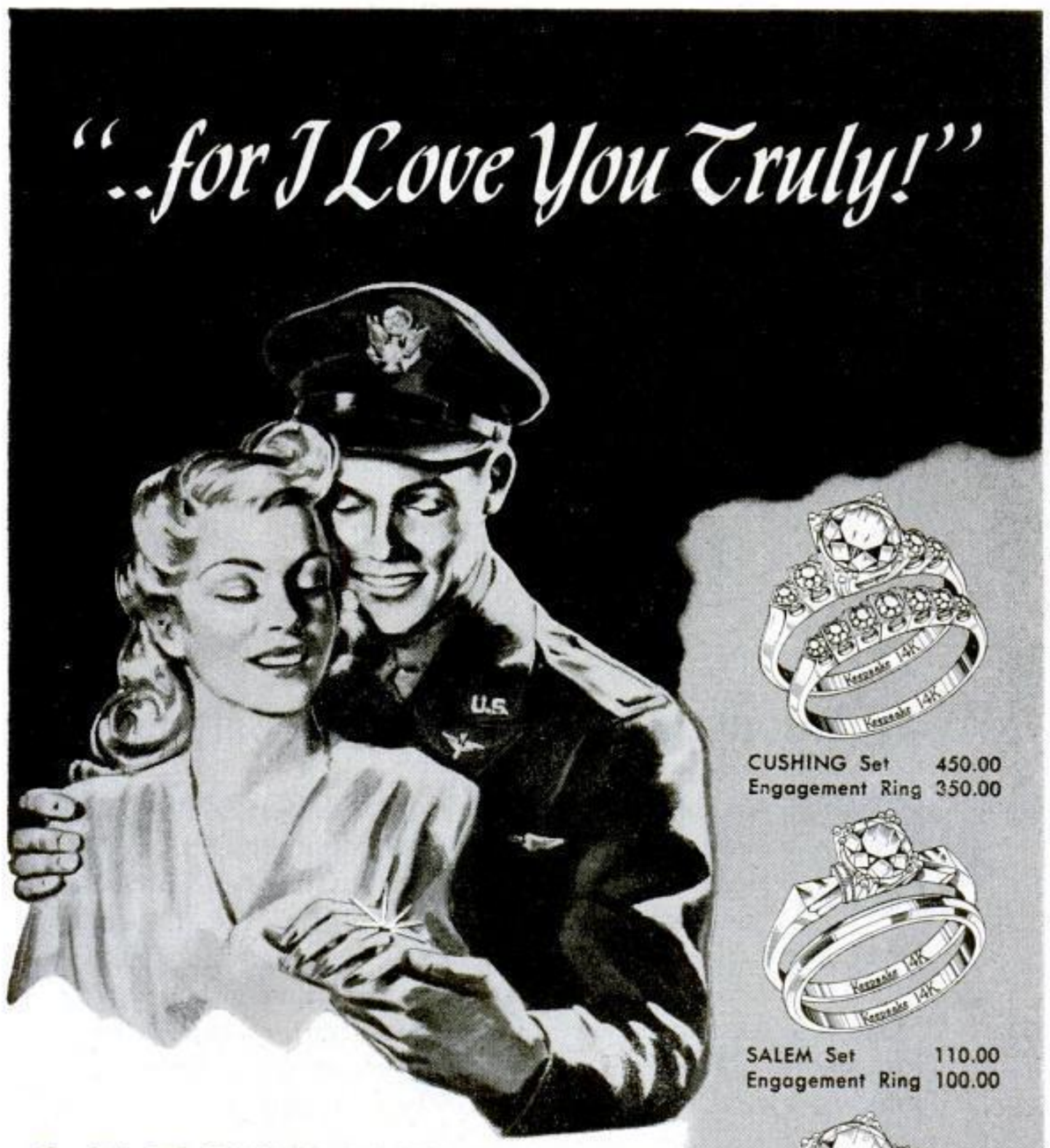
Delco batteries provide all the long life and dependability that can be built into a battery. They are serving America well both at home and on the fighting fronts.



Back the Attack—
WITH WAR BONDS

Delco-Remy ★ ★ *wherever wheels turn or propellers spin* ★

Copyrighted material



a GENUINE-REGISTERED Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

It's a grand way to seal your love . . . with the traditional symbol of the engagement — a lovely "Keepsake." She will especially appreciate your thoughtfulness in selecting a "Keepsake" because it is the ring she herself would choose. The glorious fire and color of the diamond, the distinguished styling of the ring . . . and the time-honored quality "Keepsake" represents will bring pleasure and satisfaction through the years.

You can select any genuine registered "Keepsake" Diamond Ring with confidence because the Certificate of Registration and Guarantee is protection against an unwise choice. The nationally established price on the tag and the name "Keepsake" in the ring are further assurances of quality and value. See the new matched sets at your Keepsake Jeweler . . . to $2500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS you may send a money order to the person to whom you want to give a "Keepsake" and have that person write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. There are Authorized Keepsake Jewelers in practically every city and town in the United States, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Hawaii and Alaska.

"Keepsake"
JASMINE 200.00



Look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring.



Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.
Please send the book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with supplement on "Wartime Engagements and Weddings," illustrations of "Keepsake" Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.
Name.....
Street and No.....
City.....L 9-27-43

CUSHING Set 450.00
Engagement Ring 350.00

SALEM Set 110.00
Engagement Ring 100.00


WAYNE Set 350.00
Engagement Ring 250.00


HASTINGS Set 182.50
Engagement Ring 175.00


RAMONA Set 212.50
Engagement Ring 150.00


LYNWOOD Set 235.00
Engagement Ring 225.00


WARRENTON Set 650.00
Engagement Ring 550.00

Rings enlarged to show details.

eral rule, so one advertiser tried: "NO CHILDREN, NO PETS, NO APT., seek latter." A REFINED MARRIED LADY explained, however, that she had a "PRIZE SHOW DOG; won't shoot; I love him, please help me." And a direct challenge to the ban was, "REFINED COCKER SPANIEL DESIRES apartment which must also accommodate well-trained Marine officer and wife."

"UNORTHODOX Westerners" belligerently conceded that they had an "11-year-old daughter who always attracts playmates; we smoke; feel it's our privilege to have an occasional drink; have no references; have had hell with our two D. C. landlords; like homey surroundings but not crypts. Because of this we don't fit the regular ads but, dammit, our landlords liked us back home. We may be naive, but we still think there may be a landlord as human as we."

But perhaps the most amazing outgrowth of too few homes for the homeless—a desperate situation requires desperate means—was an outburst of poetry. The couplets of these inspired home hunters were heroic, all right, but expensive and, generally, ineffective.

Lieut. Charles B. Yonts Jr. was sharing a single bed with a British officer friend when his wife wrote him from the home of his parents in Milwaukee that, whether he could find a place or not, she was going to join him on a certain date with their newborn daughter. For $14, Lieut. Yonts printed "THIS IS MY STORY," longest poem of the home-hunting series:

I'm homeless and harmless and three weeks old;
My mother and daddy are out in the cold;
To care for a home is all that we ask—
We're aching to get the responsible task.
Dad is an officer, assigned to stay here.
Are you in Arlington, or reasonably near?
We need a real kitchen, a bath, and a bed;
If you think you can help us, oh, that's enough said!
Be it in Buckingham Village, or District Northwest,
We'd cherish your things, from the simplest to best;
Whether two rooms or twelve, it's a joy heaven-sent,
And nobody cares how much is the rent.
Please telephone father and tell him we're saved
Before his mind snaps, and we all are depraved.

WHEN YOU USE LESS MEAT— ADD MORE FLAVOR!

Make it a *rule* to add Lea & Perrins Sauce to all meat-saving dishes. For this unrationed Sauce gives stews, hash and meat loaf a finer, more piquant flavor. Turns even a "budget" cut of meat into *something special!*



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The ORIGINAL Worcestershire!

MOJUD . . . that's all you need know about stockings

The name Mojud on stockings tells a meaningful story of extra quality yarn . . . of skill in knitting . . . and of infinite care in testing, examining, finishing. That's why to millions of women Mojud means the utmost in long-lasting loveliness. *At better stores everywhere.*



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"We never knew till now how much enjoyment an FM radio-phonograph could give us!"

The car's in the garage. Shoe leather is scarcer. Everybody's staying home more now—and it's turning out to be fun!

And you are doubly fortunate if you own a General Electric FM radio-phonograph.

This electronic instrument is two instruments in one. You flick a button, and in comes the news of the world, a play, a comedy, a symphony orchestra, a dance band.

Your mood changes. You want another kind of relaxation. So you flick another button, put on the records, settle back, and the *permanent* treasures of the world's music are at your command.

What endless hours of delight await you then! The great symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann. Glimpses into fairyland on children's records — the story of Red Riding Hood, and Babar, and Sleeping Beauty. Gems of jazz, and historic moments such as Congress' Declaration of War.

All the inspiration, the entertainment of recorded music, plus the eventful happenings of our day — in one glorious instrument!

General Electric is building radio for military purposes alone now. But after Victory, the General Electric radio-phonograph with FM (Frequency Modulation) will be available to every one, at a modest and reasonable price. It will be a finer instrument than ever before, because of wartime developments in the science of electronics.

FREE: Send for the fascinating 32-page book in full color: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." Tells the story of FM radio. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been printed. Write for a copy to *Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Tune in "The World Today" *and hear the news direct from the men who see it happen, every evening except Sunday at 6:45 E. W. T. over CBS. On Sunday listen to "The Hour of Charm" at 10 P. M. E. W. T. over NBC. Buy War Bonds today for the better things of tomorrow—including a G-E FM radio.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research

170-B10



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

Radio is a product of electronic research. The newest kind of radio is FM (Frequency Modulation) which brings you "Natural Color" reception—with all the *overtones* that you miss in conventional radio.

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No longer are district school lines determined by the distance a pair of youthful legs can travel. The one-room country schoolhouse with its pot-bellied stove, wood box and water bucket has been largely replaced by the modern, completely equipped Consolidated School. For this, we can thank the motor bus.

More than 43,500 schools depend upon bus transportation. The nation's 85,000 school buses roll up more than half a billion miles a year. The number of school children traveling by bus each day is greater than the total combined population of Los Angeles, St. Louis, Boston, Washington and New Orleans.

The transportation of school children is one of Highway Transport's biggest and most important jobs . . . for the right to educate our children is one of the principles of democracy for which America is fighting.

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Hearty Luncheon Sandwiches

6 slices buttered whole wheat bread
6 slices buttered white bread
3 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup shredded carrot
2 tbsp. mayonnaise
2 tbsp. DURKEE'S DRESSING

Combine Durkee's Famous Dressing with mayonnaise; mix with chopped eggs, carrots. Place lettuce leaves on six whole wheat bread slices, spread with mixture; top with remaining white bread slices.

Tasty and filling, both! The secret? Durkee's Famous Dressing, of course... the fourteen-spice sauce that peps up sandwiches, fish, salads, cheese and meats. Rich, golden, easy-pouring, keeps without refrigeration. Write for our new recipe booklet, "How to Dress Up Wartime Menus," Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. LE9, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.



OTHER DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS • DURKEE'S SPICES • DURKEE'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE • DURKEE'S MARGARINE

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If your favorite store can't supply you at once, be patient. "Seamprufe" is making parachutes today, as well as lingerie.

"SEAMPRUFE" 148 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



LIFE'S COVER: As her brassard shows, pretty 17-year-old Shirley Armstrong is a member of the Women's Land Army. In her arms is some of the sweet corn which she helped to harvest last month. Shirley was one of a group of schoolgirls from Duluth, Minn. who went to work in fields "to do a bit for Victory." For more on this year's harvesters, see pages 119-129.

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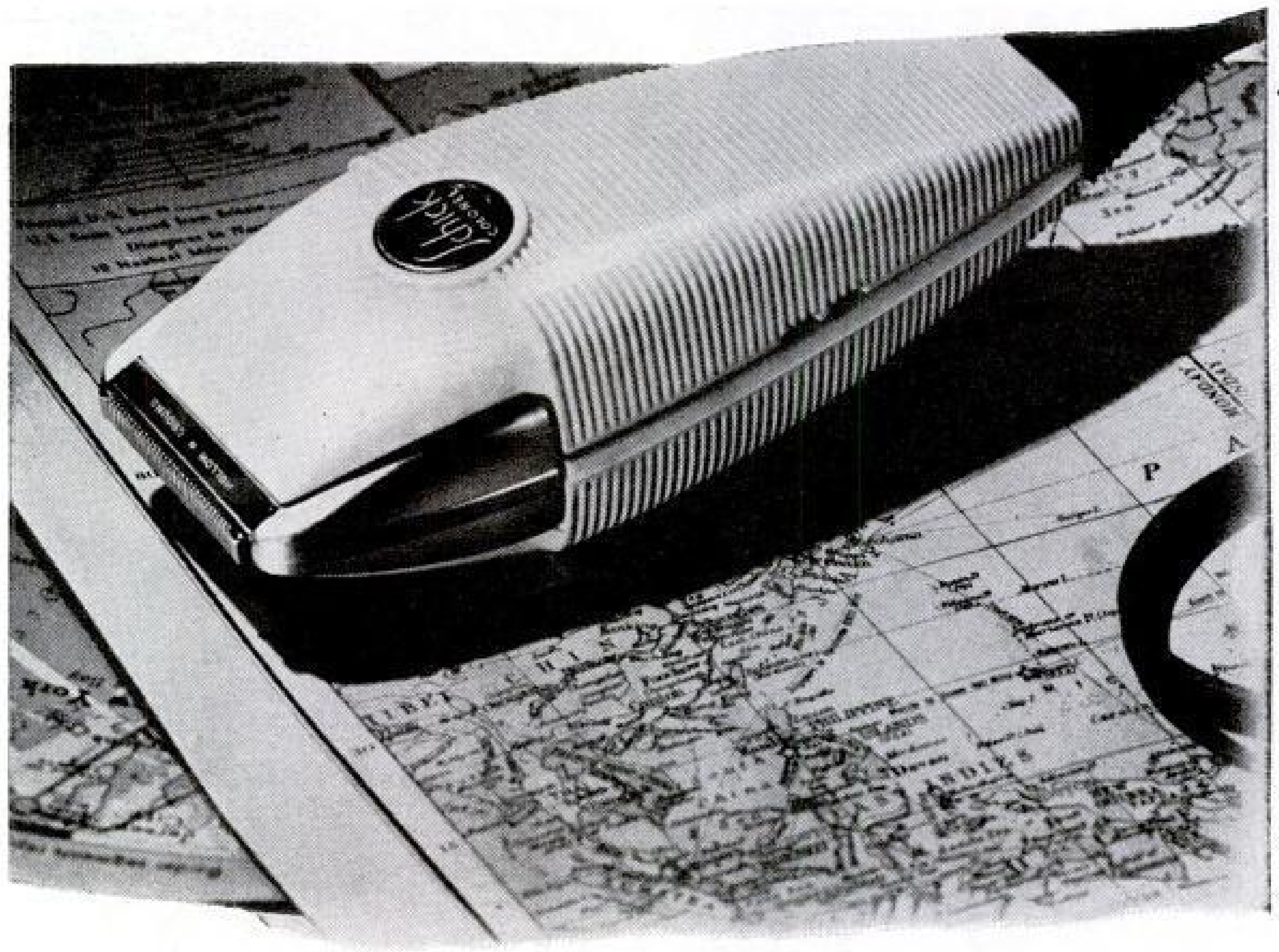
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SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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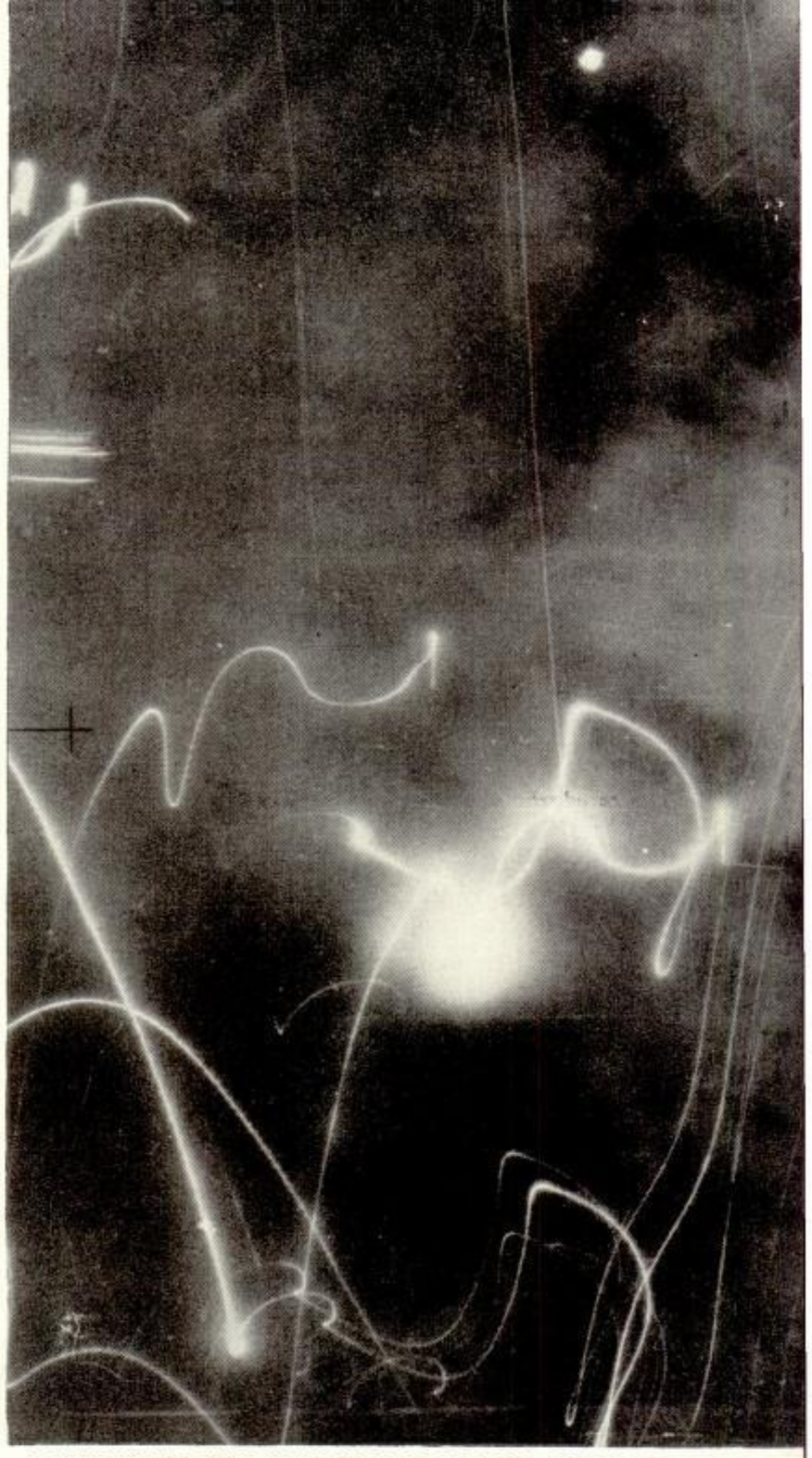
SCHICK INCORPORATED **SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER**

TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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THE R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHED BURNING INCENDIARIES AND GREAT BILLOW OF SMOKE OVER DÜSSELDORF ON JUNE 11-12



A LANCASTER OVER HAMBURG IS CAUGHT BY PHOTOFLASH

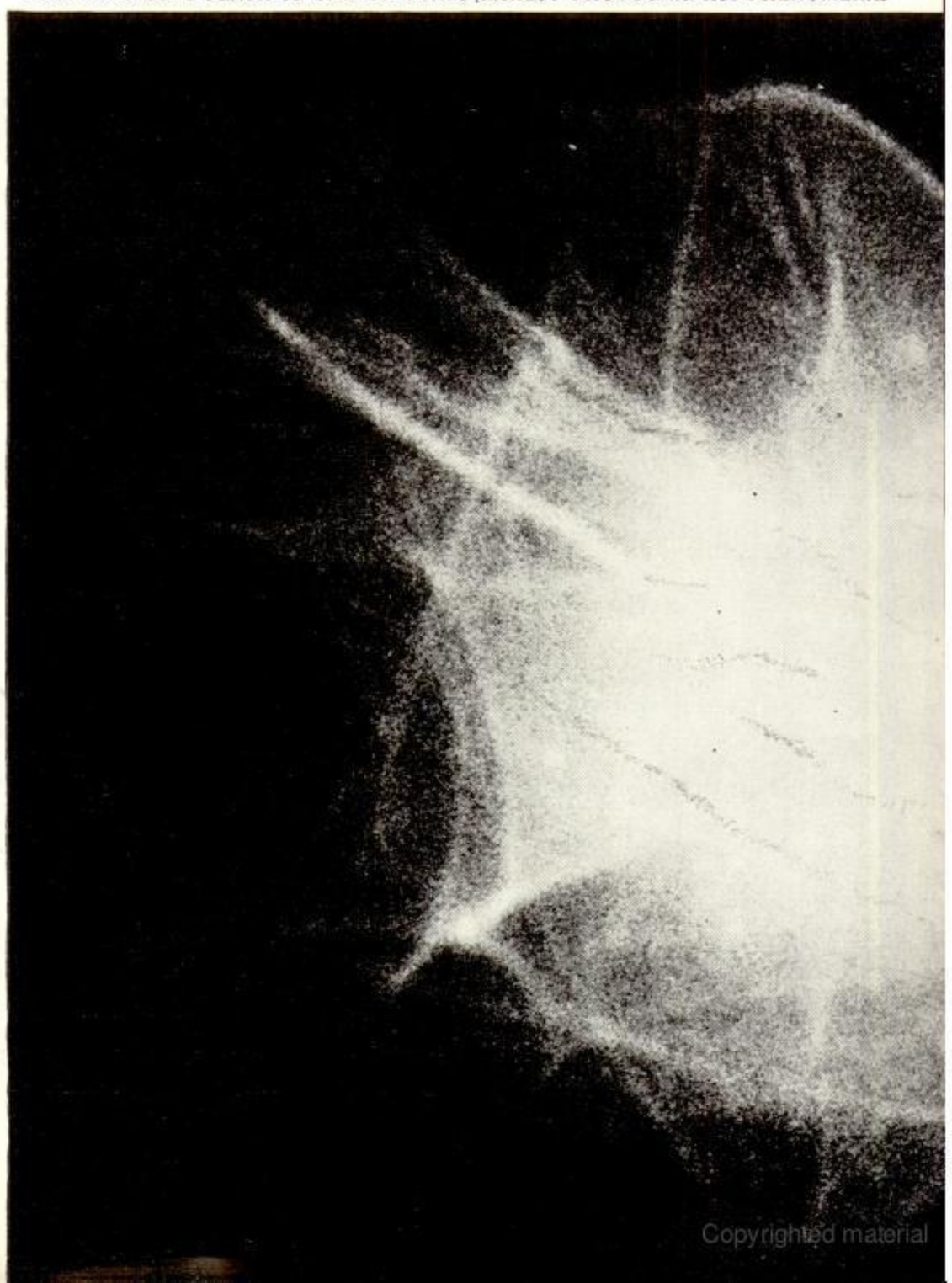
SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . STRANGE LIGHT FILLS NIGHT BOMBER'S SKY

AURORA BOREALIS EFFECT WAS MADE BY A TIME EXPOSURE OF SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS IN A FOG



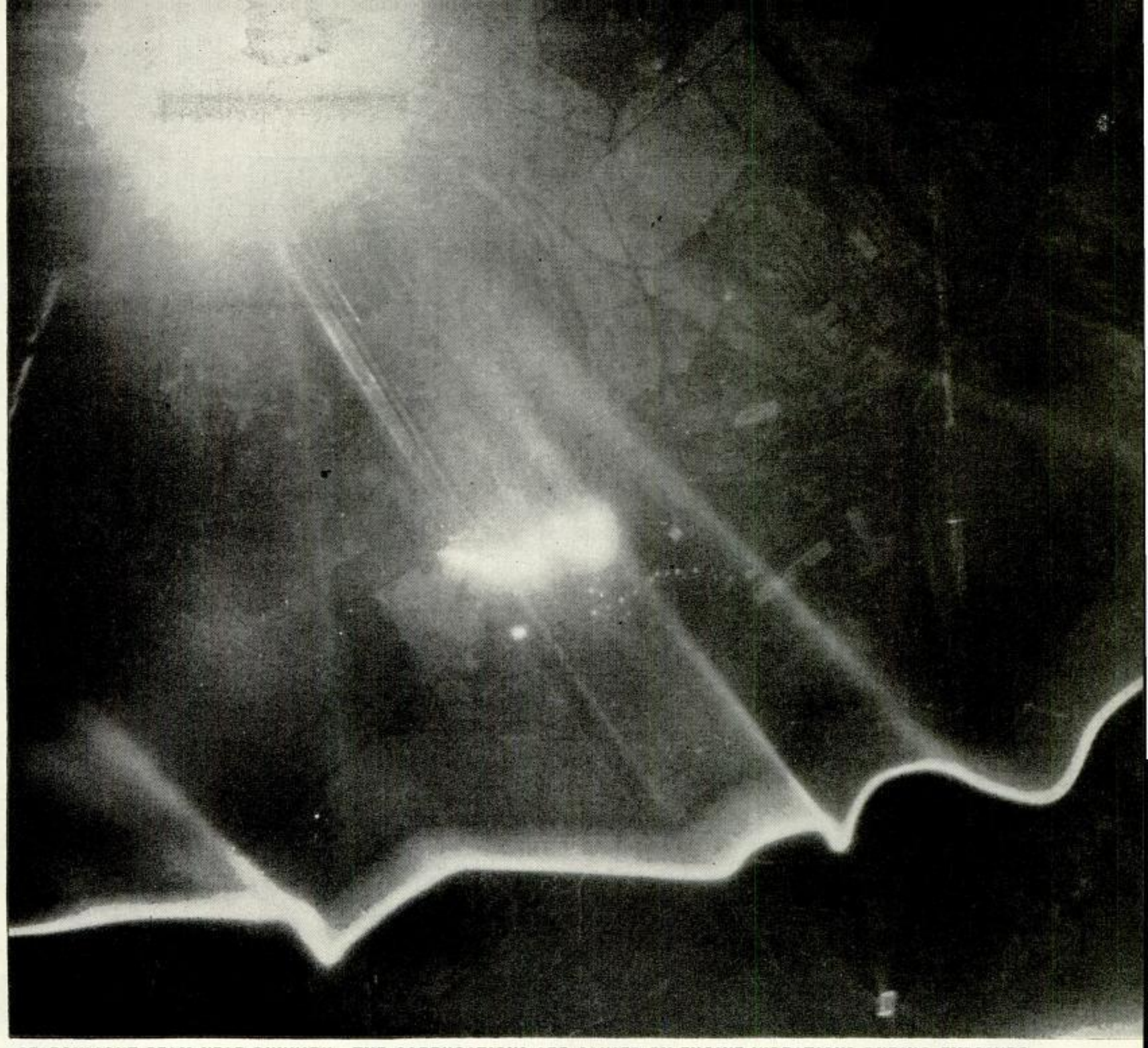
THIS NEBULOUS FLASH IS ONE OF WAR'S RAREST PHOTOGRAPHIC PHENOMENA.



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BOMB DURING A TIME EXPOSURE OF INCENDIARY TRAILS

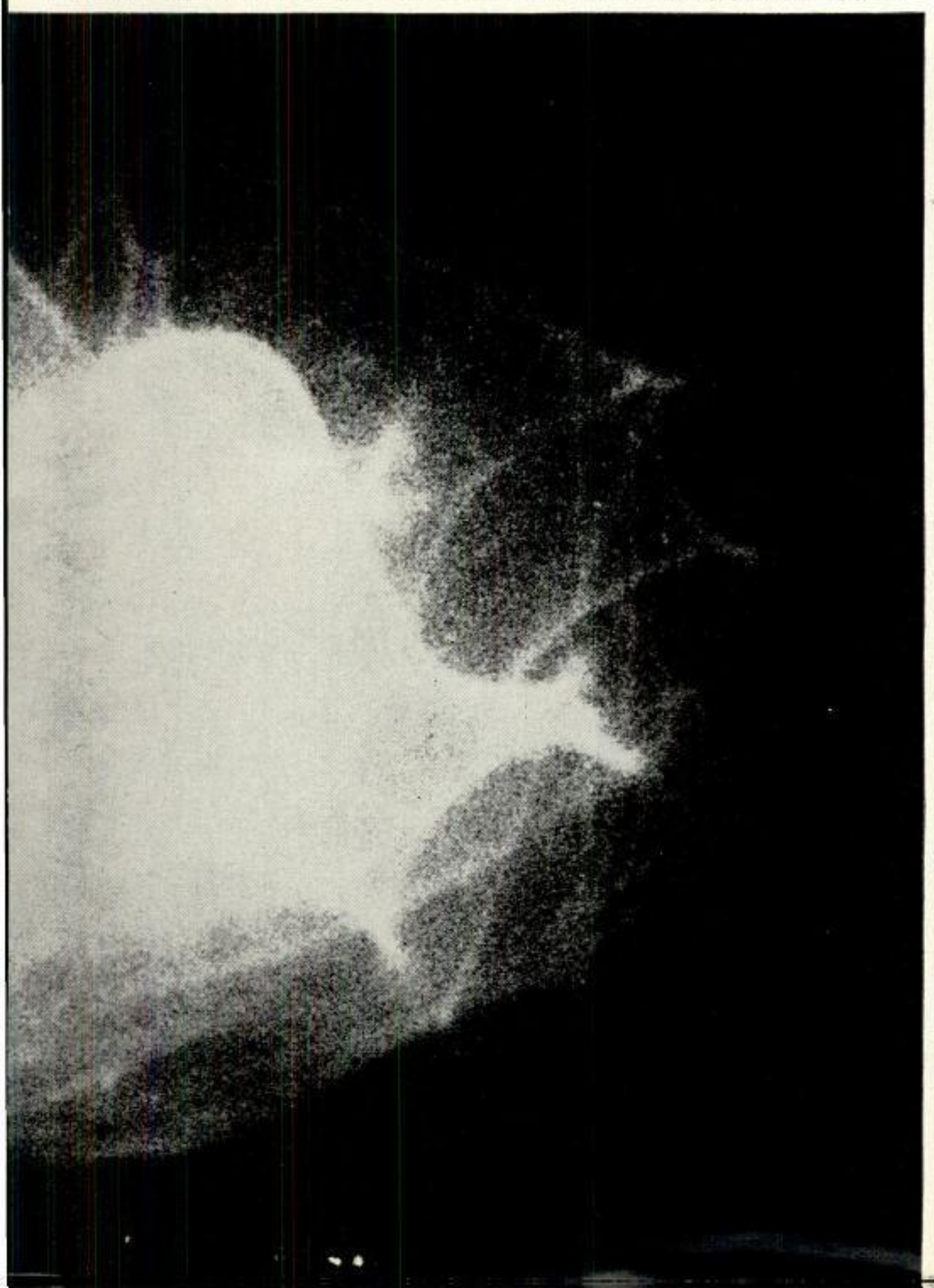


SEARCHLIGHT BEAM NEAR DUNKIRK. THE CORRUGATIONS ARE CAUSED BY ENGINE VIBRATIONS DURING EXPOSURE

Although big British bombers fly at night to avoid the full weight of enemy antiaircraft defenses, they seldom find the sky over Europe very dark. It is hellishly illuminated by searchlight beams, flashes of exploding antiaircraft shells and bright tracer streaks of light flak. Even from the ground the sky is lighted by the explosions of heavy bombs and the fierce white fires of newly sown incendiaries. Later comes the great red glow of a burning objective.

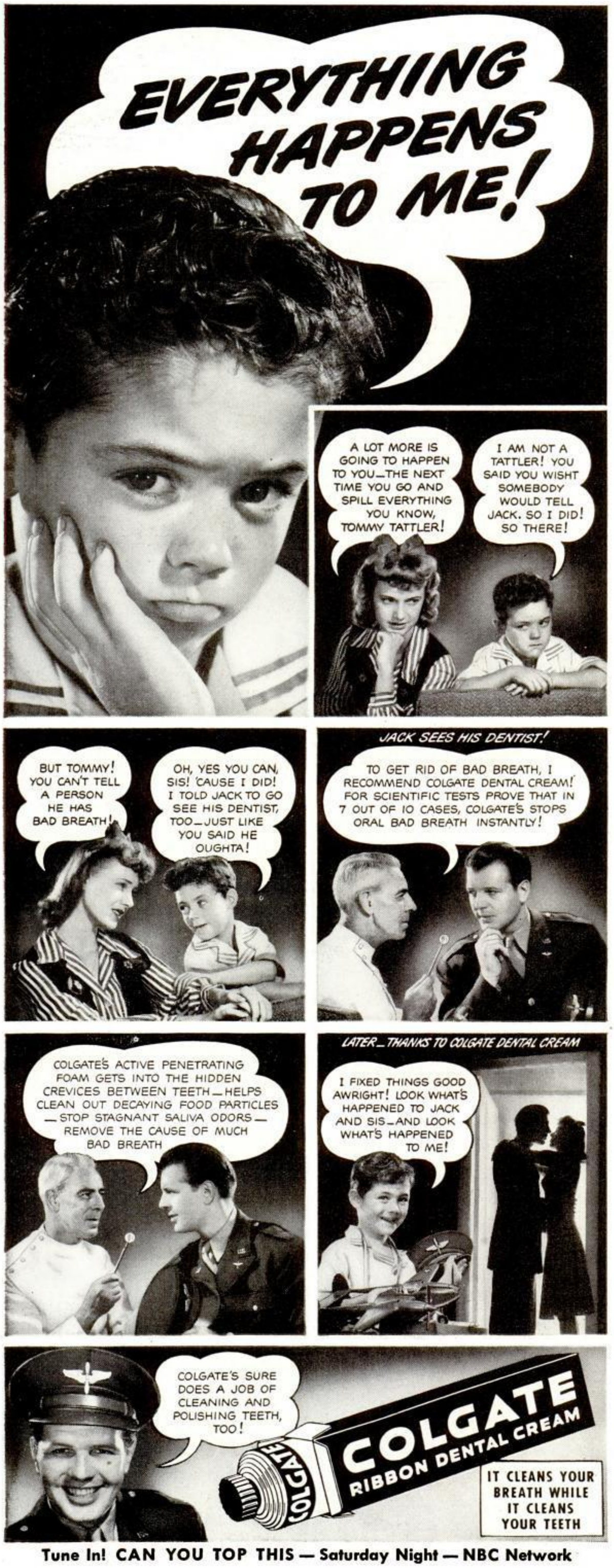
Not all of these phenomena are recorded with complete accuracy by the camera. Time exposures from pitching planes often get weird distortions from simple effects, like the wavy trails of burning incendiaries at upper left and center and the curtainlike searchlight beams at upper right and lower left. But distorted or not, these photographs and others like them are always minutely examined by R.A.F. photo-interpreters for evidence of enemy searchlight and gun positions.

A HEAVY INCENDIARY BOMB WAS HIT BY FLAK AS IT FELL TOWARD TARGET



LIGHT FLAK TRACERS OVER BREST. THE TWO BRIGHT SPOTS NEAR TOP ARE GUN-MUZZLE FLASHES

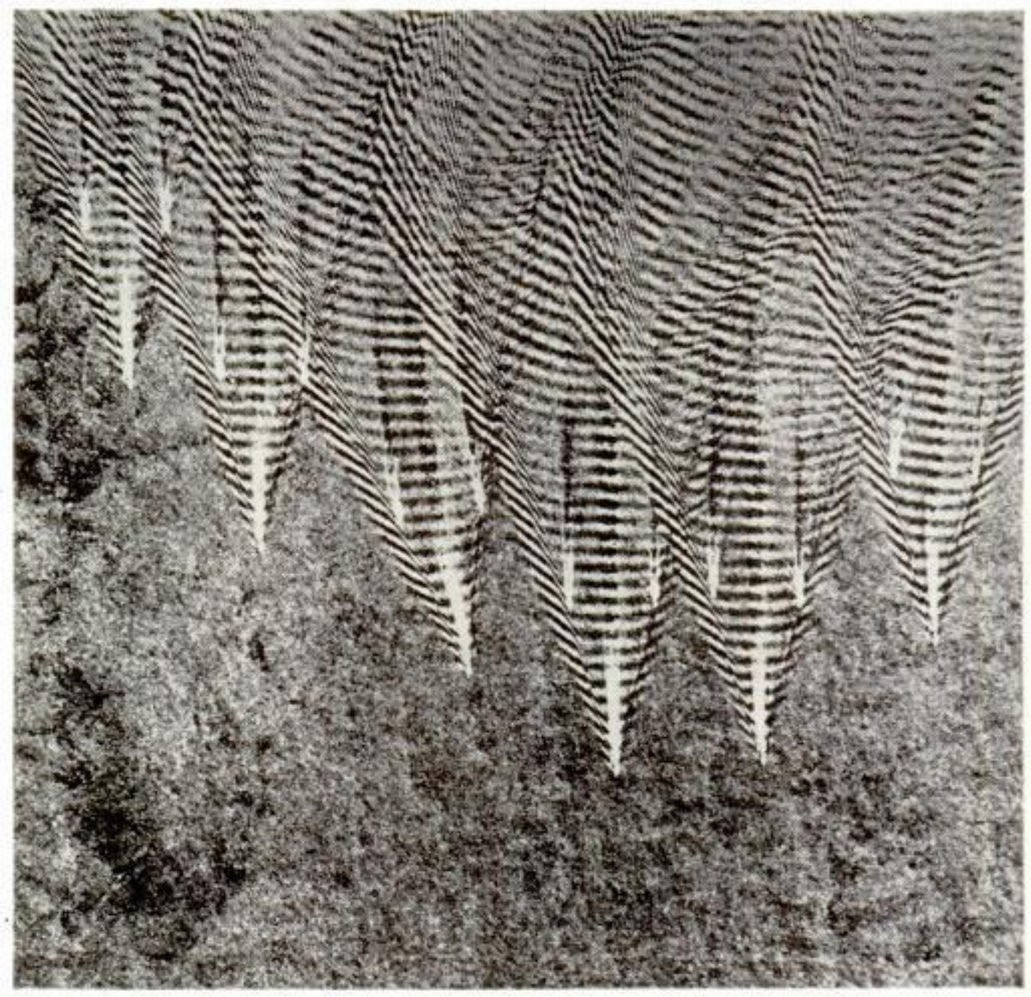




Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



R.A.F. photograph of six German minesweepers shows British mine field being cleared. Small white streaks outboard of minesweepers are from cable-cutting paravanes.



Light flak pattern is also impressive taken from the ground. Picture was shot during raid on Algiers at time of North African campaign. Two Ju. 88's were shot down.



Another R.A.F. job is charting movements of Arctic ice to forecast appearance of ice in shipping lanes. This ice pack was photographed by R.A.F. Coastal Command.

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It's the greatest gasoline story of the war!...

How Socony-Vacuum scientists, working in a laboratory, found a way to produce a new super fuel *that will help the United Nations' great bomber fleets carry hundreds of extra tons of bombs to blast the way to Victory!*

The secret is a "magic" bead—Socony-Vacuum's new Bead Catalyst. It is so far superior to any catalyst heretofore used in gasoline refining—that even when diluted the fuel stock yields far greater power and performance than present 100 Octane gasoline.

This sensational discovery, coupled with Socony-Vacuum's new TCC Process, which permits *continuous* catalytic cracking—will not only *improve the quality, but also increase the quantity* of America's vital 100 Octane aviation gasoline!

This remarkable fuel of the future will give to aircraft a new, quick maneuverability, speed, and carrying capacity... and already the new processes which make it possible have been made available to the U. S. Government and to the entire petroleum industry.

Thus, the United Nations' air fleets will be given a new power for Victory—*Flying Horsepower*, from the Sign of the Flying Red Horse!

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CHAMPION ARMY ENTERTAINER

Bob Hope says:

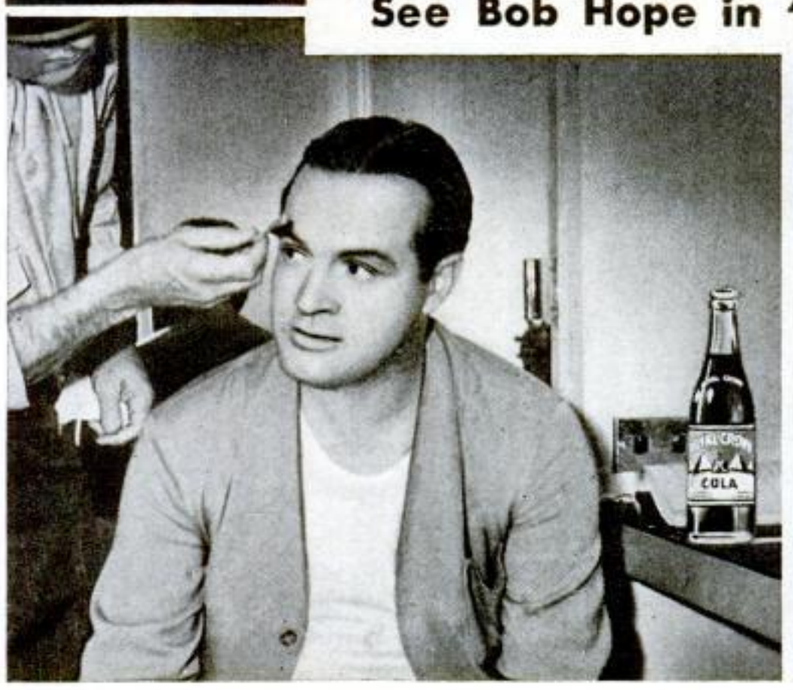
"This cola is my winnah!"

Entertaining service men from Alaska to the Alamo and making madcap movies keep Bob Hope moving faster than certain race horses he knows! So for a lift and a fresh start he goes for "best by taste-test" Royal Crown Cola. Says he, "It wins my vote hands down—I mean hands up!"

BUY MORE U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY



See Bob Hope in "LET'S FACE IT," Paramount's hilarious new comedy!



BETWEEN SHOTS of his new picture,"Let's Face It," Bob took time-out to call for a big frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. Hope now speaking:



"THE JOKE'S ON ME! I figured colas tasted alike till I took the cola taste-test. I tried leading colas in paper cups, found Royal Crown Cola tasted best!



"I'VE BEEN BLOWING MY HORN for Royal Crown Cola ever since," Bob adds. "For a year-round quick-up, I'll take Royal Crown Cola every time!"

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TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH **ROYAL CROWN COLA** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. *Best by Taste-Test!*

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Walter Sanders, shown at left with 6-year-old ChildActress Margaret O'Brien, spent five weeks photographing Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the essay on pages 60-75. Most elaborate picture he took was the color photograph of M-G-M's leading players on pages 66-67. M-G-M, which had never before been able to get so many of its acting assets in one place at one time, was so impressed by the gathering that it took movie of Sanders taking his picture.

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128, 129—PAT COFFEY
130—T. EWING KRAININ
131—*Bot.* DAVID LEWIS EYNON
132—R. D. SMITH

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A—Bootmaker Hand-Finished Heather Grain Oxford. Heavy Avon Ruf-Tred Sole, rubber heel. E-310.

B—Army Russet Scotch Grain Oxford—oil treated leather sole, leather heel. E-312.



Fellows!

Here are "Man Styles" in shoes for you

And both Dad and Mom will agree they're a good coupon's worth

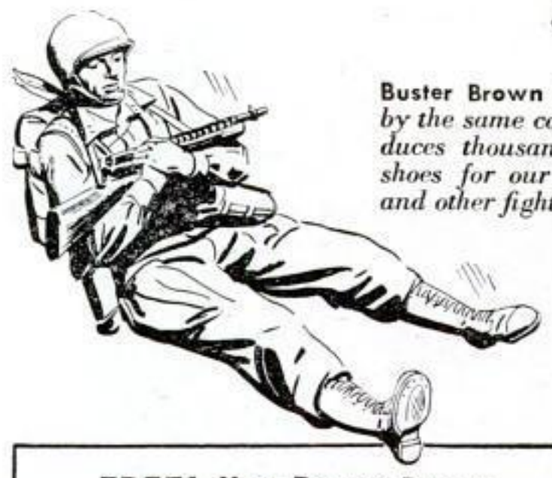
Boys! Imagine the pride of wearing new shoes that are "just like Dad's"! Well, now you can! For these smart Buster Browns* *look* like a man's shoe . . . *feel* like a man's shoe . . . *wear* like a man's shoe. In fact, they *are* a man's shoe—specially built in your size. Why, you'll never know what a "man's man look" they give you until you try on a pair yourself! Drop in with Dad today. See how grown-up you feel when both of you dress alike. BROWN SHOE COMPANY, manufacturers, St. Louis.

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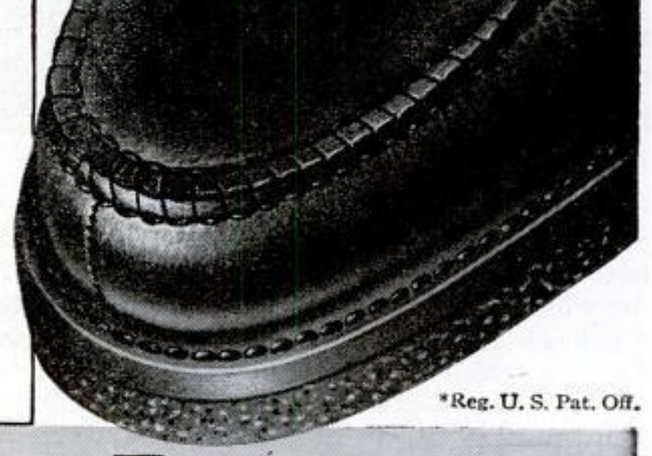
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IN one of the busiest shipyards on the Pacific Coast, news-photographer Bob Leavitt caught this picture of how a Sonotone Consultant steps up America's man-power. G. Lee M....*, (*left*), a graduate of Butler University, and a minister for 25 years, got so hard of hearing that a few years ago he was forced to give up preaching and go to farming. Thomas J. N....*, (*center*), whose hearing has been failing since he was 5 years old, just couldn't keep a job. Yet today, both men are turning in a man's-size day's work in this Tacoma shipyard. M.... checks all incoming rail shipments, N.... is a marine electrician on the fitting docks—thanks partly to Sonotone, and partly to the third man in the picture, Sonotone Consultant Dean R. P....*, himself a Sonotone wearer.

At the present minute Consultant P....'s big job in life is to see that these two men get *uninterrupted hearing* so they can give *uninterrupted work* to America's drive for victory. And night and day he does that job . . . not only for these two men but for scores of other Sonotone wearers in the bustling shipyards, aircraft and munitions plants in the Seattle area. And there are hundreds of other Sonotone consultants doing that same job all over the United States.

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*Names omitted in accordance with medical principles

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[BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS!]

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LIFE

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FROM BRIDGE OF LANDING SHIP YOU ARE LOOKING OVER MEN AND EQUIPMENT OF A FIGHTING U. S. ARMY AS IT PREPARES TO INVADE ITALY ON BEACH SOUTH OF SALERNO

THE BATTLE OF SALERNO

South of Salerno, on the west coast of Italy, curves a lovely white beach, its edges fringed with ancient Greek temples. Last week the sands of this beach were spotted red with the blood of Americans, Germans and Englishmen. There in nine bloody days, reminiscent of Gallipoli, was fought the bitterest battle of the war between Anglo-American troops and Nazis. By week's end it seemed as if the Allies had made good an historic landing on enemy-held Europe and that the Germans had begun a retreat north.

The Allied High Command knew that the landing was a gamble. Five Nazi divisions including Panzers, aware of the fact that the Gulf of Salerno was the only landing place on the west coast within range of Allied fighter planes based on Sicily, were ready and waiting for the American Fifth Army under command of Lieut. General Mark W. Clark. From the start the fighting was desperate, the Germans continually harassing the Allied landings with shellfire from their commanding positions in the hills surrounding the beach. On the fifth day the Germans counterattacked, nearly driving a wedge through to the sea. But continued reinforcements, plus the approach of the British Eighth Army from the south, saved the beachhead.

With the U. S. Fifth Army in the Gulf of Salerno landed LIFE Photographer George Rodger, who took the pictures on these pages, and LIFE War Correspondent Jack Belden who was severely wounded. Belden's account of the landing begins on page 27.

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With German bombers overhead, green U. S. troops on a LST (landing ship, tanks) scan skies, waiting for planes to come out of sun. During daytime U. S. fighters kept skies relatively free of enemy planes, but Germans came in at night, bombing beaches.

A bomb bursts near convoy. First landings were made at 3:30 a. m. Sept. 9 by light of a three-quarter moon. These pictures show the reserve forces coming ashore sometime later in the day. Jack Belden, who wrote the story at right, landed with the first troops.

"HEY, SOLDIER, I'M WOUNDED!"

A LIFE correspondent, going ashore with Fifth Army at Salerno, becomes a casualty in bitter fighting

by JACK BELDEN

In sick bay aboard ship

The Germans knew we were coming and waited for us. All they had to do was study the map and see the obvious place for us to strike was south of Naples. Even correspondents who were not briefed before the operation and who possessed no special information guessed, on the basis of logic, that was where we would land. While we were steaming toward our objective the Swiss radio announced that an Allied invasion fleet was carrying the Fifth Army toward Naples. The day before our landing our LST's were bombed continuously. Probably the German Air Force had us under observation at all times. The enemy knew not only approximately where we were going to land but when.

As late as 5:30 on the afternoon of Sept. 8 the naval commander of the forces I was with said that a bombardment was scheduled. Yet it never came off. Perhaps the Army, wishing to rely on surprise, didn't want the bombardment. If that is so, it was a repetition of tactics that already had been used in landings in Sicily. A repetition of tactics as a general rule is bad. It plays into enemy hands.

Perhaps the announcement of the Italian surrender made the authorities change their minds. Maybe neither of these reasons is correct. But whatever the reason we had little or no supporting fire on the American part of the beach. That announcement of the Italian surrender which we heard at 6:30 on our radios had an unfortunate effect on the troops. We all cheered the news and shouts from the whole fleet echoed over the Mediterranean. Too many officers and men thought it was all over but the shouting. Some of them had not been in combat before and some complained that they wouldn't have a chance to fight.

One or two older officers tried to persuade the men out of this attitude. A colonel said, "This alleged good news is bad news for us. Unless the officers go down into the holds and give the men a fight talk they're going in there with their hands down. But by God, I'm going in there with both fists swinging, and I'm going to kill the first bastard that fires on me."

But the talk did little good. Everything seemed to be going too smoothly. While we were still under way our ship slung boats and even "ducks" over the side. As soon as the anchor was down the boats of the first assault wave were away and circling in the water. It was the smoothest debarkation I'd ever seen. It was too smooth.

"Why should we be afraid?" said a private. I couldn't answer him. I couldn't say it was wiser to be afraid. Lack of fear is the mark of well-trained and disciplined troops but it is also the mark of inexperience. These men were not scared and I didn't like it.

We were nearly ten miles from the beach. The continuous circling in the water was tedious and some of us fell asleep. When we awoke the yellow moon was turning orange and growing dimmer, the sky to our left was lit by flashes of gunfire where the British were supposed to be attacking Salerno and now and then a huge glare ripped apart the darkness as if a ship were exploding out to sea.

But before us all was quiet and dark. We broke our circle and headed in a column toward shore. Above the roar of our motors we did not hear the approach of that first shell. But I saw the flame leap out of the boat next to me and simultaneously the crash shook our boat and it jerked once or twice and then went on. Abruptly I sat down in the bottom of the boat, not as a precaution but because I was afraid. I heard a soldier say, "I saw a shell close like that in training once," and I was more afraid.

Jack Belden is the front-line war correspondent for *Time* and LIFE. For seven years he has not been out of a war zone. He has been in the thick of the biggest battles in China, Burma, North Africa and Sicily. Landing with Lieut. General Mark Clark's Fifth Army at Salerno, he was severely wounded when two bullets shattered his right leg. His story here was written on his bunk in sick bay of a ship on the way back to North Africa. It will be six months before Belden will be able to walk even with a crutch.



Though we were still a good distance from the beach, the German guns were already on us. As we learned later, the Germans were so sure of where we were going to land that they brought their defenses right onto the beach. Trees, brush and all obstacles were cut down so as to give them a clear field of fire. Nothing was left to chance. Machine guns fired only in certain zones, the zones interlocked. Almost on the water's edge, in some cases only 50 yards apart, machine guns were set up facing toward the sea. Fifty yards from the beach heavy machine guns threatened death to anyone coming out of the boats. In back of those were mortars. Only 200 yards from the beach 88's were employed.

Shells were flashing in the water, flames were yellowing the sky and bullets slapped into our boat. They snapped over our heads, rattled against the boat sides like hail and beat at the ramp door seeming to say, "When you open the door, I'll get you, get you, get you." The coxswain shouted, "Get ready!" The boat shuddered and the ramp creaked open. A man leaped into the void and his legs flailed the sea which was bubbling and breaking in a white froth on the white sandy beach. I stepped down. My legs sank down to the knees and my feet touched the sandy soil of Italy. At last I was on the continent of Europe.

That great and significant affair was a thing of insignificance to me then. I was possessed by no thought of liberating a continent but only by the frenzied fancy that yellow tracers were flashing on the left and right, that flares were curving in golden parabolas onto the beach, that the boats were illuminated and gray and ugly, that they were disgorging dim and menacing figures and everything was unfriendly, miserable and wet.

I stumbled, fell on my face in the water, got up again, crawled on the beach and lay panting with a score of soldiers, went on again through sand dunes and halted again before a line of barbed wire.

Single file through the barbed wire

We were supposed to be the second wave but no one seemed ahead of us. There were no wire cutters among any of us so we held the wire for each other and crawled through.

We went on in jerks, throwing ourselves to the ground at the snap of a bullet, getting up again, filled with anxiety when we saw how little distance we had covered and how soon the sun would come up on this denuded flat ground.

Obstacles clutched at us everywhere. We broke through the rail fences that had been interlaced with barbed wire, able to move only in single file for we never could find enough wire cutters. At one barricade after we had made our way through we lost our balance and tumbled into a ditch filled with water and fecal matter up to our necks. When we dragged ourselves out on the other side we had to clutch and hang on to another barrier of wire until others found the way through.

Lost, stumbling though an unfamiliar country, beset by uncertainty and slowing down from fatigue, we at last broke through our eighth barbed-wire barrier and just before dawn emerged on a macadam highway. A few miles beyond it was a high hill which we were to have seized before daylight but which the Germans now undoubtedly held and from it looked down on us. Toward this hill the battalion commander urged his companies, which were coming by in groups of ten and 20 having become separated from each other in the dark.

In a little while the commander meandered off to the right down the highway.

"There's no one there but the Germans," I said, for I had seen their machine guns firing from that direction.

"Oh, we're supposed to have somebody there," he said and, with his walkie-talkie operator, continued walking away from the flank of our troops. I followed him.

Any man who has been through numerous battles has a kind of instinct that enables him to sense a dangerous situation, a sort of smelling of the enemy as it were. I was gripped by that indefinable sense of danger now and I followed the colonel cautiously and kept 20 or 30 yards behind him.

Abruptly he turned around and came back. "I thought I saw vehicles," he said. I wanted to run back to our troops but as the colonel wasn't running, I only walked faster.

We heard a truck coming and we turned around and it was right on top of us. We yelled "Stop" and fire flashed from the colonel's hand. The truck halted in front of us and we yelled, "Get out! Come on, surrender, Get out!" With his pistol the colonel put a bullet in the back tire but there was no other sound or movement.

Just then a few paces to the rear the walkie-talkie operator fired his rifle. In the flash I saw a pair of legs on the opposite side of the truck.

I felt foolish in the middle of the road with no firearms, so I climbed over a low stone wall and began working my way toward the front of the truck. My intention was to get around on that side so I could tell the colonel where the enemy was.

Crawling behind the wall I came abreast of the truck door and through an open window I saw the dim outline of a figure in a slumped position as if he had been killed or wounded or was now trying to avoid both. Still behind the wall I made my way beyond the front of the truck and peered over the stones. The truck door on the far side of the road was open and a figure was lying beneath it on his back with his arms outstretched. "So we got 'em," I thought and then—I don't know what made me do it, perhaps the malarial daze I've been working in ever since Sicily—I slid first one leg and then the other onto the top of the wall.

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The hell of battle bursts over the Gulf of Salerno as Allied reinforcements pour ashore and Germans in the hills shell the beaches. In this drawing you are looking north along beach. At far left, in the background, are Isle of Capri and Mt. Vesuvius, behind which is Naples. On the shore, in line with Vesuvius, is Amalfi, while farther to the right in the bend of the bay is Salerno. The twelve miles of beach shown here continue off right another 15 miles to Agropoli. Behind the smoke ten miles inland is Eboli, apex of the triangle of

BATTLE OF SALERNO (continued)

Something like a baseball bat hammered into my leg. At the same instant there was a loud report and a burst of flame across the road and dimly I saw a figure.

Without any volition of my own I flew off the wall, a loud involuntary howl of anguish escaped my lips and I went through the air and rolled down and over in back of the wall.

A cloud of darkness enveloped me and a great weight pushed my leg into the ground and the leg swelled and puffed and tried to push off the weight. I tried to rise but fell back. Blood was slipping down my right leg. I struggled but could not rise.

Fear shook me like a fever. I yelled, "Colonel! Colonel! I've been wounded." When there was no answer I felt a rush of shame at crying out so loud. Then I became so mad at myself that I wept. "Damn fool, damn fool," I said. "China, Burma, Egypt, Tunisia, Sicily and goddam you, you expose yourself like a soldier seeing his first battle."

The pain grew sharper and I thought, "You can die here." After an effort I got my tin of sulfanilamide pills out of my first-aid kit. They had been soaked in water and there was only a floury paste left. I tried to pour it in my mouth but most of it went down my neck.

The colonel came back and bent over me. "Are you hit bad, fella?" he asked.

"I can't move," I said and then, trying to make amends for crying out, I said, "Keep down, that fellow is just across the road."

He went away and came back in a minute with a soldier. "He'll find you a company medic," he said. They both went away then. I saw the colonel striking up through the fields toward the hills and in a wave of self-pity I thought, "He didn't even say goodby."

In a moment the soldier came back and I grinned inside as I saw there was a boy with a red cross on his arm accompanying him.

"Morphine," I said. "You'll get it, fella," he said, but all he did was ask my name and what time I was wounded. I had a hard time making him understand I didn't belong to any unit and didn't have any serial number. He shook his head and tied a card with its

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flatland on which the Allies landed. Also behind the smoke is the Sele River around which so much of fighting swirled.

At this moment Allied warships have moved in close to the shore to serve as artillery for the landing troops and are firing almost point-blank at the enemy positions and their vehicles. As a result they are under attack by German artillery and bombers. One ship at the right burns in a swirl of black smoke. Ashore Nazi shells land right on the beach, and overhead American fighter planes drive off the enemy bombers.

information through my buttonhole. I'd seen this simple act performed before and even written about it but now to be tagged myself on the battlefield gave me a queer feeling.

"Now, just where are you hit?" said the medic and he picked up my leg. Using it as the handle of a whip he flung my body into the air and then the leg blew up and expanded and grew into a balloon and my head and my foot dangled from either end of the balloon.

I screamed. Gradually my head and shoulders touched the ground again but my leg was still in the air, all grown huge and rocking back and forth above me.

"Let it down," I moaned, but it wouldn't come down.

Through a mist of pain I heard a voice say, "Got to get a doctor." I saw a back disappearing and I cried out at it; "What have you done to my leg, what have you done?" They left me and they'd left my leg still in the air. Perhaps they had rested it on my other leg. If so I could push it off with my hands. I dug in my elbows and raised myself, then pushed my hands into the ground and sat up. My wounded leg was doubled up but flat on the ground.

There seemed nothing I could do now but I remembered my first-aid bandage and slid it under my leg, feeling around with my fingers for the wound. One by one my fingers slipped into a sticky gap in my leg. There seemed to be no end to the gap and I stopped probing. I didn't want to know how big the hole was any more.

To get rid of the pain I closed my eyes. When I opened them again there were four medics standing in front of me.

"Morphine," I said.

"You're talking," said a dark-haired boy and he jabbed me in the arm. Then two of them grabbed my shoulders, a third pulled on my leg, and the dark-haired fellow prepared a splint.

"The wounded aren't supposed to cry," I said, disgusted with myself.

"Aw, you ain't done so bad," said one kindly.

They were pulling hard on me now so I had to keep talking.

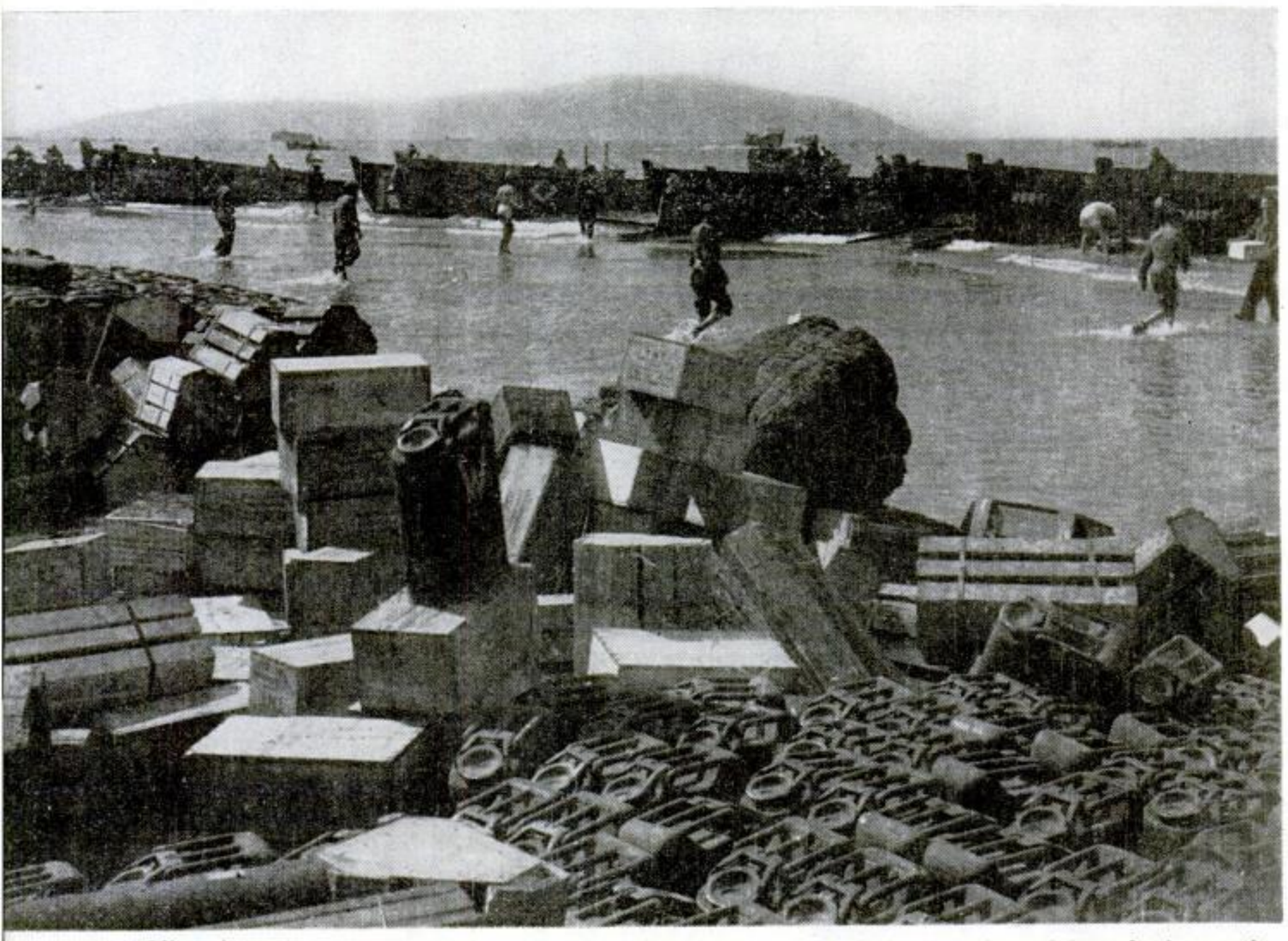
"What's your name, where you from?" I said to the dark-haired fellow who was sliding a splint under my leg.

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On beach at Salerno grounded LCVP's (landing craft vehicles, personnel) are unloaded. Off-shore in distance "ducks" (amphibious trucks) are ferrying men between ships. In foreground another duck leaves LCVP, while soldiers wade out into the water up to their knees to unload food and ammunition.



Piles of supplies are heaped up on the shore. Here TNT, cartons of ration C, water cans and other military supplies are thrown together in apparent confusion. Below: trucks and jeeps begin carrying supplies away from the beach, which has been made firm by a steel mat laid over it by Army engineers.



BATTLE OF SALERNO (continued)

"John Fleischman, Philadelphia," he said, yanking my foot down toward the bottom of an iron frame.

He almost had me now, so I said: "Philadelphia. Hell, the Athletics are 36 games behind."

"Yeah." He yanked hard. My teeth chattered.

"Let's give him another shot of morphine," said a medic. They laid me on a stretcher and tied my leg to it and carried me out on the road and headed up toward the halted German truck.

A wild panic flared inside me.

"No, no. Don't take me there. Only Germans are there."

"Take it easy," said the medics, as if they were speaking to a delirious child. "The ambulance will come up here and get you."

"The ambulance can't get here. None of our soldiers are here. Take me away."

"Take it easy. Our soldiers are all up here."

"Why don't you believe me?" I sort of wailed in desperation.

They laid me on the side of the road near the truck and then they laid a wounded German boy near me and then they went away.

I heard a car approaching and I lay there listening. The Chinese have a saying: "Fear a devil and there is a devil." I had been afraid of a devil and here it was coming now. It snorted and poked its head around the truck and stopped 20 yards away.

It was a German *volkswagon*. There were six men in it. One got out.

Can he be coming at me, I thought. Suppose the wounded German cries out. Will he come over here then and take me prisoner or will he kill me in a fit of anger?

The German soldier looked at the dead body in the road and then got back in the *volkswagon*. I grinned all over. I knew exactly what he was feeling. He was afraid. He talked to the five other men and soon the *volkswagon* turned around and went away.

The medics, excited and out of breath, ran up from the opposite direction.

"Gosh, that was a German car, wasn't it? We better get you out of here."

Picking up the stretcher, they hustled me away from the truck and the stretcher was jostled as shells arched overhead toward the beach and the bearers quickened their pace.

I saw a two-story stone building some 25 yards from the road and I said, "Put me behind there for shelter." They set me down behind it among a flock of chickens and put a stone under my head and went away.

After a while I heard a clanking on the road. Nearer and louder, louder and nearer it came. Can our tanks have at last got here, I thought. Then the clanking ceased.

They've stopped and maybe they'll pick me up, I hoped. Heavy machine guns burst sharply on the other side of the house. Clearing the road, I thought.

Once more the clanking started. And now it was passing by the front of the house. Propping myself in a sitting position I watched with popping eyes a column of tanks, with turrets clamped down, moving slowly down the road, their guns revolving round and round.

They don't look like ours, I thought, and then I saw they were yellow-brown and not green and I knew they weren't ours.

It's a strange thing to be wounded and watch the enemy's tanks go by and not be able to take cover or get up and run away or help yourself in any manner. I think if I had been in the same position but not wounded I would have been more frightened than I was then. As it was, I couldn't influence matters—I had no will and no responsibility. Anything that happened was just up to fate.

The tanks were moving slowly and they weren't firing and they were in column and not in skirmish formation. I bet they're retreating to the north so the British won't cut them off, I thought.

How peaceful it all must have been!

A chicken pecked at my stretcher and then hopped on my stomach. In a neighboring farmyard a cow switched her tail and munched contentedly at some weeds. An untended horse wandered inquisitively among neatly stacked bundles of hay. How peaceful it all must have been! I tried to be philosophical about my predicament and I recalled Prince Andrew looking at the sky above the field of Austerlitz and thinking nothing matters. But I couldn't feel that way. The sky was buzzing with planes, shells were flying close beneath them, but I scarcely gave them a thought. They seemed far away and impersonal but the road was nearby and the enemy seemed very intimate and all I could think of was I wanted to get away from this road.

In an hour the medics were standing above me again.

They said, "We hid in the ditch by the road. They stopped and fired on both sides. The bullets ricocheted. Jeez, we were scared."

"Take me down to the beach."

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"It's too far. None of our vehicles got ashore. There's no ambulances."

"I don't want an ambulance. This isn't a training maneuver. Get me near the beach. Somebody will put me on a boat."

"They're shelling the beach."

"Aw, what's a few shells? There's plenty of ditches along the way. Let's get away from this road. This is no place for a wounded war correspondent and unarmed medics."

"It's safer here." In the end they won. They went away. I stayed. Before they left I had them write their names in my notebook. They are still there. John Fleischman, Walter Junkun, Fred Zinman, Dewey Carlson. The doctor on this ship says that by putting a splint on my leg they probably saved me from losing it, so this is my thanks.

For two hours I lay there alone. Once a group of four or five soldiers passed right beside me and one placed a pack of cigarets on my chest. "Tough going," he said and passed on.

A group of soldiers and officers with tommy guns and rifles were milling about a house next door. They shouted up at it and when there was no answer one of them shot a bullet into the door and the rest tried to kick it down. Several times I hollered at them, "Hey, come over here, will you? I'm wounded." But though they turned and looked at me they always turned away again and never made a motion toward me.

Pretty soon some of our jeeps—I forgot to mention that they had passed by an hour before—raced back from the direction which the tanks had taken. As they went by, the occupants yelled something to the group by the house next door and those men, to my astonishment, suddenly started running toward the beach, looking back over their shoulders in anxious alarm at the road.

"You're awful cold"

When I saw them running away I called as loud as I could: "Hey, Yankee soldier, Yankee soldier, I'm wounded! Hey, I'm wounded!"

One or two paused and turned around as if they would come back to me and I yelled again but after hesitating for a moment they turned back and went the other way.

I fell back exhausted and very downhearted. I began to tremble and shake. Some time before a soldier had come by and feeling my forehead had said, "You're awful cold." Now I really was cold. I wanted to get out of there more than ever.

I screwed my head around and looked in back of me. There I also saw soldiers going toward the beach.

"Hey, hey! Yankee! American soldier! I'm wounded." Still the backs of the soldiers remained inexorably turned toward me and they went on toward the rear.

Suddenly near the house a voice called, "Where are you?"

"Here, behind the house," I cried.

A soldier ran around a corner of the house.

"Jeez, are you all alone?"

"I've been here six hours. I'm cold."

He went away but was soon back with a young medic—he couldn't have been more than 18—who was puffing very hard as if he had run all the way to me. He threw off his pack, mixed some powder and liquid, poured it into a glass and held the glass to my lips.

"Drink," he said. He was so earnest and so quick I just felt glad all over meeting him. I told him I'd been told an ambulance was coming but that I doubted it.

"The hell with the ambulance," he said, "if I can't get someone to help me I'll carry you back myself," and he ran away to find someone.

A medic of higher rank from the battalion aid station came up and said no one could be spared to go back.

"We'll put you near the road where the ambulance can find you," he said. He gave me another shot of morphine and carried me to the front of the house and laid me under an overhead grapevine a few yards from the road.

Out of a large cylinder he took two bottles. One held powder, the other liquid. He mixed up the two in a bottle which he hung up on the grapevine by a string and prepared to inject me with plasma.

As he was jabbing rather unsuccessfully at the veins in my arm a "duck" came roaring down the road and from it, as it passed by, flew a chorus of voices.

"Tanks are coming! Tanks are coming!"

Looking up, the medic said to his helper: "I don't think they'd harm us." Then he jabbed again at my arm. This time a jeep rushed by and the passengers shouted the same refrain: "Tanks are coming."

"It would be safer behind the building," said someone, so they carried me back there again.

Plasma drips into your veins drop by drop. A bottleful takes an

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Antiaircraft crew mans its gun when more German bombers are reported heading for beachhead while the men frown at the sky. Below: starting inland over the scrubby flatland toward German positions in the mountains goes a column of U. S. jeeps, ammunition wagons and trucks, loaded with supplies.



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American infantry advances to the front through a vehicle park under heavy AA protection. The half-track in center rear has guns trained, and the searchlight and sound equipment in the rear are on the alert. In background at the right is a field radio station and on the left are M. P.'s signal flags to be used in locating the various vehicles at their stations.

BATTLE OF SALERNO (continued)

unbearably long time to get in. With my eyes I watched the line of liquid in the bottle; with my ears I listened for the approaching tanks. The brown line in the bottle didn't seem to move at all, but the tanks were coming in fast, throwing shells as they came.

One of the shells flew over with a quick whistle and fell a few yards away by the corner of the building. A small black cloud showed where it fell and exploded. In the opposite direction, through the grapevines, I could see one of our heavy guns coming up the road. So this gun and the tanks were about to duel with each other at close range and we were right in the middle.

At this time there were two Italian officers wandering around in the garden and I was idly watching them, wondering if they had heard about the armistice, when I thought they could very well carry me toward the beach if they were willing. I made the appropriate signs and motions and they quickly signified they would.

The tanks were coming nearer and a shell flew uncomfortably close. By now two-thirds of the bottle of plasma was inside me and with the medics' consent I decided to forego the rest.

The Italians picked me up. I had been vomiting off and on for the last hour and I did so again and the Italians looked at me with sorrowful eyes. The Italians weren't very strong and they set me down to rest every hundred yards or so but they were willing bearers and they kept on going toward the sea, though shells were now coming down faster in the vicinity of the beach.

After about a mile I saw an artillery unit under some trees and a man with a red cross on his arm.

"Where can I go?" I said. He looked at the Italians and me for a minute and then said: "Come in here. It's a long way to the beach." They laid me under an

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

A jeep passes a knocked-out German Tiger tank, which has been pierced more than three times by antitank fire. Extra treads on tank act as armor for the front. Off to the left of picture is a vehicle park and sycamore trees border the road. The jeep has a long, high tube for an exhaust pipe in case it gets in deep water while coming ashore from landing barge.



Copyright Unauthorized

Blown out of his tank turret is Captain Martin J. Peterson of Kansas City, Mo. when a German shell hits his tank and the landing craft on which it is being ferried ashore. The shell killed two others of the tank crew, wounded another two and killed several nearby sailors. Behind tank a Navy AA crew is firing at low-flying German bombers.

American half-tracks stop a force of ten German tanks cold on a road leading away from the beach. The Americans had no sooner got their self-propelled artillery ashore when the German tanks moved in on them, deploying off into a little orchard. In a short tough battle some of them were knocked out while the rest retreated northward.

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An abandoned German armored car is passed by American troops moving quickly inland. On the first day of the landings the German infantry fell back to the hills, to return a few days later in their counterattacks. Some American units were then cut off and had to fight their way back to the Allied lines.



Signal Corps wire layers move along with the advancing troops beside a stone wall, laying wire for telephones. Below, American General Sherman tank passes an abandoned German Mark VI. The German tank has double side armor with open space between plates as protection against the American Bazooka.



BATTLE OF SALERNO (continued)

olive tree which is perhaps the worst shade-giving tree in the world and in the sun I was violently ill again, retching every five minutes.

The medics there were tender and sympathetic. One said: "I can't find transportation anywhere. I'll help carry you to the beach myself."

So we started out again and this time there were four men on my stretcher. I must have been very heavy, limp as I was, and with the heavy steel frame. At last they could go no farther and put me down in a semicircle of stones that offered very good shelter. There was another wounded man there.

I couldn't believe it but an ambulance finally did drive up and they loaded us in, first warning me to vomit in my helmet when I was sick. The ambulance carried us to a first-aid station by the beach where doctors were in attendance. I have a hazy recollection that the dressing station consisted of a tent but I am not sure. Maybe there was just a cleared space. Around it blood-stained men stood, sat or lay. Around the wounded, stretching everywhere over the beach, was strewn a profuse mélange of guns, trucks, tanks, bulldozers, ducks and jeeps, and down by the beach with their mouths hanging in the water were landing craft of many sizes and shapes.

I saw all this in a blur and it didn't interest me much anyway, and I closed my eyes. When I opened them again a major was standing over me.

"Tough day, doctor?" I asked. He sighed, "I'm supposed to be a surgeon but I had to organize this beach evacuation."

He read my card: "Broken femur, hit in two places; patient has malaria; allergic to tetanus antitoxin. I'm going to send you right out to the ship," he said.

The ambulance brought me to a landing craft and with several other wounded I soon found myself alongside this ship.

A hook descended down over the boat and the sailors fastened lines around my stretcher and that of another man. A blond young doctor shinnied down a knotted line to see that the contraption wouldn't tip over when hoisted. When we came abreast of the rail careful hands seized our stretchers and voices said, "Good work, soldier."

Sailors carried me through a hatchway and laid me in a long corridor where several men gathered and asked: "How'd they get you?"

I retched violently. As by now I had nothing on my stomach, my whole insides were sucked in by the action and I made a fearful racket that reverberated down the corridor and caused people to come running.

A hospital apprentice, named Anthony Vacanti knelt by my side and said over and over again: "Take it easy, fella, you're in good hands now."

They carried me to the operating table and cut off my clothes and then loosened the splint. Swift as a surprise my leg bent.

"Ow!" I howled and turning my face away I bared my teeth and began to wriggle and twitch.

"For God's sake," said a young doctor at the foot of the table, "he can't stand that. Grab his leg and pull on it. Pull on it hard as you can."

A wisecrack on the operating table

So two or three of them pulled on my leg and a fellow held my shoulders and I locked my arms around his neck and we all pulled.

After a while I couldn't help smiling. They had no surprises left for me and I wasn't going to yowl any more. I suppose anyone on the operating table indulges in the most bromidic wisecracks to keep himself going. I know I did. I remember saying: "The way you hold onto that leg you'd think I was a chorus girl." It seems stupid now but it seemed pretty good then.

They put me to bed. They were very tender about everything; these Navy doctors and assistants. The next day we sailed from Italy.

As we were about to pull out 40 planes dive-bombed us. Down in sick bay, listening to the thud of underwater explosions, I watched the walls to see if they would start shifting and I wondered what they'd ever do with the wounded if we started sinking.

The next day some E-boats tried to attack our convoy but they never got through. Now we seem pretty safe. I can't say any of us are so happy. There's a fellow in the bunk below me with a bullet in his spine and he can't move. On one side of me is a boy from Texas named Joe, who has a bullet in his stomach and he can't eat. They feed him every day through the veins, drop by drop, and it takes a long time. I can't see his face but we talk back and forth. Jack, across the room, never makes a sound. He's lost a finger, got a broken hand and leg, and a wound in his chest. He tries to sleep and the rest of the time he just gazes.

I won't be able to walk for a long time but when I see Jack and Joe and sense the deathly stillness of the fellow with the spinal wound below me I think I'm lucky.

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The great German counterattack came the fifth night of the battle when their tanks and infantry, supported by 88-mm. guns, moved down from the hills along the Sele River. In this drawing you are looking over a Nazi gun, down across the river to the Allied beachhead on the flatland beyond. At the height of the battle a few Mark VI's broke through the Allied lines but shortly after midnight the antitank guns broke the spearhead of the German attack. Then suddenly, as shown here, Allied warships opened up on the Germans.

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EDITORIAL

PLANS vs. POLICIES

IT IS TIME TO MAKE A SOBER DISTINCTION BETWEEN TWO APPROACHES TO FOREIGN AFFAIRS

During the last year or so Americans have plunged into that most difficult area of politics known as foreign affairs. The surveys show a rising determination to establish some kind of order in the world. The two nonfiction best-sellers have been Wendell Willkie's *One World* and Walter Lippmann's *U. S. Foreign Policy*. More than a score of resolutions about the future peace are pending in the Congress, and Representatives have returned from visiting the folks back home determined that the Fulbright Resolution shall pass. The Middle West, supposedly remote from transmaritime affairs, now listens to Winston Churchill with avidity. And the Republican Post-War Advisory Council, answering the challenge of Deneen Watson's Republican Post-War Policy Association, recently framed a resolution that repeals "isolation" as a partisan issue.

Against the dark background of world events the results of these efforts are not unlike a fireworks celebration on a Fourth of July night. The different kinds of illumination are somewhat bewildering. There is, however, one fundamental distinction we ought to make before shooting off very much more. And that is the distinction between a *plan* for foreign action and a *policy* for foreign action.

Plans and Policies

Americans don't like regulation but they do love "plans." A plan is a way to get things done. It purports to provide a solution to a given problem, and it is put forward with the expectation that, if adopted, it will actually eliminate or liquidate the problem. Our own Constitution was a plan in the first instance, in strong contrast to the British Constitution, which is not a plan and is only partially written.

So the little old U. S. A. is just planning the hell out of the world. The earliest of the contemporary planners was Clarence Streit, whose *Union Now* was launched as far back as 1939. This plan advocates a federal union of as many nations as possible (eventually, the whole world) under a new government modeled on that of the U. S. More elaborate is the Culbertson plan, which advocates eleven regional "subsidiaries" bound together by a world federation. Then there is the vague plan put forward by the Writers' War Board (in the form of a pledge) calling for a "world organization" composed chiefly of the United Nations. Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson have suggested a do-the-best-you-can plan in which a few nations would constitute themselves "trustees of peace" during a postwar "transition period," the trusteeship to be succeeded by a "world institution." A more ferocious plan, suggested by the novelist Clarence Budington Kelland, advocates arming the U. S. to the teeth and facing the postwar future with militaristic mien.

Yet a plan has definite limitations. If the problem that it proposes to solve happens to be insoluble, owing to hidden or unforeseen factors, it falls with a crash. A plan is premised upon very substantial agreement among the parties to the plan. It is relatively easy for a business enterprise to have a plan because owners and managers are usually in agreement concerning the nature of the product. But such agreement among nations is rare. The ill-fated League of Nations demonstrates futility, and even the danger, of planning for nations that are not in fundamental agreement.

For this reason most of the world's work in foreign affairs is not done by plan at all, but by *policy*. A policy is very different from a plan. A policy does not propose to eliminate the problem that it faces, but rather to acknowledge its existence and to deal with it in a consistent and predictable way. A policy is a course of action, a continuing and open-ended attitude toward the unpredictable impact of events. A plan in foreign affairs is a proposition for incurable optimists, who sometimes turn out to be right: a policy is a proposition for a statesman, whose country suffers if he is wrong.

The tremendous power of policies is revealed in any consideration of history. The Roman Empire was not created by plan but was the result of the consistent application of fundamental Roman policies through several centuries. The history of Europe has been the history of policies and not often the history of plans. One of the most enlightened policies ever evolved, as an example, was the British free-trade policy, which had its origins in the 18th Century, chiefly under Pitt, and which lasted down into our own time. Another British policy, which was in no sense a plan, was the "balance of power" policy. In its several versions this policy enabled little England to survive centuries of devastating wars.

Monroe Doctrine

The U. S. has established few policies in foreign affairs, although two exceptions should be mentioned. One is the Open Door Policy in China, developed by John Hay, which profoundly affected the history of the Far East and drew China close to us. The other is the Monroe Doctrine, almost a perfect illustration of the application of policy.

The Monroe Doctrine was first broached by Britain's Canning as a joint declaration between Britain and the U. S., and this suggestion found some favor in Monroe's Cabinet. But it was opposed by Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, on the grounds that the U. S. could not enter such a joint declaration unless Britain recognized the Spanish-American Republics. But the British, who were involved in the monarchic politics of Europe, did not want to go any further at that time in recognizing manifestations of the republican form of government, which was then considered revolutionary and dangerous. And so the U. S. was confronted with a choice: a virtual alliance with Britain or a *policy* of encouraging republicanism in the New World.

We chose the latter course as being more consistent with our own independence, our interests and our ideals. Instead of making a joint declaration with Britain we made a unilateral declaration, and this decision can be said to have given impetus to the republican form of government everywhere. It is true that we have depended on Britain for the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in the Atlantic, and it is true that we have unrealistically overlooked this fact most of the time. But the policy of strengthening independence in republican South America was forward-looking and has worked greatly to our advantage.

The hardest work in the world

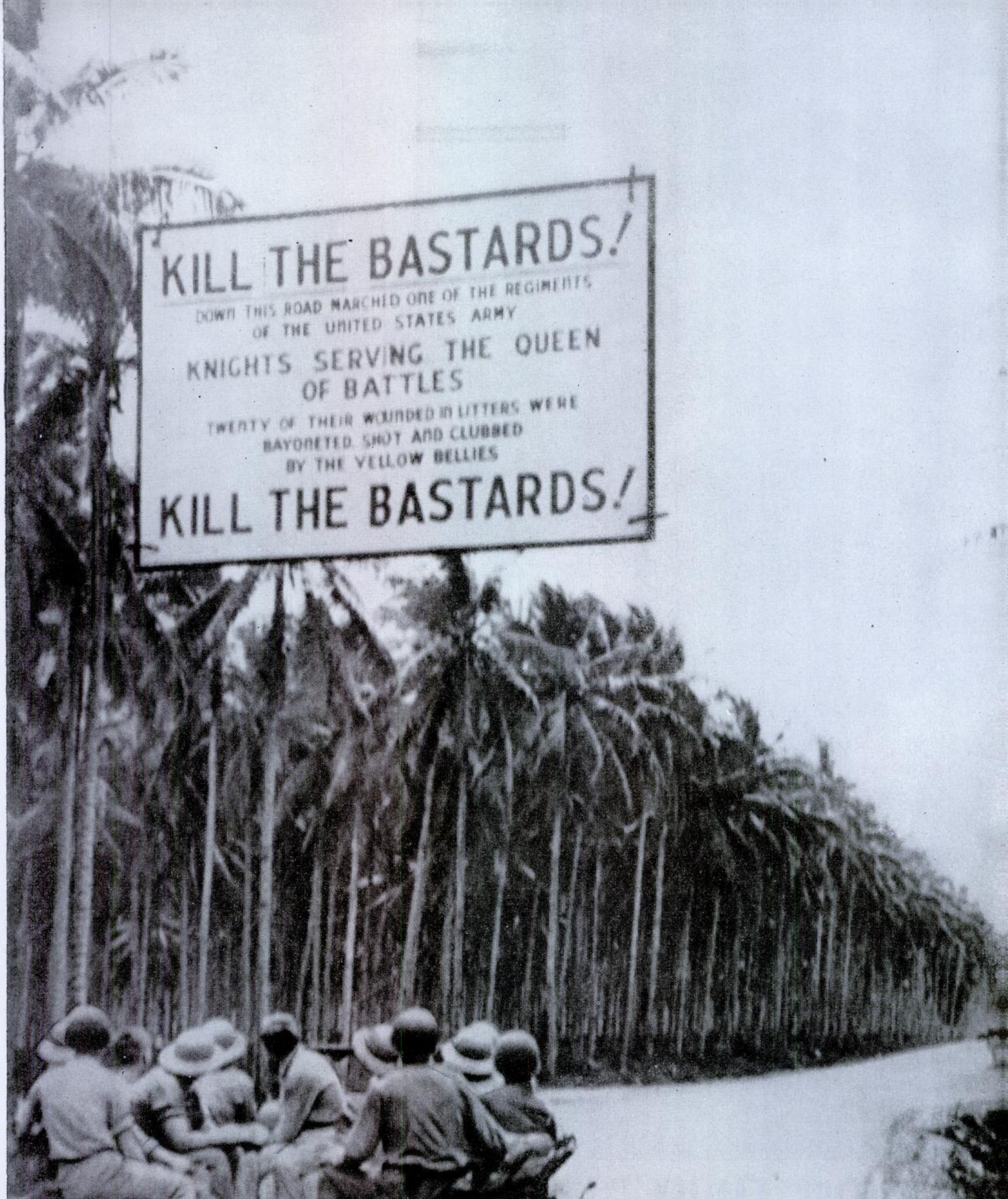
By and large, however, the U. S. has failed to grasp the meaning of *policy* in foreign affairs. Just as we are now seeking refuge in plans, so, during most of our history, we have sought refuge in high moralisms which we had no intention of honoring. The futile Kellogg-Briand Pact was an outgrowth of this habit. The danger of moralizing without fulfilling implied commitments has been lucidly portrayed by Walter Lippmann. Yet we have not yet learned the lesson. Mr. Hull's speech last week was a series of high moral platitudes from which there could be derived no inkling of policy toward the pressing problems of the day—Italy, Yugoslavia, France, Russia, Finland, Europe as a whole, or Asia. And many of Henry Wallace's ventures into world economics have suffered from the same dangerous fault.

It is of course true that we must establish a moral ground in our dealings with other peoples. It is true also that we must be optimistic enough, and like our ancestors courageous enough, to have faith in a carefully laid plan for the solution to problems hitherto unsolved. But it is time for us to realize that both moralizing and planning are all too often escapist procedures by which we hide from our own eyes the uglier necessities of statesmanship. Planning and moralizing are not shortcuts, and when used as such they lead to disaster. They can succeed only in combination with the hardest kind of work in the world, the evolution and maintenance of *policies* of, by and for a sovereign people.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

It is still too early in this war to put up permanent monuments marking the sites of important or heroic actions. But over a palm-walled road in Guadalcanal, the "knights serving the queen of battles," which is the infantry, have already hung their memorial to a cruel, bloody incident. The sign tells its story with far more honesty and hatred than the writers of inscriptions are ever able—or allowed—to cut into their marble shafts.

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Road and sign in Guadalcanal

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FIGHTING FAMILY

All the Theodore Roosevelts are at work helping to win the war

Jouncing along on her tractor, getting in the harvest on her husband's farm at Glyndon, Md. near Baltimore, is Grace ("Gracie") Roosevelt McMillan. Her husband William McMillan is now a lieutenant commander in the Navy. Two of her brothers, Cornelius Van Shaak Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt III, are naval lieutenants, junior grade. Her third brother is Captain Quentin Roosevelt of the Field Artillery, who was wounded near Kasserine Pass and invalided home but has now returned to duty with the First Division. Captain Quentin was awarded the Silver Star in a dual ceremony in North Africa with his father Brig. General Theodore Roosevelt who was awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster for the Silver Star that he had previously won. This picture of Gracie was taken by her mother Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who has recently returned to the U. S. after a year's service with the Red Cross in England.

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Many a soldier on field duty tucks his can of army rations under the motor hood of his jeep. When mealtime rolls around, there is his chow, warm and ready for roadside eating.

HOW TO PULL A HOT DINNER OUT OF A JEEP

IT'S JUST ANOTHER example of good old American ingenuity. But it enables the men of our Armed Forces, even when many miles from their base, to eat good American food, cooked the way a man enjoys it.

Packers of canned foods are playing a vital part in the feeding of our overseas men. The makers of Campbell's Soups, for instance, devote an important part of their production to the making and canning of balanced meat-and-vegetable dishes, developed by Army Quartermaster experts, for far-off battlefront eating. Millions of cans of these field rations are made in Campbell's kitchens . . . a part of the all-important job of keeping a great army well nourished at all times.

Our war-busy people on the home front, too, need the sort of meals that keep folks going. A family lunch or supper built around Campbell's Soup is a meal that's satisfying in deep, full flavor and in good, hearty nourishment. And, easy to fix, these soups fit well into the planning of wartime meals.

The makers of Campbell's Soups are proud to do their part, along with others of the canning industry, in feeding our fighting men as well as their families at home.

★ ★ ★

Army field rations, cooked in the U.S.A., go to our fighting men packed in cans. So if tin cans are collected in your locality, salvage every can you open. Fold in both ends, remove label, wash and flatten. Tin is vital to the war!



CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY

MAKERS OF FOODS FOR VICTORY



Copyrighted material

These coupons will work their heads off ... *if YOU use YOURS!*





1. **If you** consider *every kind* of Fruits and Vegetables your coupons will buy, and *then* buy BIRDS EYE—your coupons will get *you more!* More *flavor!* More *nutrition!* More *farm-freshness!* PLUS *uniform* quality when most food quality varies.

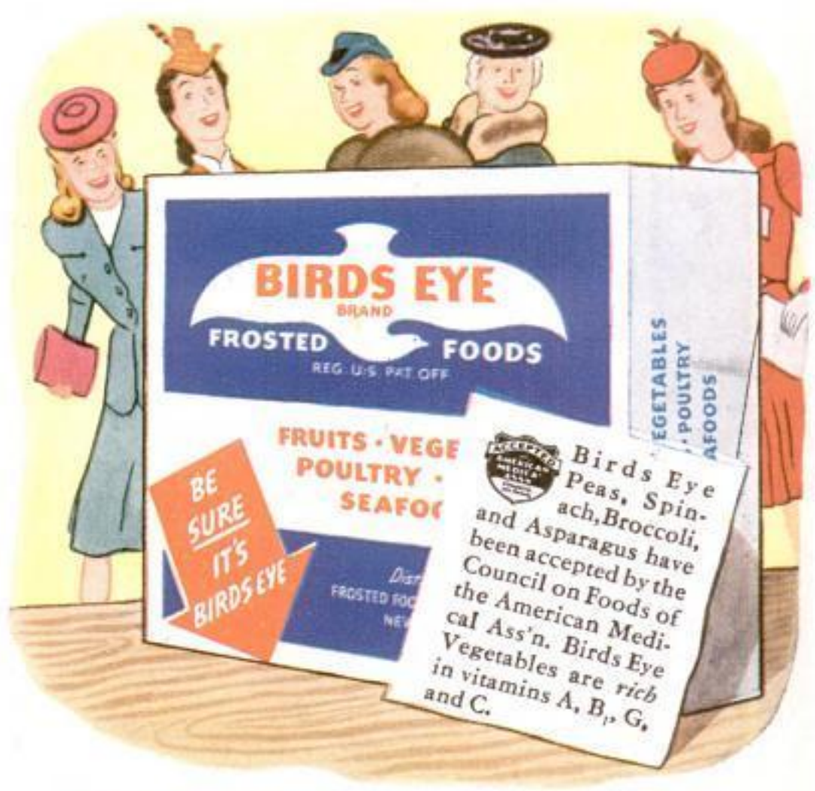
2. **With** Birds Eye, no vitamins and minerals are lost on long trips to market—you get *nutrition plus!* You'll enjoy the NATURAL COLOR and *country flavor* of these *farm-fresh* vegetables! For these, thank *Quick-Freezing*, done within 4 hours after picking!

3. **You** buy ALL these Fruits and Vegetables in *one* place—your grocer's Birds Eye Dept.! No more "shopping around." There's NO waste, NO work to these grand vegetables—they're *ready to cook*, in *half* the time! You eat ALL you pay for! And you'll actually SAVE MONEY!





4. **Take peas:** they come *shelled, washed, ready to cook!* No pods . . . nothing to throw out! And you get ALL that *just*-picked flavor! So it is with ALL 17 Birds Eye Vegetables, ALL 8 Fruits! Put your coupons to work—get *more* with BIRDS EYE!

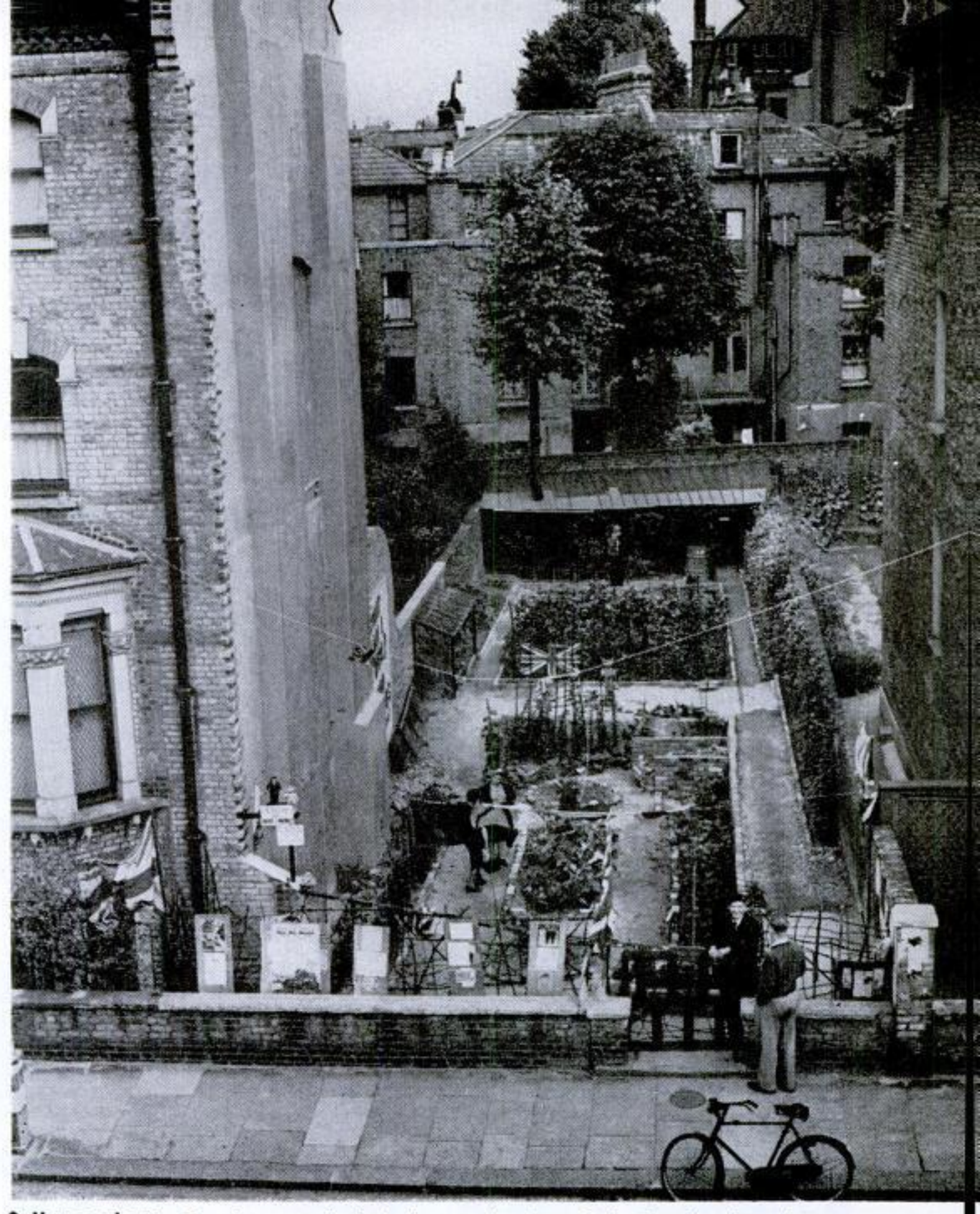


Women Wanted in essential civilian jobs! Take over in factories, on farms, in schools, stores, hospitals restaurants! Read the Want Ad section of your local paper. Go to the U. S. Employment Service Office for advice! *"The More Women at Work—The Sooner We'll Win."*

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Vegetables flourish now in the foundations of bombed and demolished buildings in London's East End. These are tended by members of a nearby National Fire Service station. Notice St. Paul's.



Cellar garden in Kensington ruin is loving work of one Luis Sancha whose home is gone. Sancha admits visitors if they will buy a war savings stamp at the gate.

IN THE RUINS

London makes use of the scars left by the Nazi blitz of 1940

A little life is beginning to come back into the great dead spots the blitz left in London. Some of the various kinds of life are shown in the pictures on these pages: vegetable, musical, sporting, animal, theatrical and botanical. The actual production of these small tragic areas is not great but the changes magically warm the grim landscape. London this year has a new and unique charm.

Strangest of all is the appearance of 95 kinds of supposedly rare weeds, whose origin has become a heated English controversy. Some think they come from very old buried "hard seeds"; others that they simply blew in. The commonest of these is "fire willow" or rose-bay willow herb.

First plans for rebuilding London have begun with the publication of *County of London Plan—1943*, which proposes three concentric road wheels around the heart of London, river-bank parks, no central airport. The idea is to preserve as much as possible of old London, keeping the nuclei of old communities.

BAND PLAYS "WHISTLER AND HIS DOG" IN PIT NEAR WHERE WHISTLER DIED. BACKGROUND: RUIN OF 13TH CENTURY OLD CHELSEA CHURCH, LONDON'S "MOST UNSPOILED"

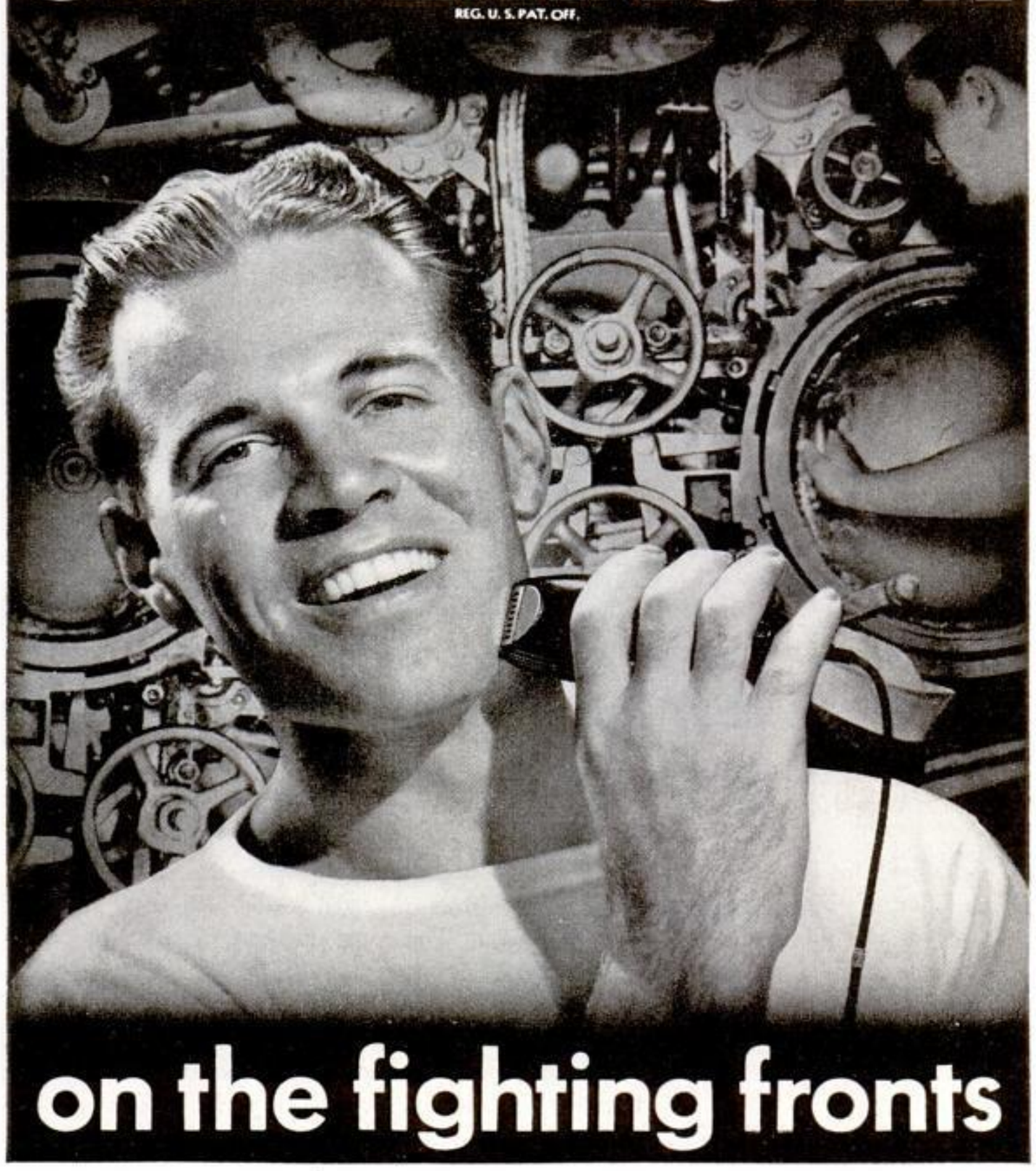


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Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



on the fighting fronts

(Excerpt from an unsolicited letter from a U. S. Submarine man)

"Have been on submarines since 1925. On shore and on extended cruising, my Shavemaster gives me plenty of relief in terms of fast, close shaves. As a matter of fact, I am usually called on for the loan of mine by the other men, so, believe me, it gets a work-out."

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS:—*Keep your* SHAVEMASTER *fast and keen as the day it left the Factory*

Men prefer Shavemaster for its exclusive, patented head that shaves close as a straight edge and faster—the choice of men who have tried all leading makes. The lightning-fast, hollow-ground oscillating cutter, pressed tight against the inner surface of the screened comb, gets the whiskers CLOSER and FASTER. Another advantage is the quick, efficient method of self-sharpening made possible by its patented construction. Ask your dealer about the exclusive Sunbeam Compound that sharpens in a jiffy. If he hasn't a supply, send 25c direct to us and we'll ship at once. Also, if you need a new Comb and Cutter set (New Head) and there isn't a dealer available, send $1.00. Although no Shavemasters are being made for the duration, we are permitted to make most repair parts. If you haven't a Shavemaster, buy a War Bond *now* for your Shavemaster *later.*



1 Put ½ inch of Compound on comb and run motor for a minute, rubbing in compound.

2 Rub comb and cutter in hot soapy water on the palm of your hand and rinse under faucet.

3 Dry and replace on Shavemaster, ready for use. Done in a jiffy—once every 2 or 3 months.

4 Then a fast, smooth, close shave—keen as a new shaver every time. New! Exclusive! Proved!

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago 50, Ill. • Canada: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.



Sport field is built in the open space cleared by bombs behind St. Paul's and Church of St. Augustine, both by Wren. Mermaid Tavern is supposed to have stood here.



Pigs are a by-product of this West End firemen's development. They also have rabbits and a goat. A small proportion of the meat goes to men who work the plot.



A circus fills a bleak blitz-gap in the heart of industrial Birmingham, dedicated to the "Brighter Birmingham Movement." The circus has not done particularly well.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Copyrighted material



1. **ANN:** Why, Nancy! Whatever are you doing here in a department store—with your mouth full of pins?

NANCY: Working, my dear. How could I sit at home with the Government urging women to get out and take jobs? So . . . two months ago, I said to myself, *"Hey, you—what can I do to help out my country?"* Well, I marched out and got this job—and here I am.



2. **ANN:** I can't get over it! Why, you've never worked a day in your life!

NANCY: Yes—think of the time I've lost. For I'm getting the kick of a lifetime, working here. Honestly, Ann—I *love* it! Meeting all these new people. And believe me, this is the best education I've ever had!



3. **ANN:** Yes, but don't you feel that this work is, well—kind of unimportant?

NANCY: Unimportant my foot! Why, these essential civilian jobs are every bit as important as those in war plants. If I were younger, I'd have liked to work in a war plant. But this is right down my line.



4. **ANN:** How about Charley—did he mind? You know how stuffy some men are.

NANCY: He was *delighted!* He said: "Sugar, good luck to you!" As a matter of fact, most girls our age are working. There's a terrific shortage, you know. How about lending us a hand? We *sure* could use you!

EVERY WOMAN who takes a job helps speed the day when our men will return victorious.

All kinds of essential jobs are waiting to be filled—in stores, agriculture, food-processing plants, war plants, in transportation, communication, etc.

Look through the Want Ad section of your local newspaper to see about the various job opportunities open in your town. Consult your local U.S. Employment Office for advice. The More Women at Work—the Sooner We'll Win!

WOMEN WAR WORKERS

This advertisement is contributed to the War Effort by

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Only a Buxton stands punishment like this because it's stitchless!





STITCHLESS Buxton "3-Way" in India Goat — $5.00

A FIGHTING MAN'S billfold goes wherever he goes. That means it's got to withstand *wet, sweat, humidity, heat* in the tropics . . . cold and wet in the north . . . day-after-day of rough usage.

That's why a fighting man—or any active man—needs a *STITCHLESS* Buxton. It depends on neither thread nor glue to hold it together. Its patented, one-piece self-interlocking construction guaranteed to last as long as the leather itself!

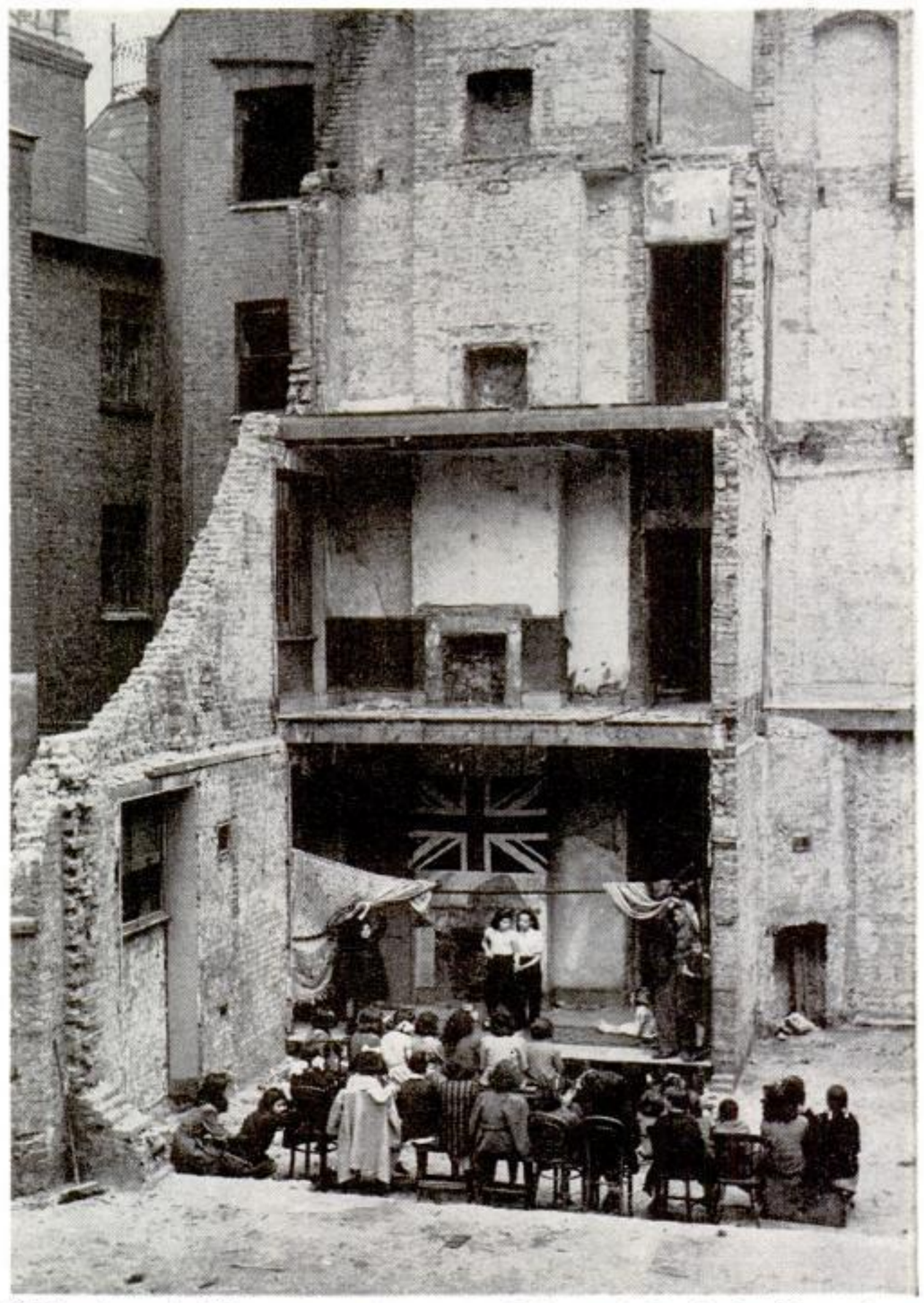
9 out of 10 servicemen want billfolds . . . that's shown by an impartial poll made for department stores—not by Buxton. But be sure to give him a billfold that'll last—a *STITCHLESS* Buxton.

THE BUXTON "3-WAY"

3 billfolds for the price of one:
(1) A *STITCHLESS* Buxton can be used as a regular pocket-file . . .
(2) Its thin, complete inner-fold can be lifted out and used separately . . .
(3) It's the billfold with a secret pocket when inner-fold is reversed.

You'll find Buxtons at better leather-goods counters. Buxton, Inc., 4355 Orleans St., Springfield 1, Mass., or Dept. P, 47 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

BUXTON *STITCHLESS*

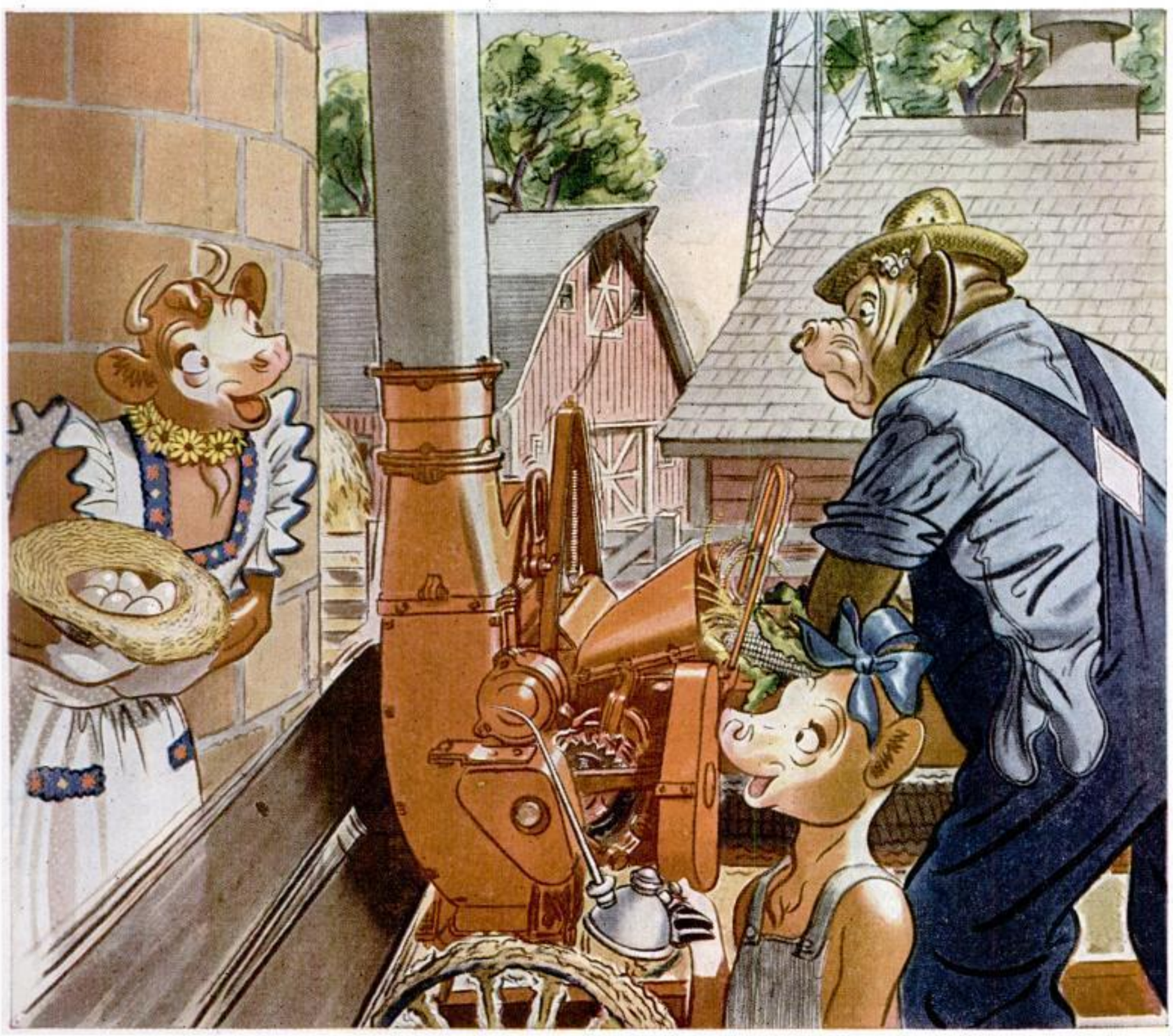


Children's vaudeville is presented in a natural theater in London's Aldgate. Irene Yasheim, who used to live in it, is putting across *As Time Goes By*. Notice curtain.



Rare flowers are discovered in nitrate-enriched bomb craters by Botanist Edward J. Salisbury. He has yet to find famed London rocket that appeared after 1666 fire.

Copyrighted material



"Don't be silly," laughed Elsie, "we couldn't run a war without the farmer!"

"But I don't want to run a war, dawgonnit," complained Elmer, the bull. "I want to run a riveting machine. I want to do war work!"

"Well, there's no war work more important than farming," declared Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Farmers grow the food that feeds America. And that includes our fighting men. What's more, farmers turn out huge supplies of food for our allies. And they do it even though they're short of help and short of machinery. Farmers don't get the glory, Elmer, but they deliver the goods!"

"But for a man in my position to be filling a silo—" protested Elmer. "Woman, the blood of the sacred bulls of India flows in my veins and every drop of it is boiling! After all, I have my *dignity* to consider."

"Don't look now, dear," giggled Elsie, "but the stuffing in your shirt is showing. Think of it this way: the farmer you're helping is a Borden dairy farmer. And



as you know, milk is man's most nearly perfect food. It's included in group 4 of the *basic 7* food groups which the government says folks need every day. And right now, in spite of the fact that milk production last year was the heaviest in history, America is faced with a milk shortage."

"Faugh!" snarled Elmer. "If it's milk this farmer wants, that's *your* job."

"Not entirely," explained Elsie. "Farm hands are what dairy farmers need most right now. You see, thousands of dairy workers are now in the armed forces and in war plants. But we need more milk than ever before, because tremendous quantities of milk are now going to our fighting men and our allies.



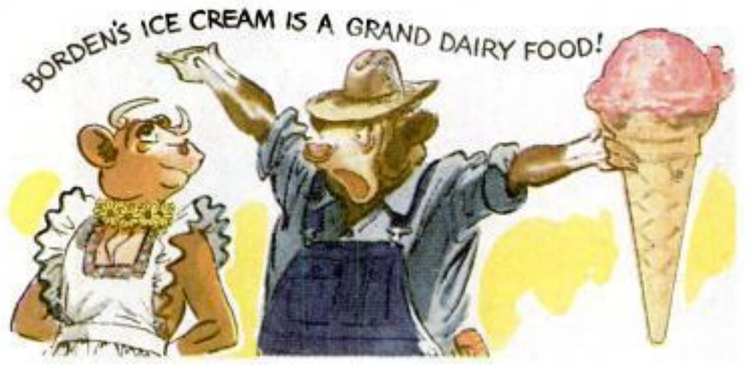
"Incidentally, a lot of this milk is *Borden's Powdered Dry Milk*—milk nourishment so concentrated that you can put the equivalent of a quart of milk in your pocket."

"I don't want to put milk in my pocket!" yelled Elmer. "I want a job where I can use my brain!"

"It takes plenty of brains to do farm work," warned Elsie, "but, darling, I think *you* would be a lot more useful if you used your *brawn*. Just think, some of the milk and cream from this very farm may be used to make *Borden's Ice Cream*."

"Thunder and lightning," roared Elmer. "What kind of war work do you call helping to make ice cream cones?"

"I call it a wonderful kind of war work," said Elsie seriously. "Ice cream is not only a grand, nutritious food, it's a real treat. And it does wonders in keeping



folks' spirits up . . . both in homes all over the country and in scores of army camps."

"Humph," grunted Elmer, "what does that make me—a commando in overalls?"

"Hardly," laughed Elsie. "Commandos are not only strong, they're *silent*. But I do wish you'd think seriously about the good you can do on this farm. For example, some of the milk from this dairy may be used



to make *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. Cheese, you know, contains all the valuable milk proteins in concentrated form. So both soldiers and civilians need lots of it."

"All right," shouted Elmer, "all *right!* Now, if you've quite finished . . ."

"Oh, but I haven't finished," interrupted Elsie. "Do you realize how much milk is needed for *Borden's Evaporated Milk?* Or how many doctors approve this



nourishing, digestible milk for the feeding of America's bumper crop of babies? Think, Elmer . . . little babies crying for milk . . . you've just got to stay on the job and help this farmer out."

"As I was saying when so rudely interrupted," bellowed Elmer, "if you've quite finished, will you please stand aside and let me get on with my work? If I can't fight for my country, I can at least help this farmer feed it!"



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Buick

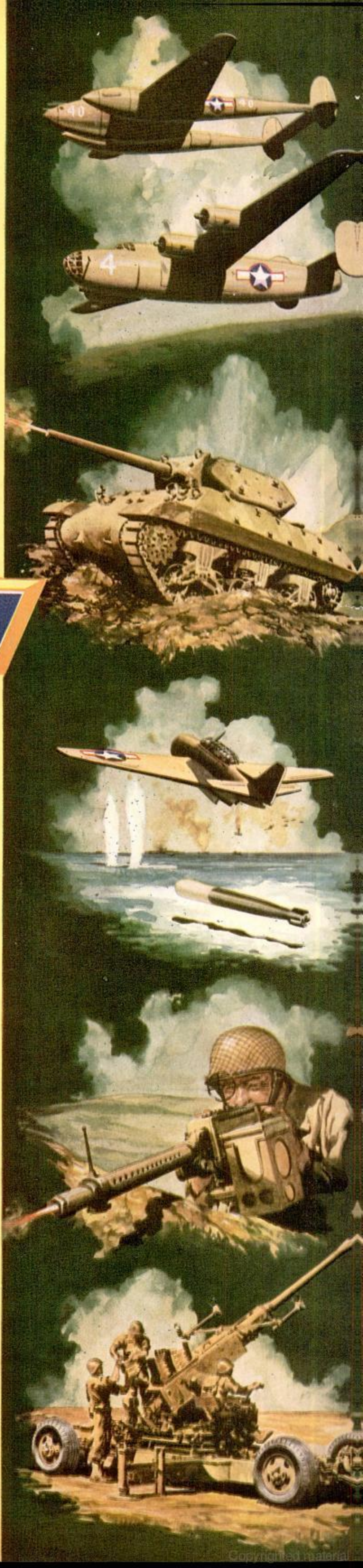
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CHEVROLET

is proud to be a member of

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whose thousands of different products are doing so much to help our fighting men win this war

Cooperation is the key to Victory—cooperation among the armed forces, industry, agriculture and all segments of the nation—and Chevrolet is proud to be a member of General Motors, which, from the beginning, has had such a full understanding of this fact. . . . Today, General Motors is building thousands of different items of war equipment. . . . Its products are serving our fighting men on battlefronts all over the globe. . . . It is cooperating wholeheartedly with our armed forces and with thousands of other war producers, just as the individual Divisions of General Motors are cooperating one with another. . . . The net result is that an ever-increasing volume of tanks, planes and aviation engines, guns, ammunition, vehicles and other products are pouring from General Motors plants, hour after hour, to speed the day of Victory. . . . General Motors has said, "Victory Is Our Business," and Chevrolet is proud to be playing its full part in this program, just as are Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Fisher Body and all other G. M. units, subcontractors and suppliers.

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

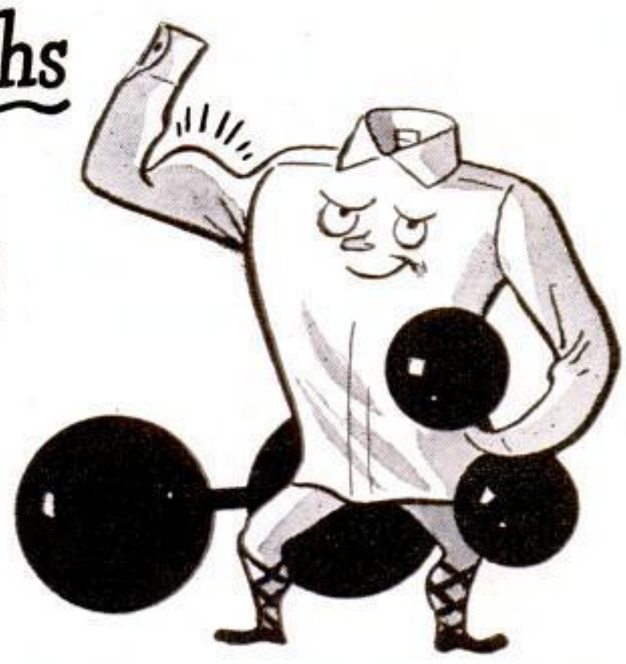
In addition to the General Motors Divisions whose trade-marks are reproduced on the opposite page, all the following General Motors units also are contributing to America's war effort:

AC SPARK PLUG ★ AEROPRODUCTS ★ ALLISON ★ BROWN-LIPE-CHAPIN ★ CLEVELAND DIESEL ★ DELCO APPLIANCE ★ DELCO PRODUCTS ★ DELCO RADIO ★ DELCO-REMY ★ DETROIT DIESEL ★ DETROIT TRANSMISSION ★ EASTERN AIRCRAFT ★ ELECTRO-MOTIVE ★ FRIGIDAIRE ★ GUIDE LAMP ★ HARRISON RADIATOR ★ HYATT ★ INLAND ★ MORAINE PRODUCTS ★ NEW DEPARTURE ★ PACKARD ELECTRIC ★ PROVING GROUND ★ RESEARCH LABORATORIES ★ ROCHESTER PRODUCTS ★ SAGINAW MALLEABLE IRON ★ SAGINAW STEERING GEAR ★ TERNSTEDT ★ UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

★ ★ ★ ★ **BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS** ★ ★ ★ ★

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How to add months to the life of your shirts!



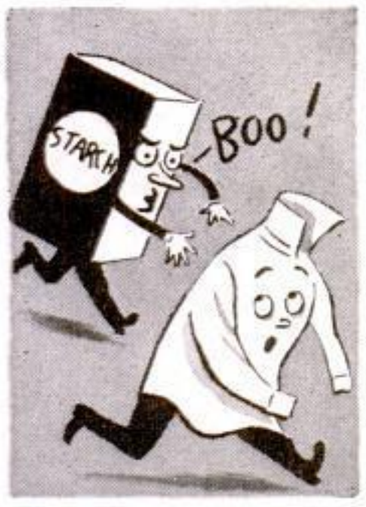
8 WISE TIPS ON WARTIME CONSERVATION



1. Before laundering shirts, turn the collars *up*. This way, the top edge (which often frazzles first) takes less of a beating.



2. Shirts have a mortal terror of rough brushes. However, they like 3 hot-water rinses, and an iron that's *not too hot*.



3. Shirts can't digest much starch or bleaching. Be sure to bleach *only* all-white shirts; use *no* starch on non-wilt collars.



4. If you're plenty handy with the needle, you can turn frayed collars. Turned soft collars look O.K.; non-wilts not as good.



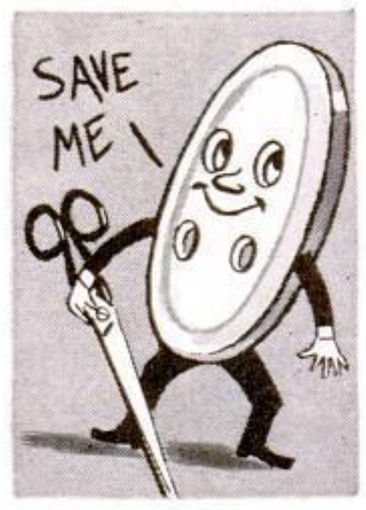
5. If your sleeves are too long, it's death on cuffs—they fray *much* too soon. Hint: take a tuck in extra-long sleeves.



6. When cuffs *do* fray, clip off the frayed edge, turn under the *new* edge, and stitch it back up. (Reverse double "French" cuffs.) It's a cinch to do.



7. A shirt that shrinks is n.g. So when buying, look for that "Sanforized" label—it means under 1% shrinkage. (Arrows are "Sanforized.")



8. When a shirt's worn out, clip off the buttons and save 'em for spares. And the fabric is fine for making aprons, dust cloths, etc.

☆

• THESE DAYS, it's patriotic to make *everything* last as long as you can. This saves materials and manpower, and it gives you more money to put into War Bonds.

•

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

☆

ARROW SHIRTS TIES · UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS



MASS SINGING IS ONE OF FEW RELAXATIONS FOR HOMESICK U. S. SOLDIERS IN

SOLDIERS STILL SING

Each month the Army's hard-working Special Services Division distributes 2,000,000 *Hit Kits* to encourage soldiers to sing at home and overseas. These gay little brochures contain words and music to the Army's latest selection of popular songs, including *Blue Skies*, *Dinah*, *For Me and My Gal*, *Sweet Sue* and *Margie*. Soldiers don't sing them.

Tin Pan Alley has worked itself into a lather trying to produce a song that will strike the soldier's fancy. They brought forth *Goodby, Mama*, *I'm Off to Yokohama*, *You're a Sap*, *Mr. Jap*, *We'll Be Singing Hallelujah Marching Thru Berlin* and *Let's Put the Axe to the Axis*. Soldiers don't sing these either.

Soldiers sing songs just as they did in World War I. The songs are equally bawdy and they are sung with the same gusto. When the 9th Division followed U. S. tanks in hot pursuit after Rommel down the road from El Guettar, its men were chanting that unprintable ditty, *The Fly Flew in the Grocery Store*. And when the infantry was thrown into the breach at Kasserine Pass, they were singing the equally unmentionable words to *The Old Flannel Drawers That Maggie Wore*.

This trend toward mass vocal scatology is evidenced by the fact that most soldiers will agree that of all the songs sung on the African front, *Dirty Gertie from Bizerte* is the most popular. That unwashed bit of femininity from the North African town has not yet been discarded in favor of such newcomers as *Stella*, *the Belle of Fidella* or Dirty Gertie's Sicilian rival, *Filthy Annie from Trapani*. She has held her own against the aging *Mademoiselle from Armentières*, revived in innumerable parodies. Over "Mademoiselle" she has the advantage, not perhaps of tuneful charm, but at least of originality. For "Mademoiselle" was a direct steal from the British Tommy's *Skiboo*, *Skiboo* which inquired anxiously of the landlord whether he had "a daughter fair, with lily-white arms and golden hair."

Since "Dirty Gertie" is this war's most popular soldier song, an inquiry into its origins becomes a matter of historical necessity. According to one story, a bunch of the boys went on liberty in Bizerte. They combed the town in vain for female companionship. Bizerte's fathers and husbands had inhospitably placed their women under lock and key. Full of good brandy and frustrated goodwill, the soldiers came across the only visible representative of the gentler sex in all the town of Bizerte languishing in the bombed-out display

Copyrighted material



OVERSEAS OUTPOSTS. THESE GUADALCANAL YANKS LIKE LUSTY LYRICS BEST

THEY LIKE BAWDY PARODIES, OLD FAVORITES AND NEW SONGS WITH A BARBER SHOP FLAVOR

by LILIAN RIXEY

window of a lingerie shop. She was lying on her side, completely unclothed. The soldiers rescued the wax dummy from the window, christened her "Dirty Gertie" and gently placed her in their jeep. For several days thereafter, Dirty Gertie rode like a queen through the streets of Bizerte. The C. O. put a stop to it with five days' bread and water for the offenders, but not before she had inspired an unknown songwriter to concoct the great song of World War II.

History's perverters have actually produced photographs of the wax dummy to prove this tender tale. It is, however, untrue. "Dirty Gertie" sprang virginal from the brow of a private at Camp Lee, Va., one cold, blustery November morning. Picking up the morning paper, Private William L. Russell, late of Cornell, was impressed by the fact that the Yanks were trying to take Bizerte. Private Russell couldn't seem to get Bizerte out of his head. The original verse of this now-famed ditty was practically spontaneous. The Russell version, telling how Bizerte's mischievous siren lured her boy friends to their undoing with fleur-de-flirte and a mousetrap, was first printed in "The Poets Cornered" of the Army magazine *Yank*.

Gertie really began to get around when she was picked up by the Algerian edition of *Stars and Stripes*. Next, Sergeant Paul Reif set her to a simple, four-four fox-trot melody. And when Josephine Baker, the dusky chanteuse who left Paris for the comparative safety of Algiers, introduced her at an Army show, "Dirty Gertie" was in solid.

Although Russell, now a second lieutenant hospitalized at Walter Reed, has tried to keep tabs on Gertie by having the original verse copyrighted, the scores of unprintable versions that have filtered back from the African front indicate that Gertie has become every soldier's song. One soldier's printable version:

Dirty Gertie from Bizerte
Saw ze capitaine, made ze flirty.
Captain think she veree purty;
Lose his watch and lose his shirty;
Call ze general alerte.
Ze gendarmes look for Dirty Gertie
From Casablanc' to Gulf of Serte.
Has anyone seen Dirty Gertie?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



-nothing like it!

Here and abroad, in tropical and frigid climates, our armed forces have found that Mennen Skin Balm is good for treating a variety of skin troubles. A unique preparation that is cooling, astringent, non-greasy, it quickly soothes irritated skin. Vanishes almost instantly. Send a jar to some boy in camp—keep a jar or two at home. Here are a few of its many uses:

—after shaving
—chapped hands and face
—for sunburn and windburn
—cold sores and cracked lips
—relieves tired, burning feet
—takes sting out of insect bites

Feminine Note — Mennen Skin Balm keeps arms and legs soft and smooth.

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

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MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
RECOGNIZE
PHILIP MORRIS

proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!



WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT— DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's Finest Cigarette



Expurgated soldier songs in this collection (Arrowhead Press) were still too ripe for the Post Office. Though banned from mails, it is now sold at Army post exchanges (25¢).

WAR SONGS (continued)

Second only to "Dirty Gertie" as favorite vocal selection when good U. S. soldiers get together over a beer or so is *Bless 'em All*, which dates back to World War I. This song really belongs to the British. They sing it in waltz time with these words:

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long, the short and the tall
*Bless all the sergeants and double-u o ones**
Bless all the corp'rals and their blinkin' sons.

When the Yanks stopped over in England enroute to Africa, they quickly made *Bless 'em All* their own by giving it some sex appeal. The following is one considerably bowdlerized version of the song they took to Africa:

Bless all the blondies and all the brunettes.
Each lad is happy to take what he gets.
Cause we're giving the eye to them all,
The ones that attract or appall.
Maud, Maggie or Susie;
You can't be too choosey.
When you're in camp, bless 'em all.

© by Sam Fox Publishing Co. New York, N. Y.

Occasionally soldiers will exhort their fellows to "Bless all the Germans, the sourpuss ones," or "Bless all Italians and their dopey sons," but, in general, they prefer the ladies, Maud, Maggie and Susie.

The repertoire of the U. S. soldier in both Africa and India allows for a considerable divergence in tastes. There is *I Dream of Jeannie with the Light Brown Skin*, and there is *I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress*. There is also an unprintable salute to the boys they left behind them called *Four-F Charlie*, with an anatomically complete catalog of Charlie's physical deficiencies.

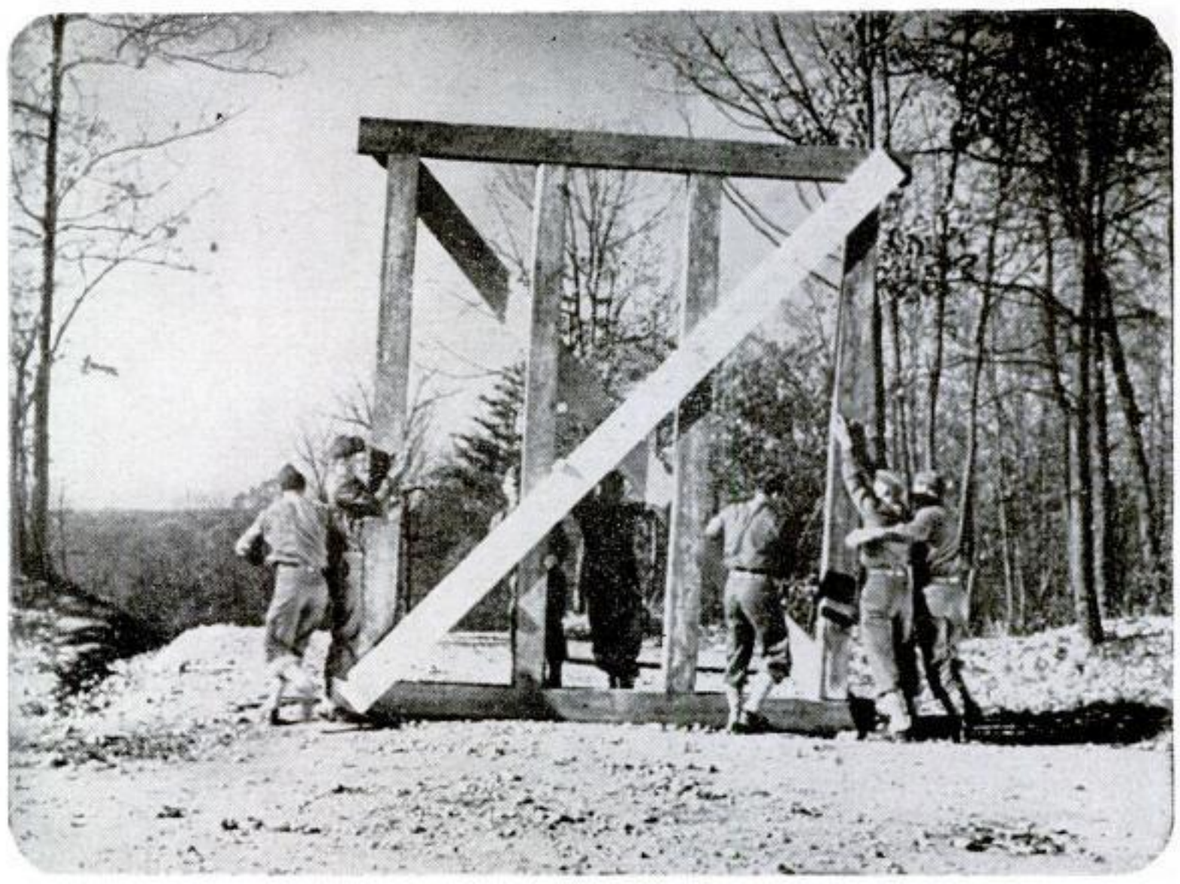
Like old soldiers, old favorites never die. In Burma, the Georgia Tech song has become *I'm a rambling wreck from Buddhapore and a hell of a bombardier*. In Sicily the Yanks mournfully intone, "*Those 88's are breaking up that old gang of mine.*" And in Africa, *John Brown's*

* *Warrant officers.*

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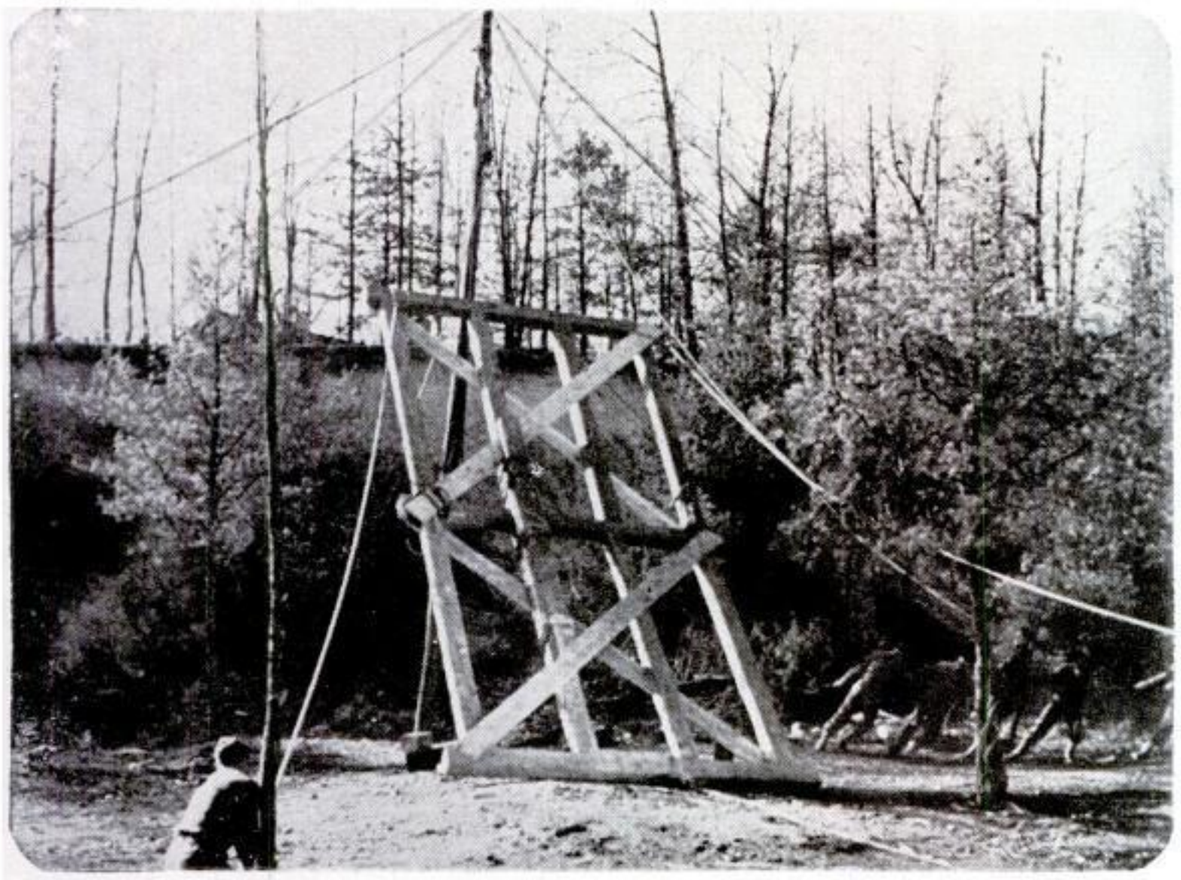
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They learned to build a bridge by sitting in the dark

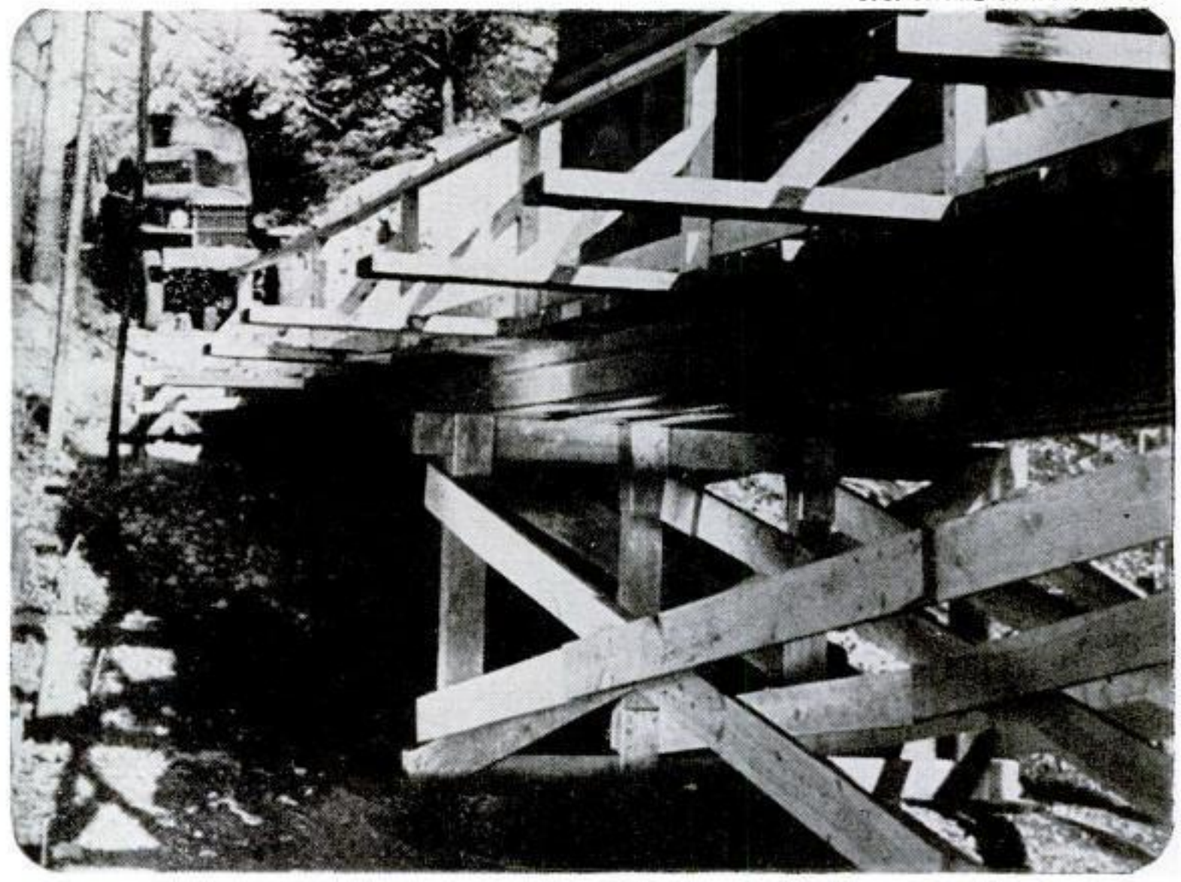


1. Soldiers build small trestle to be carried to its position at the bridge site.

U. S. SIGNAL CORPS PHOTOS



2. High trestle for bridge is too heavy for lifting, so a derrick is rigged.



3. Portion of completed bridge strong enough to support trucks, or light tanks.

THIS IS THE REMARKABLE story of thirty-six green men . . .

. . . a bridge

. . . and a 40-minute movie seen in the dark.

The thirty-six green men had had only three weeks of Army training, *none* of it in Engineering work. But they were shown a Signal Corps training film titled: "*How To Build A Timber Trestle Bridge.*"

They saw the movie *once.*

Then they were given a Sergeant who had never built a timber trestle bridge, and they were taken out into the country and told to build a bridge.

What happened?

Here's the answer in a direct quotation from their Engineer Major:

> "In three and a half hours they had completed a 45-foot timber trestle bridge which is as good as any I've ever seen. If that isn't an argument for training films, I'll eat one."

Well, that's the way the whole Army feels about the Signal Corps and its magnificent training pictures. Engineers . . . Infantry . . . Armored Divisions . . . Tank Destroyers . . . they all use moving pictures made by the U. S. Army Signal Corps.

The men who make the training films don't win many medals or often get cited for heroism. But their pictures are helping to make our men *better-informed* and *better-trained* — the *hardest-hitting* Army the United States has ever had!

Note to Camera Users:

Agfa Ansco supplies a greater percentage of its film direct to the government than does any other photographic manufacturer.

In fact, almost three-quarters of our total production goes to the government and war industries.

So, if you find temporary shortages of your favorite Agfa Ansco Film, remember where it's going—and what it's doing. We're sure you'll understand.

Agfa Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

Agfa Ansco — Keep your eye on Ansco — first with the finest

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Why does the army shine its shoes?

Why does a man shave? Why are there four cigarettes in every soldier's emergency kit? Why does a woman wear lipstick?

Call these by any name. But never put them down as foibles of a breed gone soft.

When the magnitude of this war put restrictions on rubber, American women began worrying that foundation garments might not be considered essentials!

But the government now knows that foundations *are* essential to health and morale. While they now have to be made of materials developed to meet the rubber emergency...they still do the job. Your duty is to take better care of them.

To pick those that do the most for you, because they are so expertly designed. Munsingwear "*Foundettes*" are that kind.

They are the finest you can buy in quality and workmanship. You'll find them, for figures from 14 to 40, at better corset departments.

WOMEN ARE NEEDED FOR WAR PRODUCTION AND NECESSARY CIVILIAN SERVICE. APPLY TO LOCAL UNITED STATES EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR INFORMATION



MUNSINGWEAR *Foundettes*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FINE FOUNDATION GARMENTS • ALSO UNDERWEAR, SLEEPING WEAR, HOSIERY

MUNSINGWEAR, INC. • MINNEAPOLIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

Body goes, "When the war is over, we will all enlist again—We will, like hell, we will."

In the Southwest Pacific, the U. S. soldier's repertoire of songs has been greatly enriched by contact with Anzacs, whose tastes are surprisingly like his own. The New Zealander has contributed two numbers: one dealing with the amazing and disturbing adventures of three elderly maiden ladies and the other glorifying the charms of Mary Ann Burns, queen of all the acrobats. From the Aussies, they have learned all the complicated words to that hardy perennial, *Waltzing Matilda*, and some may now even know that "billabong," "tuckerbag" and "jumbuck" have not the slightest taint of *double-entendre*. The Anzacs who were with Montgomery in Egypt and Libya have passed on to the Yanks the tune of the Egyptian national anthem and a strange hodgepodge of bad Arabic and slang which begins "King Farouk, let me shake you by the duke. *Inte quaes quaes katea Mungaria.*" (You're a nice, nice fellow, but I'm hungry.) But the song that is currently on the upbeat with both Aussies and Yanks is called simply *Darwin* and goes like this:

This bloody town's a bloody cuss,
No bloody tram, no bloody bus.
But nobody cares for bloody us.

Chorus: *Bloody, Bloody, Bloody.*

All bloody clouds, no bloody rains.
All bloody stones and no bloody drains.
The dust gets in your bloody brains.

Chorus: *Bloody, Bloody, Bloody.*

Perhaps because singing helps

Perhaps because singing helps to ease tension while on alert as well as on liberty, U. S. fliers do most of the singing in the Southwest Pacific. Australians fortunately do not judge our fliers by the songs they sing on liberty. If they did, they would conclude that all they do is gripe about brass hats, hanker for women and liquor, throw off on the accuracy of their navigators, bombardiers and gunners, curse the day they ever got a flier's wings and pine to go home.

The list of tuneful complaints intoned by fliers give the impression that they are the most unhappy of men. Typical of the evils with which they have to contend is *The 69th's Lament*, sung by that bombardment squadron to the tune of *Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer:*

Oh, the pilots all drink
The airplanes stink
And the navvies don't know where they are
The bombardiers couldn't hit
A target when lit.
Oh, Colonel, we've been here too long.

But most such songs have a definite purpose. To take the sting off an unlucky mission, fliers customarily indulge in the following self-derision to the tune of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow:*

. . . We dropped our bombs in the ocean
Which nobody can deny.

At officers' mess, whenever a flier begins to sound off about his prowess against Mitsubishi or Zero or with the ladies, his friends gather around and begin:

Hooray for _____, he's a damned fine guy.
He certainly is a daisy
He drives the women crazy.
Ein, zwei, drei, vier,
Who's gonna buy the beer?
Hooray for _____, he's a damned fine guy.

Whereupon the offender has to buy the evening's drinks. If he continues his boasting, his friends are apt to gang up on him again with a nonbowdlerized version of *One-Eyed Riley*. This ends with the company pointing accusing fingers at him and shouting, "There goes the dirty old so-and-so" who played fast and loose with Riley's daughter.

Wherever airmen gather in the Southwest Pacific, sooner or later they get around to *I Want to Go Home*, a doleful waltz-time plaint revived from World War I. Chorus:

These B-26's they rattle and roar,
I don't want to fly over Munda no more.
Take me back to Brisbane,
Where the brass hats clamor in vain.
Oh, ma, I'm too young to die.
I want to go home.

When he gets back to Brisbane or Sydney, one of the first things a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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How the Army cares for your boy

IF HE IS WOUNDED



● *If he is wounded* . . . these are the words that run through your mind as you read the headlines . . . the thought that often steals out of the darkness as you lie awake wondering, hoping.

If he is wounded . . . Yes, you must face that possibility. But face it realistically. Face it with facts.

The U. S. Army Medical Department is the best trained, best equipped in the world. Within minutes, often seconds, after a fighter falls, courageous and expert Army medical soldiers are at his side, easing his pain, giving him intelligent emergency treatment.

Then, he is rushed back where skillful doctors and surgeons speed him on the road to recovery . . .



Faster help than he would get at home. Medical soldiers give blood plasma within 500 yards of the fighting front.



Air ambulances rush the wounded to well-equipped hospitals. 14,000 were flown to recovery in Africa.



Gangrene and tetanus have been virtually wiped out. The finest surgical care is given within combat zones.



At Convalescent and General Hospitals, out of the fighting area, wounded men are rehabilitated. The record speaks for itself: 97% are saved.

A tribute to the members of the

U. S. ARMY MEDICAL DEPT.

By the world's largest makers of surgical dressing.

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→ FROM FRONT LINE → TO RECOVERY → THE ARMY → SPEEDS ITS WOUNDED



Heroic litter-bearers rush to Battalion Aid Stations



Sulfa drugs prevent infection. Plasma reduces shock



Jeeps hurry stretchers to Collecting Stations, Ambulances

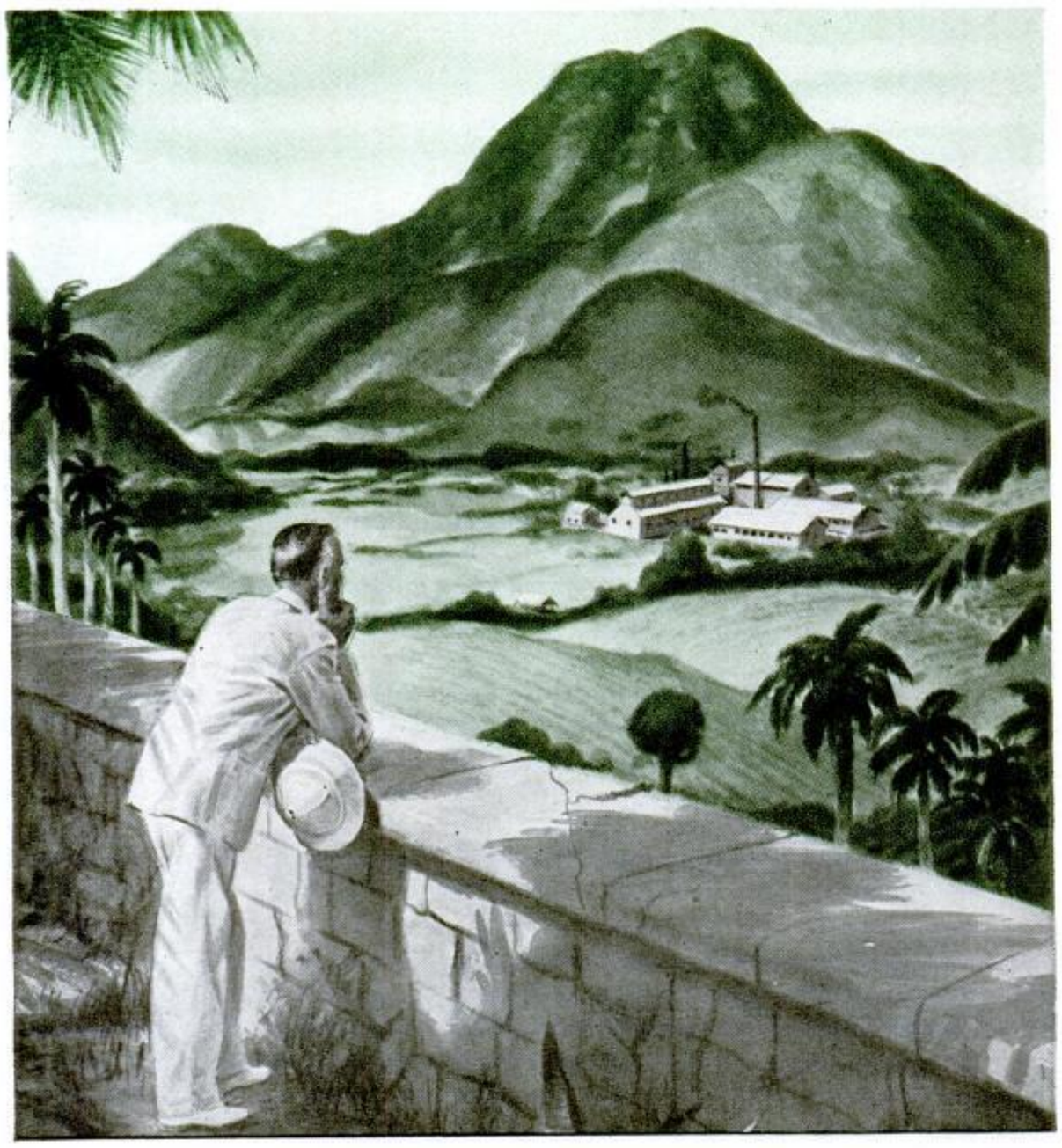


Planes near Clearing Stations fly to Evacuation Hospitals



Ships and planes homeward bound to General Hospitals

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From this remote little mountain distillery comes this finer "mountain rum".

You would have to travel to the little mountain village of Adjuntas, Puerto Rico, if you wished to see with your own eyes why this mountain-distilled rum is a better-tasting rum. But for the most convincing proof of the fact that it *is* better-tasting, all you need to do is try it right here at home in your favorite rum drink!



Ron MERITO

THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. L-1, National Distillers Products Corp., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WAR SONGS (continued)

flier likes to do is get pleasantly lit and sing the rollicking song that begins, "Hardships, you ——, you don't know what hardships are. With Zeros here and Zeros there and the goddamn ack-ack fills the air." Another brass-hat baiter is *The Man Behind the Armor-Plated Desk* which pokes heavy fun at the high-ranking officer who was personally allergic to ack-ack. If there are any brass hats within hearing, and there generally are, they look the other way.

Marine Corps fliers seem to like parodies. They take the *Road to Mandalay* and put these words to it:

Take me somewhere east of Ewa
Where the best ain't like the worst
Where there ain't no Doug MacArthur
And a man can drown his thirst.
Where the Army takes the medals
And the Navy takes the Queens
But the boys that take the rooking
Are the United States Marines.

Chorus:

Hit the road to Gizo Bay
Where the Jap fleet spends the day.
You can hear the duds a-chunkin'
From Rabaul to Lunga Quay.
Pack a load to Gizo Bay
Where the float-plane Zeros play
And the bombs come down like thunder
On the natives 'cross the way.

By far the favorite of all airmen, however, is the parody on *I Wanted Wings*, written by the Chicago *Daily News* correspondent, Jack Dowling. There are as many verses as there are different types of planes, ranging from "I'm too young to die in a bloody PBY" to "I'd rather dance with a woman than get shot up in a Grumman." Only one verse bears quoting in full:

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things.
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly and sent me here to die.
I've had a bellyful of war.
You can leave all the Zeros to the goddamned heroes.
Distinguished Flying Crosses don't compensate for losses.
Oh, I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things.
Now, I don't want them any more.

These are the songs that World War II soldiers sing. The lugubrious lament, *When This Cruel War Is Over*, became so popular with both Yankees and Rebels in the Civil War that it was banned in the Army of the Potomac for its supposedly depressing effect. Morale officers in this war take a different tack. Whatever the tone of the songs the soldiers sing, they do not jump to the conclusion that the whole Army is about to go A. W. O. L. On the contrary, morale officers in the Southwest Pacific teach their men every new song they pick up. They maintain that such mass singing is a safety valve which helps ease the tension of war.



Dirty Gertie was fond name given this dilapidated dummy by Sergeant V. M. Gemelli who rescued her from wreckage of a Bizerte shop. Dummy did not inspire famed song.

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THROWING OUT THE "CABBAGE" AT 85° BELOW...

. . . can help speed sub-zero starting in your post-war car

Bombing our enemies from seven miles up involves many problems you'd never dream of...

It's cold...sometimes it hits 85° below zero. Gear lubricants often stick...bomb-bay doors refuse to open...controls don't work. A perilous trip may be wasted.

The Petroleum Industry was called upon to remedy this desperate problem...Texaco went to work immediately and in record time developed a brand new lubricant that won't "freeze" even in the paralyzing cold of the sub-stratosphere.

A technical victory . . . one of the many in Texaco's intensive war program. And these achievements...in making new war lubricants . . . vast amounts of 100-octane aviation gasoline...will help us give you even finer Texaco gasolines and lubricants to use in your post-war car.

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You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

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America's Meat Front

Meet the six key people who are working together to help our country in its wartime meat crisis



THE LIVESTOCK PRODUCER

who produces the animals for beef, pork, lamb and veal. He is producing more "four-footed food" than ever before in his life.



THE FARMER

He is working longer hours—and with less help; in growing feeds; in raising hogs; and in fattening cattle.



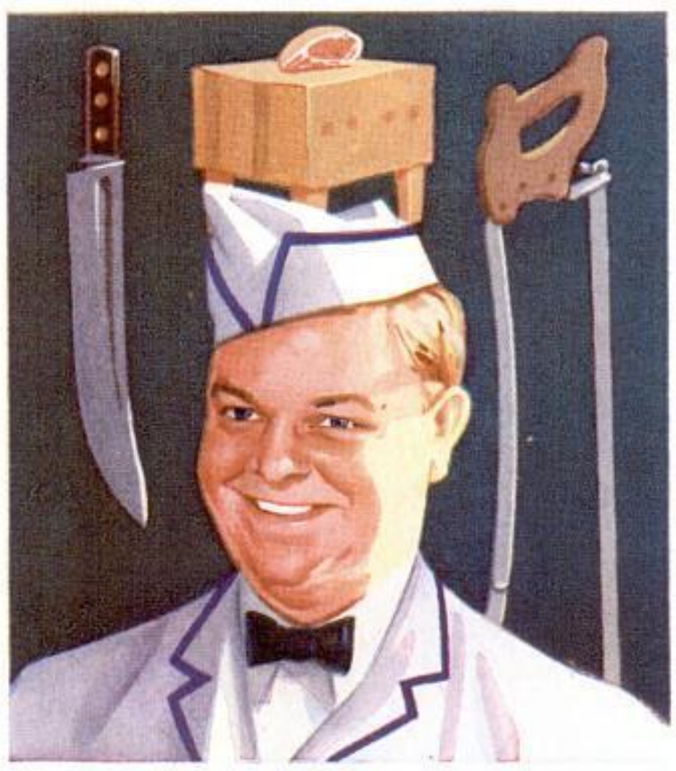
THE MEAT PACKER

who turns products from millions of ranches and farms into appetizing, nourishing food, and distributes it daily to fighters and civilians.



THE SAUSAGE MAKER

who specializes in tasty, nourishing, easy-to-use meat products for busy families, and for compact, easily transported military rations.



THE MEAT-MAN

who takes a lot of the work and worry of the little ration stamps. He is doing his best to supply the meats you like.



THE HOUSEWIFE

who is making less meat go further, learning to prepare unfamiliar cuts of meat and who is "playing fair" with her ration stamps.

From the grass roots where the meat starts, to the white counter where the meat is sold, and to the kitchen where meat is cooked, America is united on making the meat go 'round.

It is not just the pleasure of eating that makes meat such a strategic material of war.

Meat is a basic protein food—its proteins are complete and of high quality.

Meat contains essential B vitamins (*thiamine, riboflavin, niacin*) . . . Meat contains important minerals (*iron, copper, phosphorus*).

Army food experts know these nutritional essentials are not stored in the body to any appreciable extent; must be supplied in the daily foods we eat. That's why meat is the daily centerpiece of the menus and rations of our fighters.

That's why we must make the meat we do get go further, not only for nutrition, but for the interest which meat adds to meals.

That's the incentive behind the teamwork of the folks shown above.

American Meat Institute, Chicago

This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

"MEAT ON THE MARCH"

The united, all-out endeavor of farmer, stock raiser, meat packer and transporter, working hand in hand with the government to feed our fighters, and with your meat-man to help keep on your table the nutrients and good flavor of this basic protein food.

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THE NAVY'S NEWEST FIGHTER, THE F6F HELLCAT, HAS TYPICAL GRUMMAN SQUARE WINGTIPS AND STUBBY BODY, MOST OF TECHNICAL DATA, INCLUDING TOP SPEED, IS SECRET

NAVY'S NEWEST FIGHTER

Hellcat is designed from specifications of fliers who want a plane with more speed and more climb to fight Zeros

Right after the Battle of Midway, Leon A. ("Jake") Swirbul, vice president of Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp., flew to Pearl Harbor to talk things over with fighter pilots who had seen action in the Pacific. He was there to find out what kind of new fighter plane the fliers wanted. The answer was very specific: "A plane with more speed and more climb."

The new Grumman Hellcat is the answer. Last week the Navy released pictures of its newest fighter, which saw action for the first time in the carrier raid on Marcus Island, Sept. 1. In silhouette the Hellcat (Navy terminology, F6F) looks much like the old Grumman Wildcat (F4F) which has piled up an impressive 5–1 score against Jap planes. But it is not a mere improvement on the Wildcat. It is an entirely new plane, designed and built since Pearl Harbor, and the first U. S. plane originated from the specifications of the men who have fought the Jap Zero.

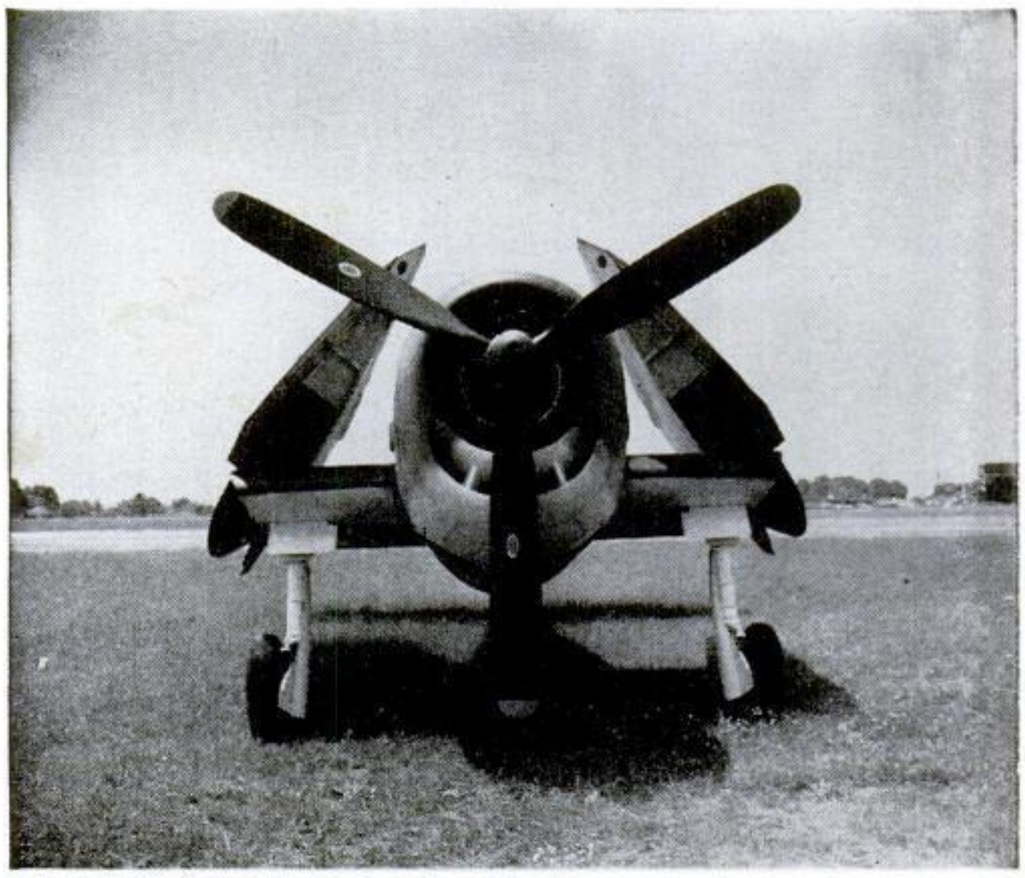
These men know that the Zero is an extremely dangerous opponent in an aerial dogfight. It has high speed, a tremendous rate of climb, good range and maneuverability. The Wildcat and the various U. S. Army planes, while better armored and more durable than the Zero, lack maneuverability. The Hellcat achieves greater maneuverability without sacrificing armor and durability through climb and speed. It is powered with a Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engine, probably makes more than 400 m. p. h. and is capable of fighting at any altitude up to the stratosphere. Other features of which Grumman is proud are: increased range, more ammunition capacity, complete visibility for gunnery work and a wide landing gear increasing stability during carrier landings.

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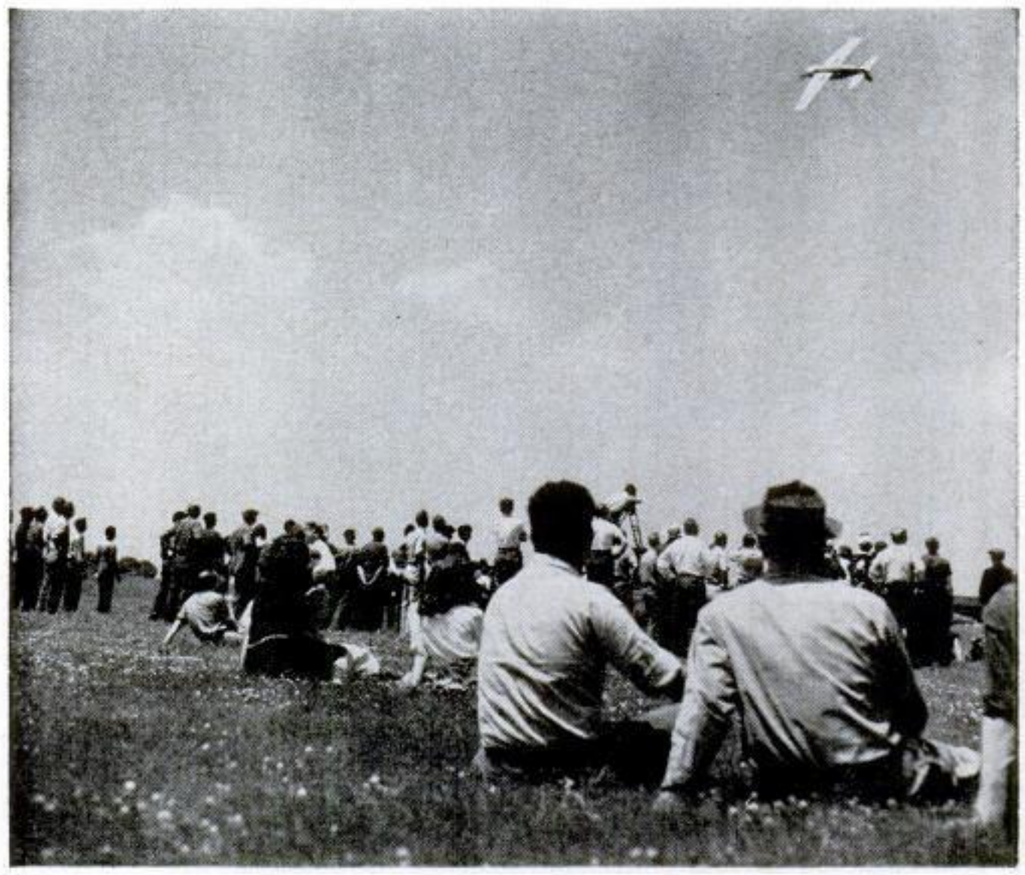
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Navy's Newest Fighter (continued)



The manually operated folding wings permit Hellcats to be stacked in small space aboard aircraft carriers. The Wildcat's price has been cut from $45,000 to $24,000.



Hellcat does fast wing over during demonstration of its maneuverability. Among the Allied planes, only the Spitfire can compare with the Hellcat's maneuverability.



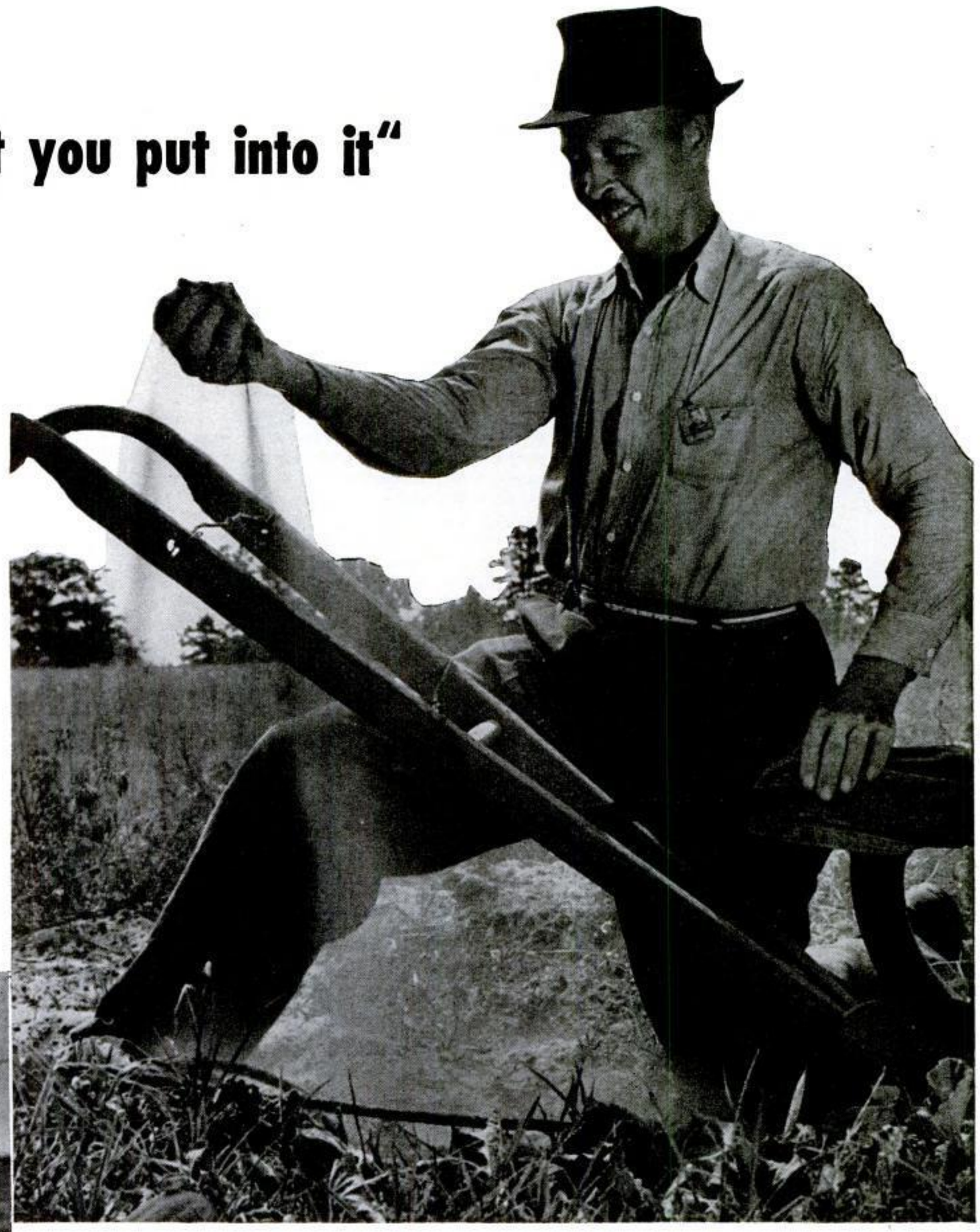
Grumman officials most concerned with the plane's design are (*l. to r.*) Jake Swirbul, vice president, Leroy Grumman, president, and William Schwendler, chief engineer.

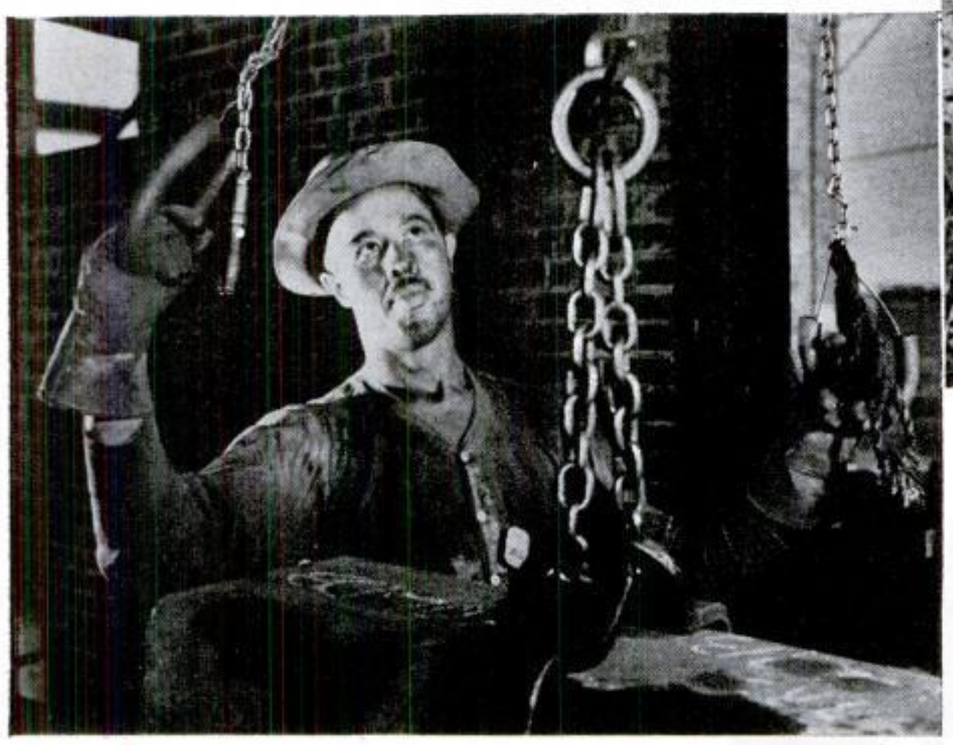
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"You get out of life what you put into it"

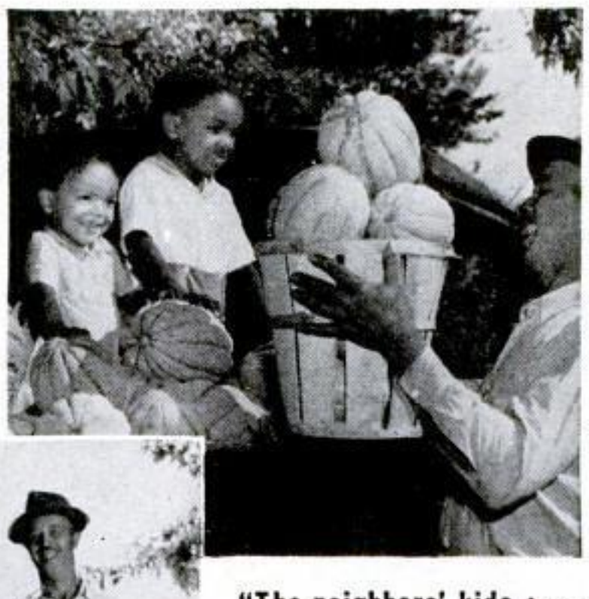
"IF YOU WORK and use your head, any man can get along. I've been at Revere for 19 years. During that time I've been able to buy a house and two acres of land. I don't owe anybody a nickel. After work I put in a couple of hours on my farm. Two jobs, one at Revere and one on the land, keep me pretty busy. But I like to be busy. I work in a plant to help make America strong, and I work on my farm because I love to see things grow. When I first came here, this ground wasn't worth anything. But I've worked it and fertilized it, until now it's the best ground around here. The way I figure, life is like this ground—you get out of it what you put into it."

WILLIAM HAYES





"I work in the casting shop of the Tube Mill as a weigher of charges for the furnace. Every time those furnaces heat up I think to myself, nothing's too hot for Hitler!"





"My daughter Edith took a Red Cross Course. She practices on me in the time she has left over from tending the house while her mother works."



"The neighbors' kids lent a hand with raising these melons, and they've got a share in the finished product. They like to see things grow, too."

"This old mule Jenny has 20 years of plowing behind her, so I don't drive her too much now—just work her a couple of hours a day."

Many of the workers at the Revere plants are Negroes. William Hayes is representative of their high standard of endeavor, their wholehearted interest in winning the war. His record shows an unflagging use of opportunities. He has bought, aside from his house and land, a car and truck. He raises vegetables and sells them to other Revere workers. His daughter Edith, 17, is finishing High School. She plans to attend Morgan College. William has put a lot into life, and he's getting a lot out of it. The American way of giving opportunity to the individual has made all this possible. After Victory is won, he expects nothing less than the returns for his work that he has always achieved. Revere is anxious to preserve the well-being of people like William Hayes. Your post-war purchases of copper and brass will help.

Buy More War Bonds and Stamps TODAY

REVERE

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Founded by Paul Revere in 1801

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THE MAN WHO RUNS METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is Louis B. Mayer and this the desk from which he runs it. It is a white almost circular desk cluttered with papers, pictures, penholders, gadgets and a fancy telephone. Flag is M-G-M's service flag. Mr. Mayer is, paradoxically, a camera-shy man. This is first time in eight years he has posed for any but M-G-M camera.

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M-G-M'S EXECUTIVES, PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS HAVE OFFICES IN THE SLEEK, NEW IRVING THALBERG BUILDING WHICH WAS NAMED FOR M-G-M'S "BOY GENIUS" WHO DIED IN 1936

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

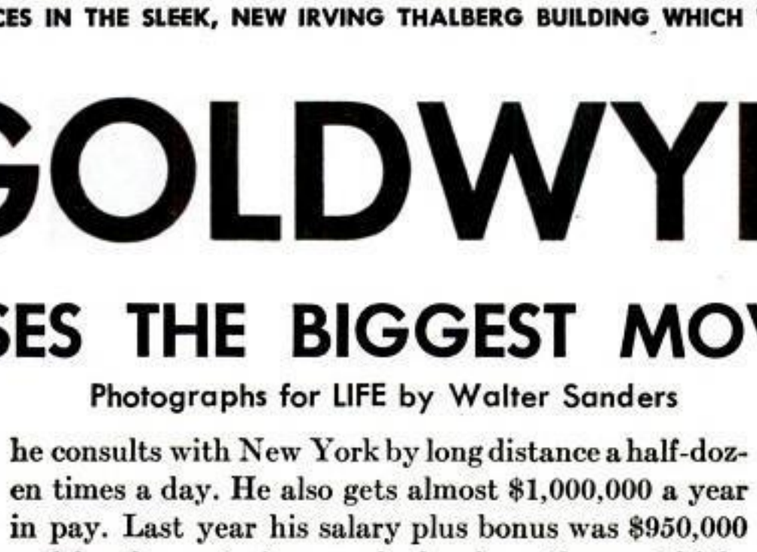
LOUIS B. MAYER BOSSES THE BIGGEST MOVIE-MAKING MACHINE

Photographs for LIFE by Walter Sanders

The name Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer means more in the moving-picture business than any other single name. But the only part of the name that means anything in M-G-M is the Mayer part of it. The man who once ran Metro films, which made up the first part of the merger that resulted in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer almost 20 years ago, has long since gone to work for another studio. Samuel Goldwyn, who was the middle part of the merger, is still a great individual in Hollywood but has nothing at all to do with M-G-M. Louis B. Mayer, the last third of the title, is much more than a name in M-G-M. He is, in fact, the boss of M-G-M.

Mr. Mayer's job is just about the biggest job in the whole movie industry, for M-G-M is the wealthiest and most influential of all U. S. movie companies. Its prestige and its profits are higher than any other studio's. Its collection of stars has a more genuine shine than any other studio's. Its films, its artists and its craftsmen have won twice as many Academy Award "Oscars" as any other studio. This is quite an accomplishment for Louis Mayer, who was born in Poland 58 years ago, who started life as a ship's salvager and who became the first movie producer ever invited by a President of the U. S. (Herbert Hoover) to stay overnight at the White House.

As rewards for his achievements Mr. Mayer has been given a great big office with white leather walls, a unique desk and a soundproof telephone room where he consults with New York by long distance a half-dozen times a day. He also gets almost $1,000,000 a year in pay. Last year his salary plus bonus was $950,000 and for the past six years he has been the most highly paid individual in the U. S. But for all his impressive salary and surroundings, Mr. Mayer has no resounding title. He is not the president of M-G-M or even a vice president. He is simply a hired man, listed on the payroll as "executive producer" or "executive in charge of production." His boss is Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's Inc. which owns M-G-M and pays Schenck a smaller salary than it pays Mayer.



OUTSIDE MR. MAYER'S OFFICE sits his executive secretary, Mrs. Ida Koverman, who once worked for Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Mayer has many talents but the one that means most is a faculty called "showmanship" which is partly creative, partly critical but is mostly an instinct for understanding what kind of movies people will pay money to see. Mr. Mayer does not conceive or consider any great number of the ideas that go into M-G-M's movies. But it is his judgment, or his approval of other judgments, which filters down through producers, directors, story buyers, writers, actors, designers and technicians to make M-G-M's pictures. His major policy is unmistakably stamped on M-G-M's products—a heavy reliance on stars and an insistence on highly polished craftsmanship in production.

Mr. Mayer gets what he wants by combining shrewdness with schmaltz. He can be as ruthless and tough as any of his film's bad men. He can also be as sentimental as any of his scenarios. There are plenty of actors and directors in M-G-M who think the best actor on the lot is L. B. Mayer. Right now Mr. Mayer's complicated creative machine is producing full blast trying to build up a backlog of films against the coming of more shortages. In these pictures, LIFE's Walter Sanders shows M-G-M's booming studios as few photographers have ever been allowed to show them.

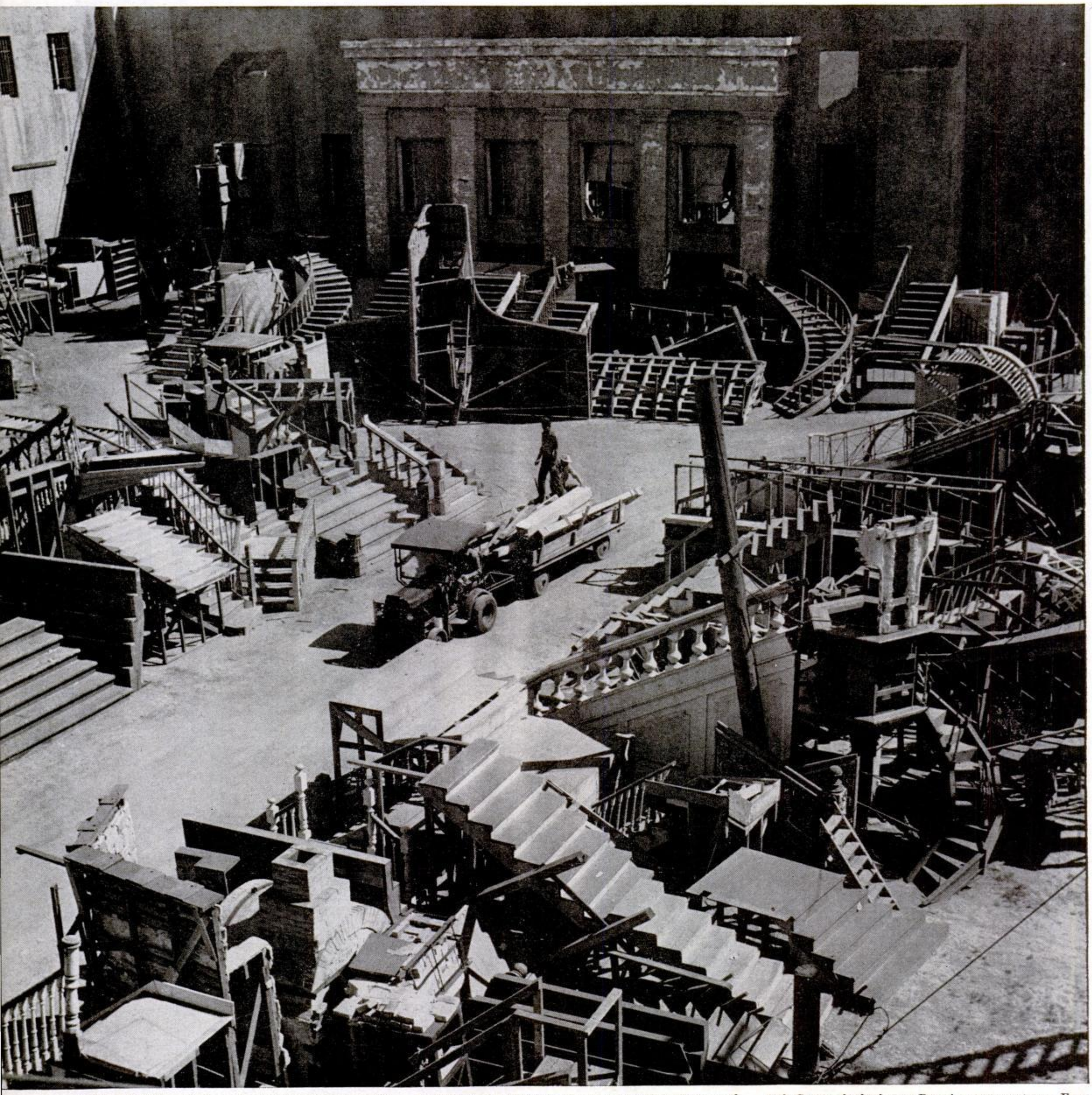
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ITS BIG LOT IS A BUSY QUIET PLACE

The 167-acre movie domain where Louis B. Mayer is king is not in Hollywood. It is 5 miles southwest in Culver City. Part of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot looks like the general conception of a movie lot with a park, an artificial lake, a private zoo, a raffish collection of old sets. But the most important part of the place is a huddled collection of barnlike buildings which enclose the big sound stages. When the studios are busiest, the main lot lies quietly in the sunlight like an abandoned city. Almost everything that goes on is going on inside the big white buildings whose doors are guarded by red lights blinking on and off to warn intruders and interrupters away.

Most of the work on the lot goes into getting ready to photograph movies. An average of about 60 weeks' time is spent on a Class A film. More than half of that time is used preparing the story, the music, the cast, costumes, sets. Almost a third is consumed by editing, assembling and printing the film. Only a sixth of the time is spent on the sound stages actually filming it.

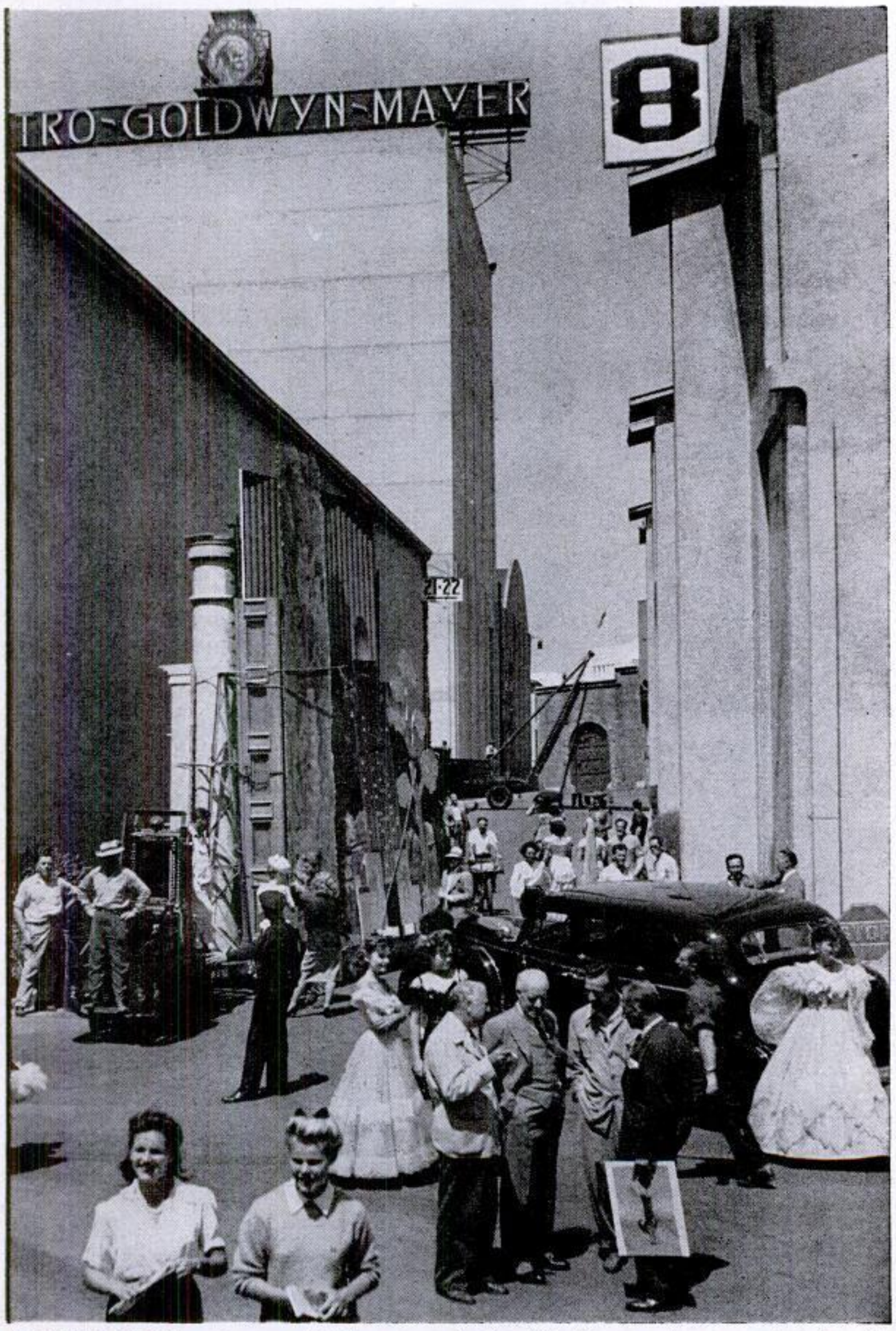


OLD STAIRCASES are piled up pellmell in "scene dock" which is former prison courtyard set. Scenery is stored all over the lot, each piece catalogued so that it can be located immediately when needed. There are also seven warehouses crammed with furniture, draperies and accessories to suit any style or period. Prop men are prepared to furnish anything from a 17th Century bathtub to a Peruvian postage stamp. Even with all this on hand, M-G-M's purchasing manager still has to spend $1,000,000 a month to meet new demands for props.

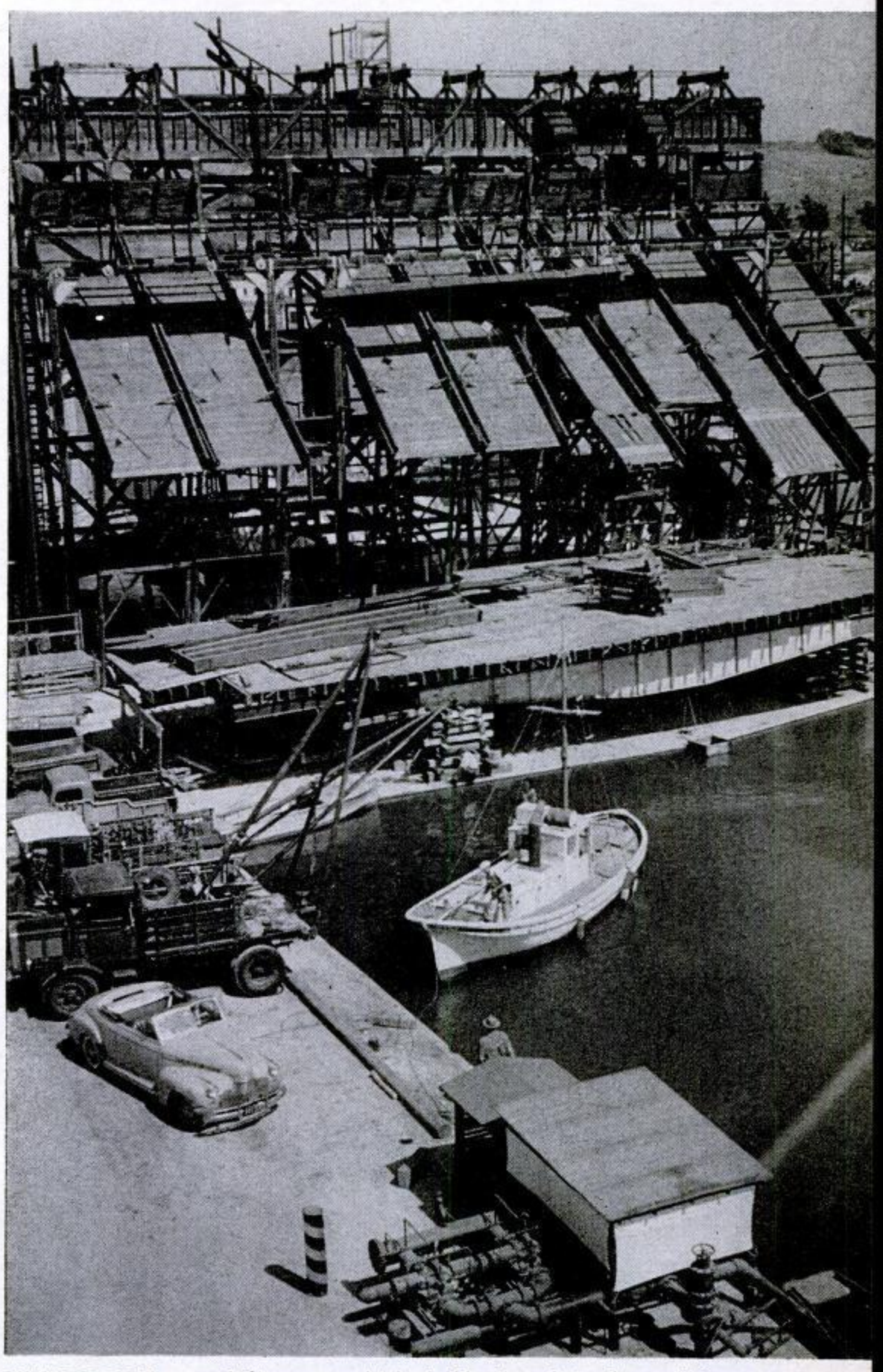
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THE M-G-M STUDIOS sprawl over three lots in Culver City. On main lot (*above*) are 13 miles of paved streets and 30 sound stages made of stucco and cement with padded walls to exclude noise. On two nearby "back lots" are the permanent outdoor sets. A complete little city in itself, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios provides its 4,000 workers with their own commissary, fire department, hospital, school for child actors. It has its own light, water and power plants, a big laboratory for processing film and 22 projection rooms for showing its own productions.



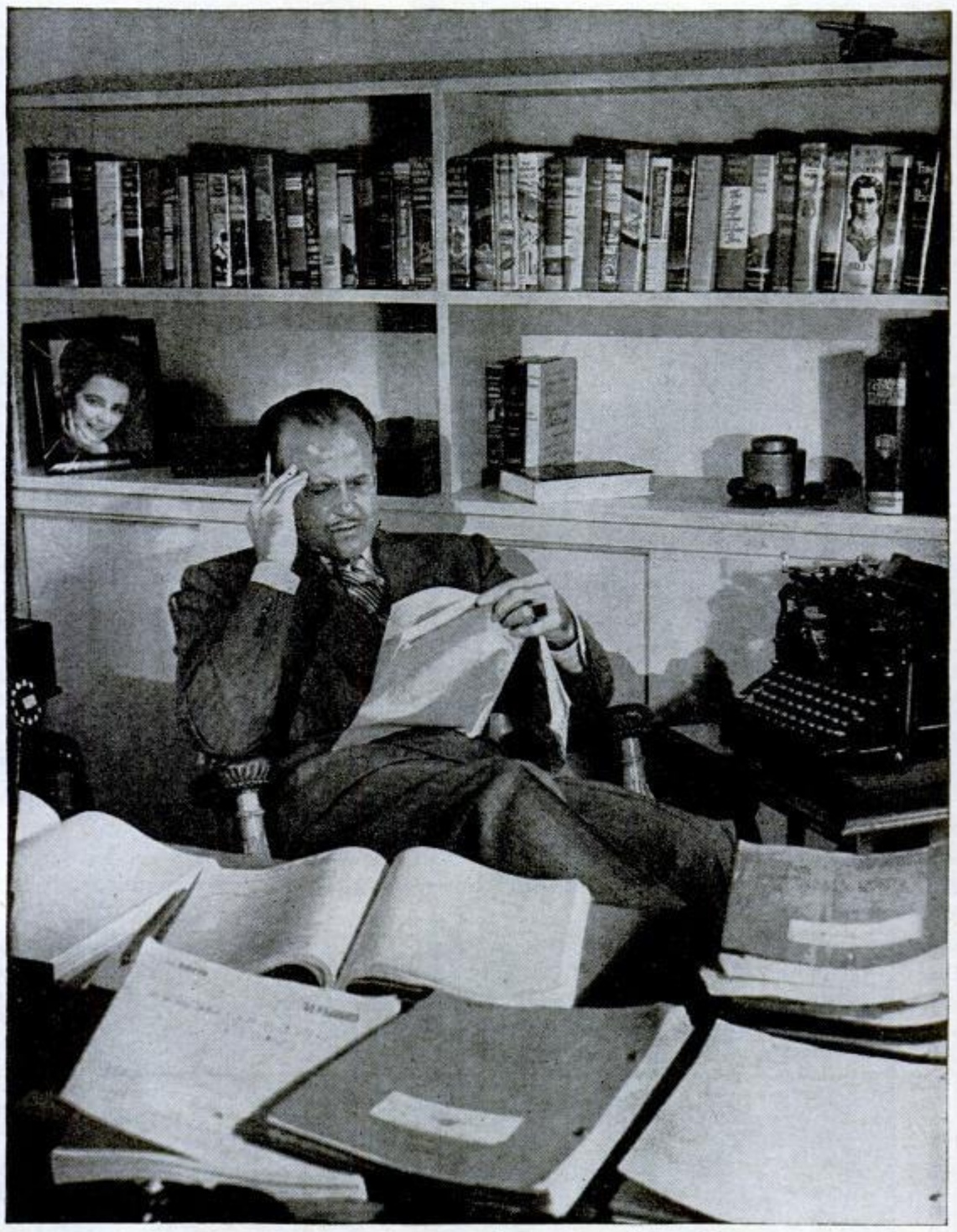
AT LUNCH HOUR the actors pour into the narrow streets which take on a strange carnival air as the costumed players mix with carpenters, pretty messenger girls, scenery trucks. In the foreground group are Director George Seitz, Actor Lewis Stone, Trumpeter Harry James and Producer Carey Wilson.



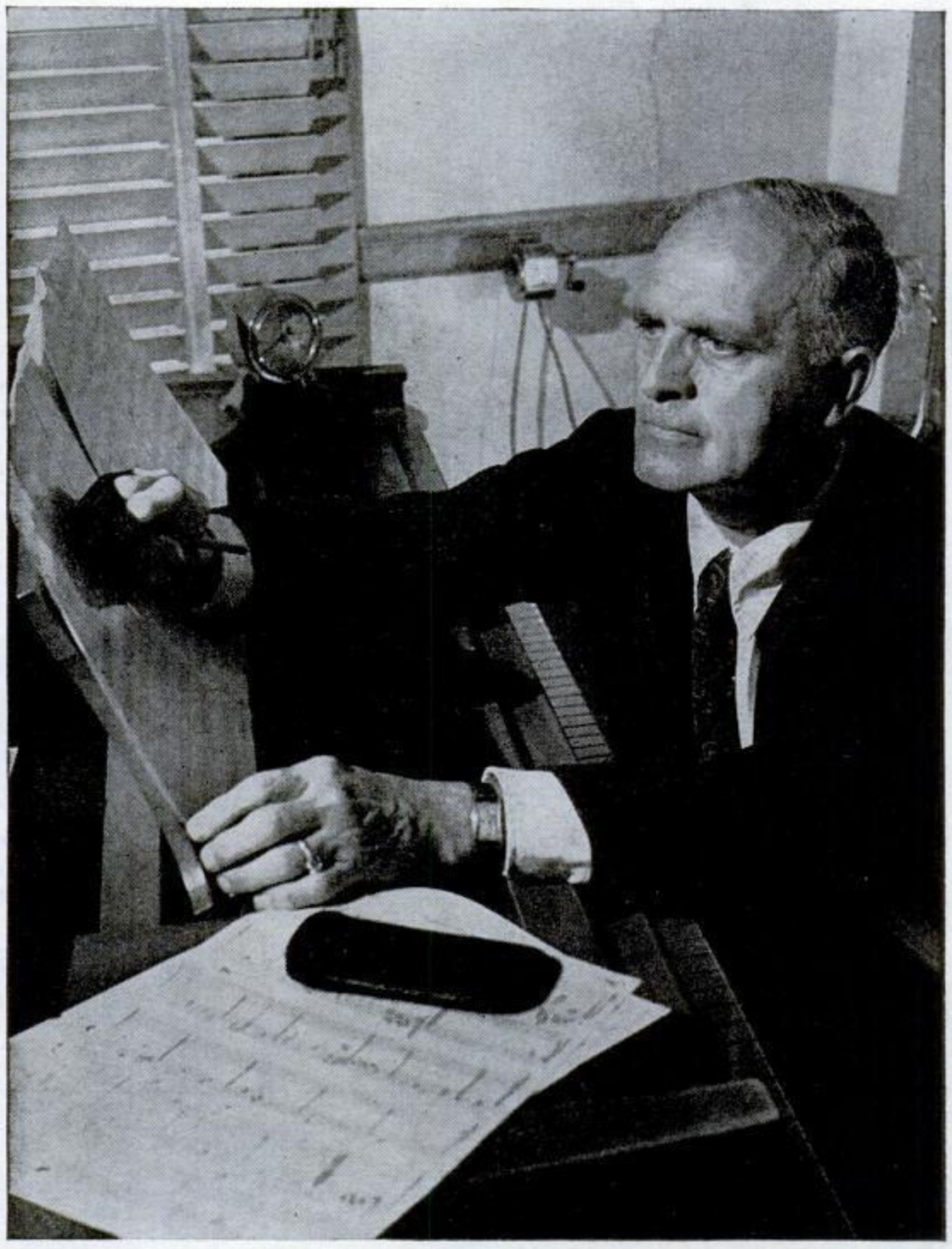
OUTDOOR TANK covers half an acre and is backed by huge chutes down which great sheets of water rush and splash when script calls for sea scenes and waves. Fake ships are put on pontoons, lowered into tank. Boat in foreground was used in *Tortilla Flat.*

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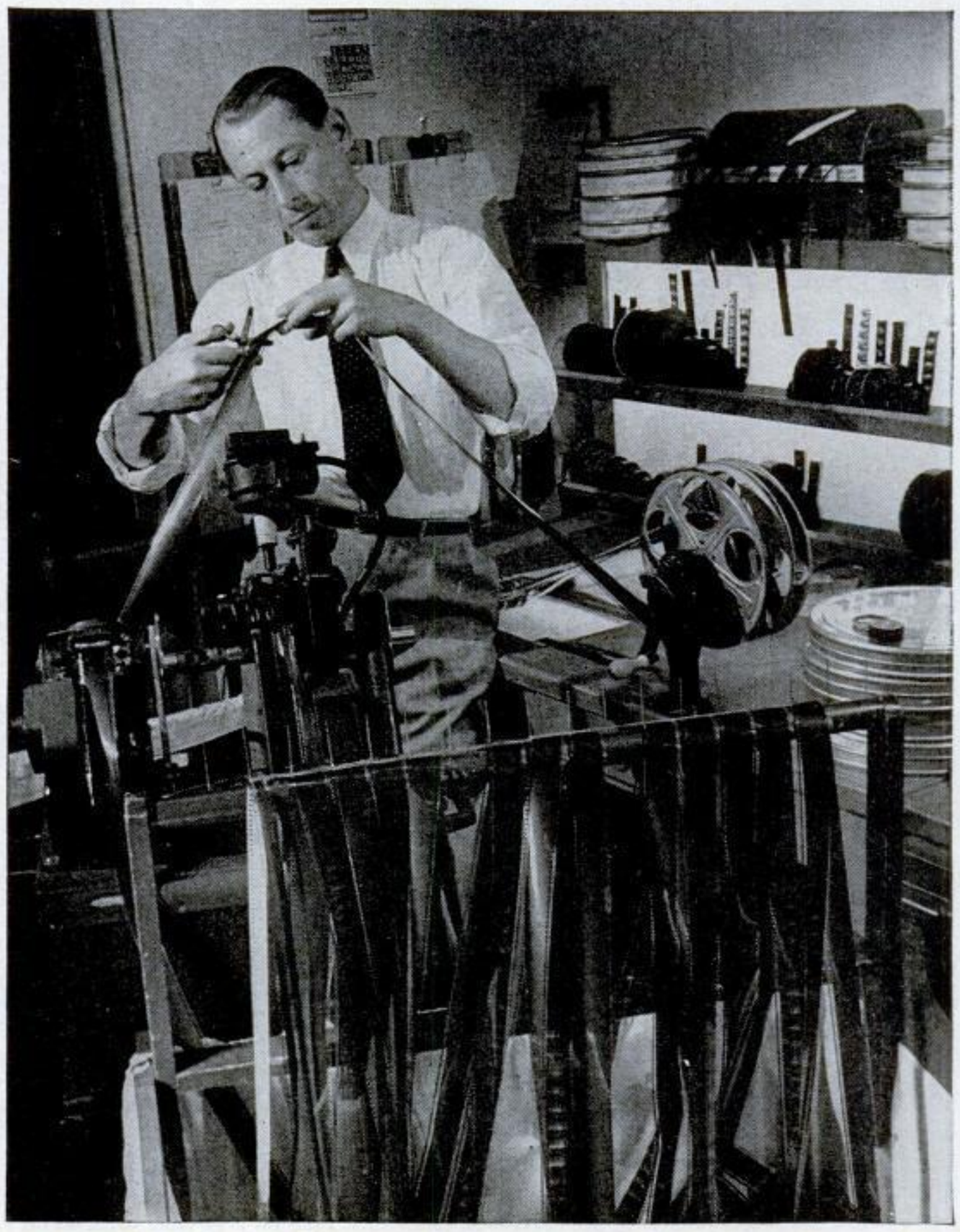
SCENARIO EDITOR WILLIAM FADIMAN runs a department that reads 20,000 scripts a year, spends $225,000 to buy a single story, sees that all stories are tailored to fit M-G-M's stars.



COMPOSER HERBERT STOTHART creates or adapts the music for some of M-G-M's best pictures. He composes with mind's eye on clock to get necessary split-second synchronization.



TALENT SCOUT BILLY GRADY, M-G-M's chief West Coast hunter for new faces and talent, is a busy and sought-after man. Here he interviews model while messenger ogles from outside.

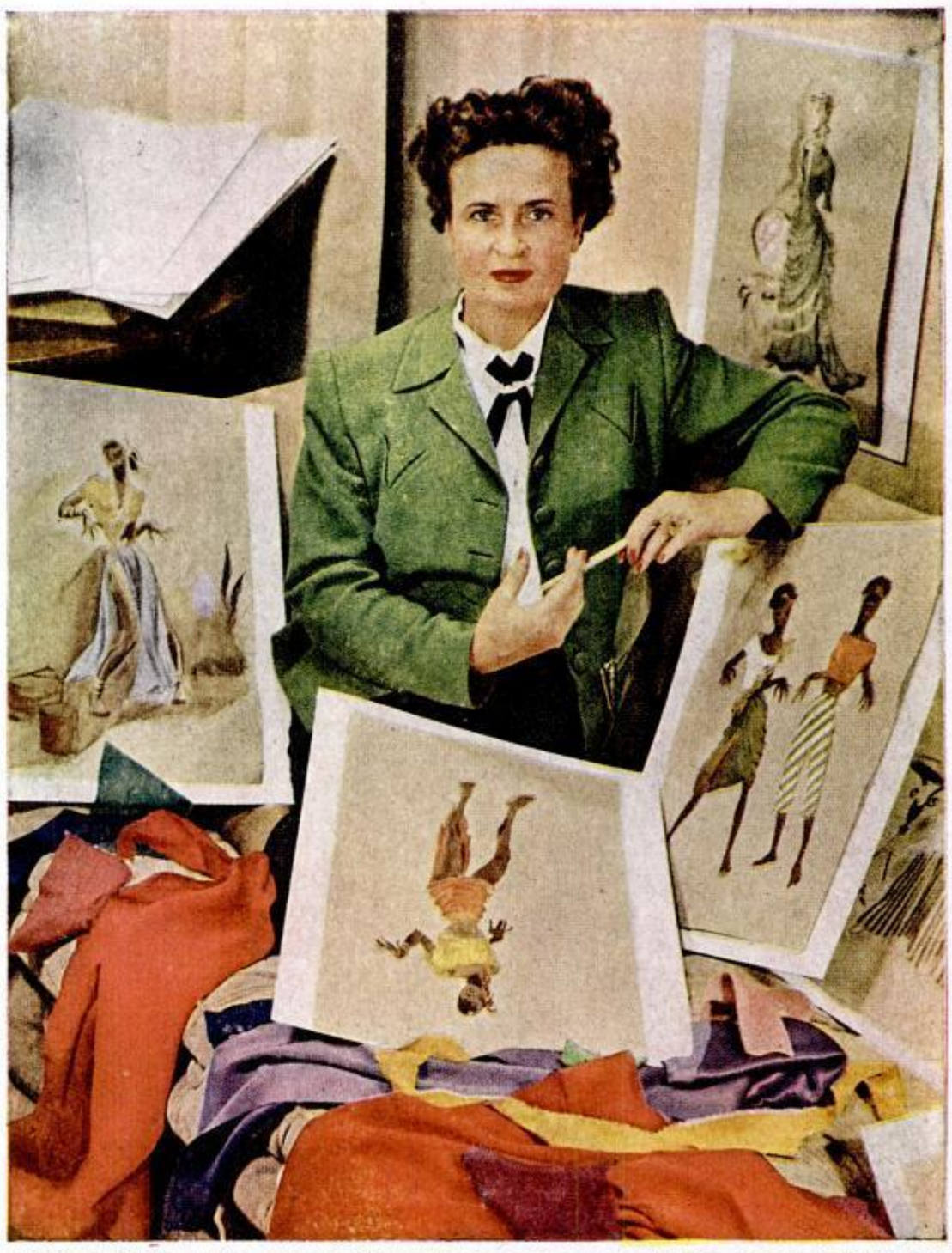


FILM EDITOR ALEX TROFFEY snips out bits of forthcoming *Meet the People*. He makes first rough cuts on the film, then sits down with director who edits the movie in its final version.

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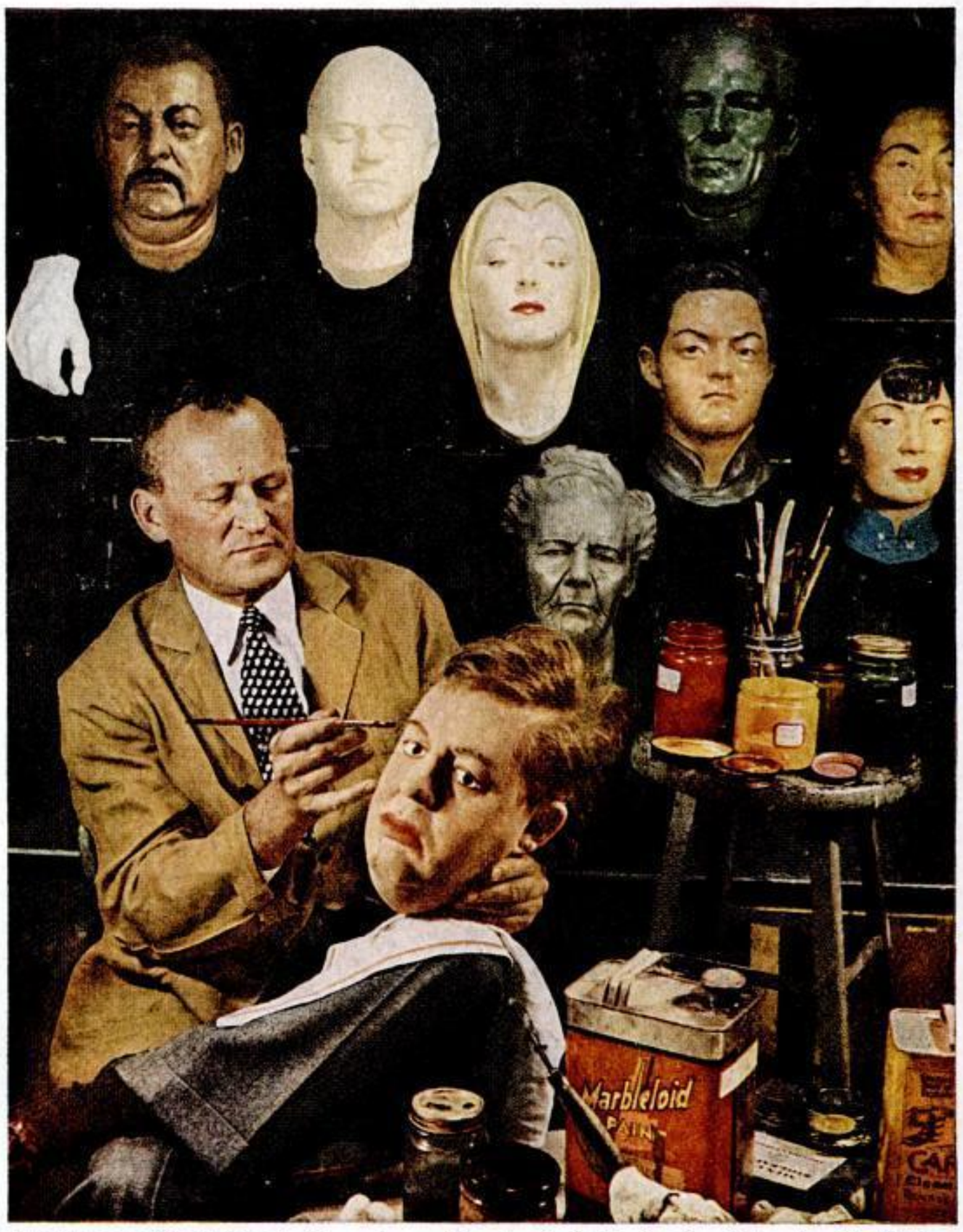
ART DIRECTOR CEDRIC GIBBONS sits among sketches for forthcoming *Quo Vadis.* To date, Gibbons has designed or supervised sets for 1,320 pictures and won four Academy Awards.



DRESS DESIGNER IRENE, surrounded by sketches and samples for the dancers in *Broadway Rhythm,* is successor to the renowned Adrian. She is responsible for costuming productions.



HAIR STYLIST SYDNEY GUILAROFF is creator of stars' coiffures and these *Du Barry Was A Lady* wigs. He was borrowed to crop Ingrid Bergman for role in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*



MAKE-UP ARTIST JACK DAWN works on false head of Charles Laughton for *The Canterbury Ghost.* Behind him are actors' masks used as basis for famed "sculptured make-up."

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M-G-M'S BOSS MAYER AND HIS TOP TALENT. *Left to right, first row:* Captain James Stewart (on leave), Margaret Sullavan, Lucille Ball, Hedy Lamarr, Katharine Hepburn, Louis B. Mayer, Greer Garson, Irene Dunne, Susan Peters, Ginny Simms, Lionel Barrymore, *Second row:* Harry James (Betty Grable's new husband), Brian Donlevy, Red Skelton, Mickey Rooney, William Powell, Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Walter Pidgeon (with beard for *Madame Curie* role), Robert Taylor (with G. I. haircut for real-life Navy role), Pierre Aumont, Lewis Stone, Gene Kelly, Jackie Jenkins. *Third row:* Tommy Dorsey, George Murphy, Jean Rogers, James Craig, Donna Reed, Van Johnson, Fay Bainter, Marsha Hunt, Ruth Hussey, Marjorie Main, Robert Benchley. *Fourth row:* Dame May Whitty (in costume for *White Cliffs of Dover*), Reginald Owen, Keenan Wynn, Diana Lewis (Bill

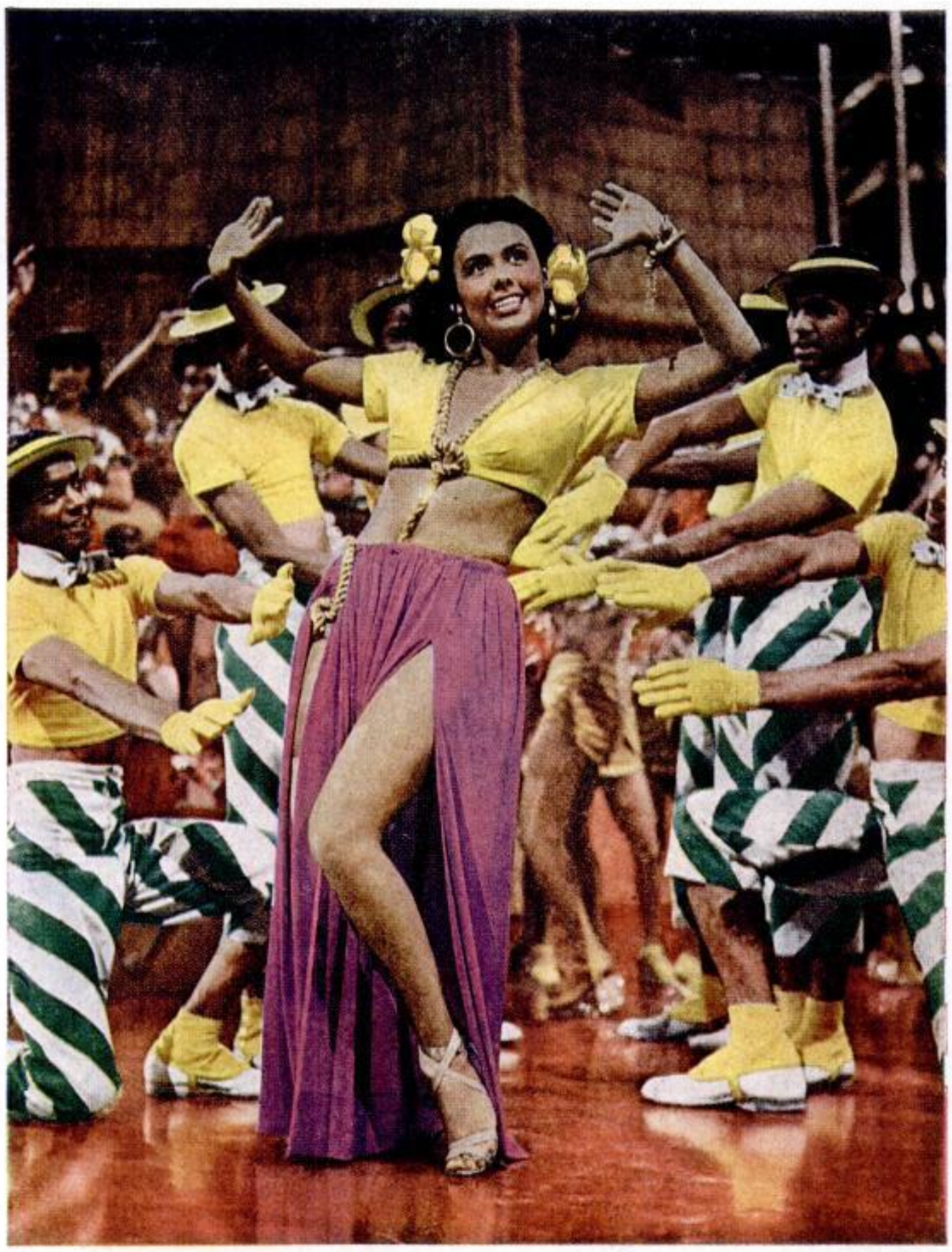
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Powell's wife), Marilyn Maxwell, Esther Williams, Ann Richards, Martha Linden, Lee Bowman, Richard Carlson, Mary Astor. *Fifth row:* Blanche Ring, Sara Haden, Fay Holden, Bert Lahr, Frances Gifford, June Allyson, Richard Whorf, Frances Rafferty, Spring Byington, Connie Gilchrist, Gladys Cooper. *Sixth row:* Ben Blue, Chill Wills (in uniform for *See Here, Private Hargrove*), Keye Luke, Barry Nelson, Pfc. Desi Arnaz, Henry O'Neill, Bob Crosby, Rags Ragland.

Absent from this gilded gathering were Lana Turner, who was having a baby; Judy Garland, on a concert tour; Charles Laughton, on a camp tour; Laraine Day, on loan to Paramount; Robert Young, away on business; Ann Sothern, visiting her husband; Margaret O'Brien, on vacation; Herbert Marshall and Robert Walker, ill. In the armed forces are Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Melvyn Douglas, Lew Ayres.

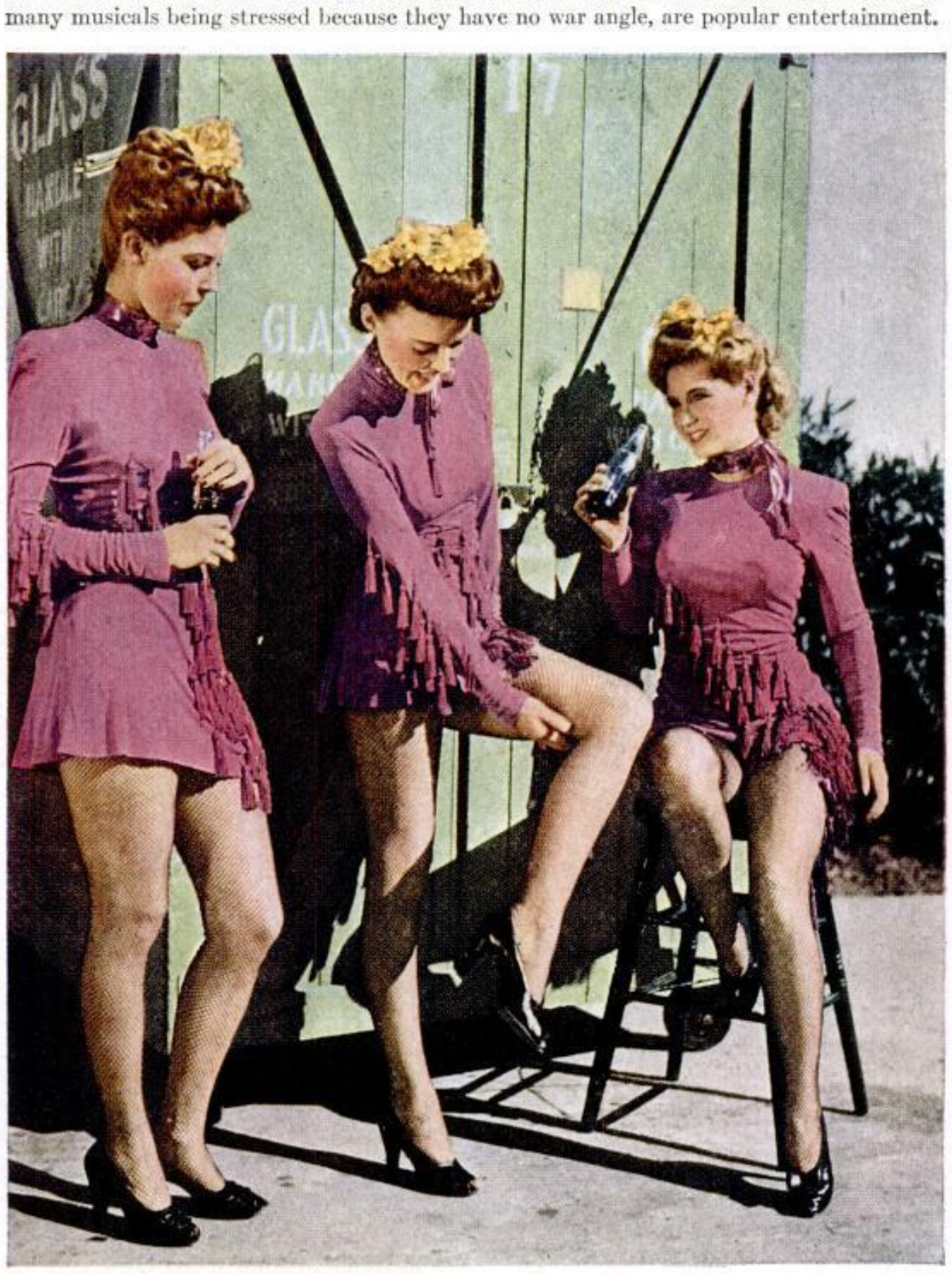
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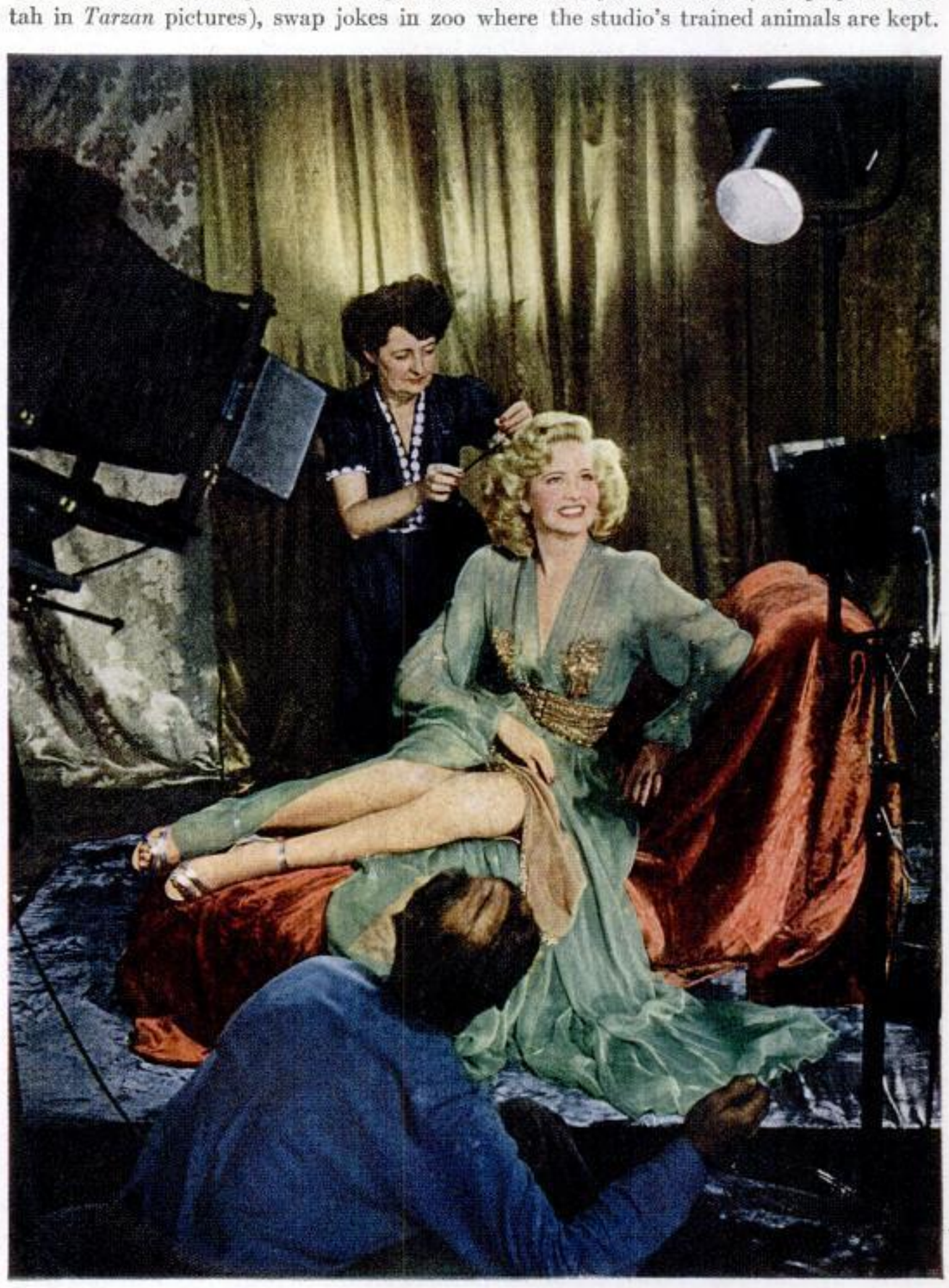
LENA HORNE AND NEGRO CHORUS BOYS rehearse number for *Broadway Rhythm*, one of many musicals being stressed because they have no war angle, are popular entertainment.



TWO YOUNG STARS, 6-year-old Margaret O'Brien and 4-year-old Jack (who played Cheetah in *Tarzan* pictures), swap jokes in zoo where the studio's trained animals are kept.



THREE BIT PLAYERS in favorite publicity-picture costumes relax between poses. Green crate contains small props. Girl at left is Ava Gardner, recently but briefly Mickey Rooney's wife.



BUILD-UP FOR STARLETS like Marilyn Maxwell includes "glamor sitting" with portrait photographer and flood of slick stills which are sent out free to papers and magazines.

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DRAMA COACH GIVES LESSONS IN EMOTION

All the work of M-G-M's executives, designers, story buyers, musicians and **costumers is designed eventually to be draped** over the personable talents **of a movie star. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer likes to boast** that it originated the mov**ies' star system, which is not exactly true. The star** system developed all by it**self, over the active objections of early movie producers.** M-G-M, however, has done more for the star system than any other movie studio. The star system, in turn, has done a lot for M-G-M.

Once a movie star could get away with having little talent and less training. Today talent is very desirable in a star, training is absolutely necessary. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spends much time and money teaching its recruits how to act. The pictures on this page show Lillian Burns, M-G-M's dramatic coach, teaching two little Illinois girls how to cry. The girls are Lee and Lyn Wilde, twins who never acted at all before they came to M-G-M and who are doing bit parts in *Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble*. If they work very hard and have any talent, Lee and Lyn may someday be almost as good as Miss Burns, who winds up her lesson by making her students cry over their little lines. The odds are mathematically against Lee or Lyn ever becoming a real star. But M-G-M would be well repaid for its trouble even if they developed only into good supporting actors.



TWO GIGGLING GIRLS, the blonde 19-year-old Wilde twins who were recently "discovered," arrive for a lesson with Dramatic Coach Lillian Burns, the wife of Director George Sidney.



QUICKLY SOBERED, the girls listen as Miss Burns outlines sad sequences that she wants them to rehearse.



WITH GESTURES, she tells them the camera is "truth machine" which isn't fooled by phoney acting, says glycerine tears are out for good.



"LET IT GO, SOB!" she shouts. When the twins still look blank, she screams, shakes them, threatens to kick them.



WORKED UP to a high pitch, twins go into their act as Miss Burns, script in hand, continues to egg them on.



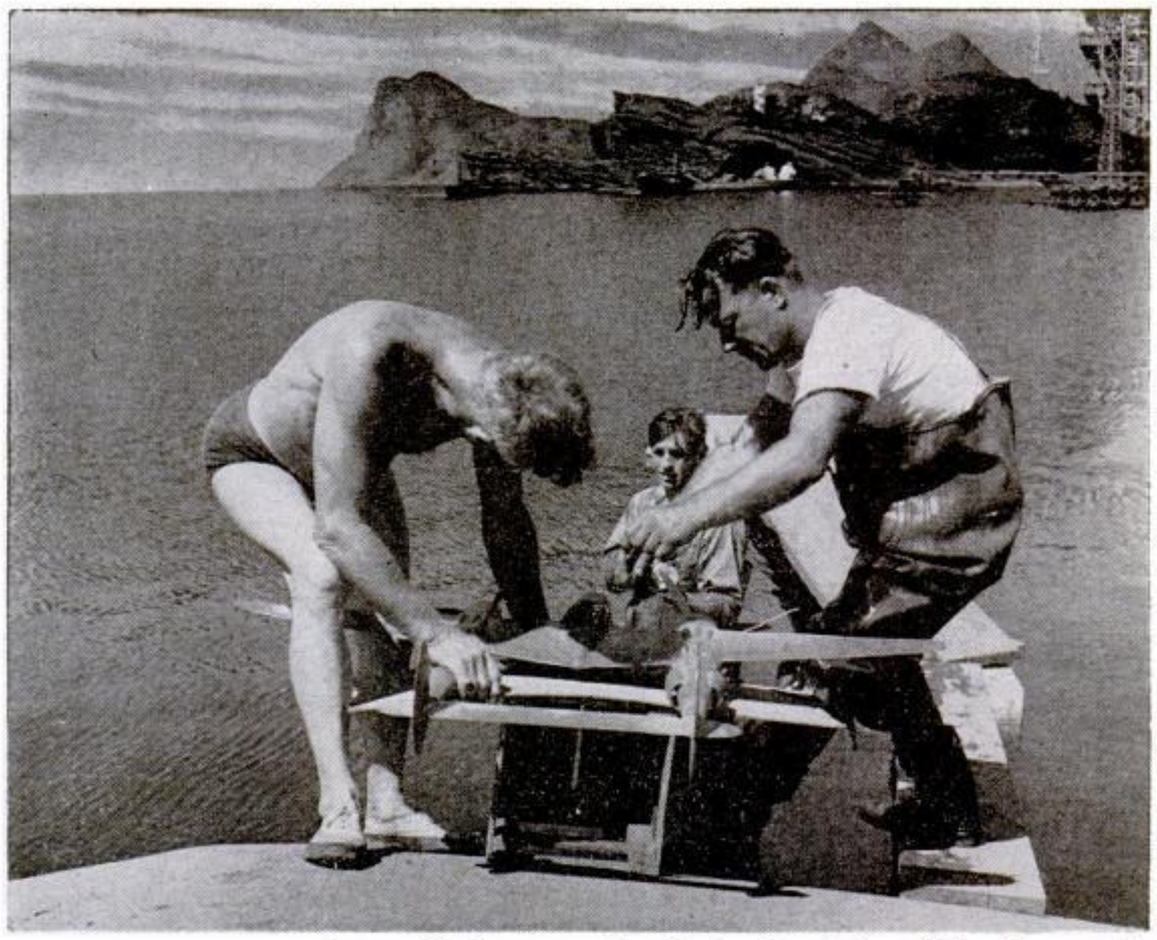
OVERCOME by the pathos of their parts, the girls start to look very, very sad. Coach is ready to apply more pressure until they really cry.



EYES WET, twins complete emotion lesson. Says Coach Burns: "On screen, eyes and mouth can make or break."

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MINIATURE EXPERTS attach a model plane to a thin, black-painted wire which will carry the model over water in outdoor tank to "Jap-held islands" built against huge canvas background.



PLANE SAGS in mission because wires are not taut enough. A man goes out to rescue it while the director waits patiently on a raft and the cameraman stands by on the platform at right.

ITS MEN ARE VERY EXPERT AT ILLUSIONS

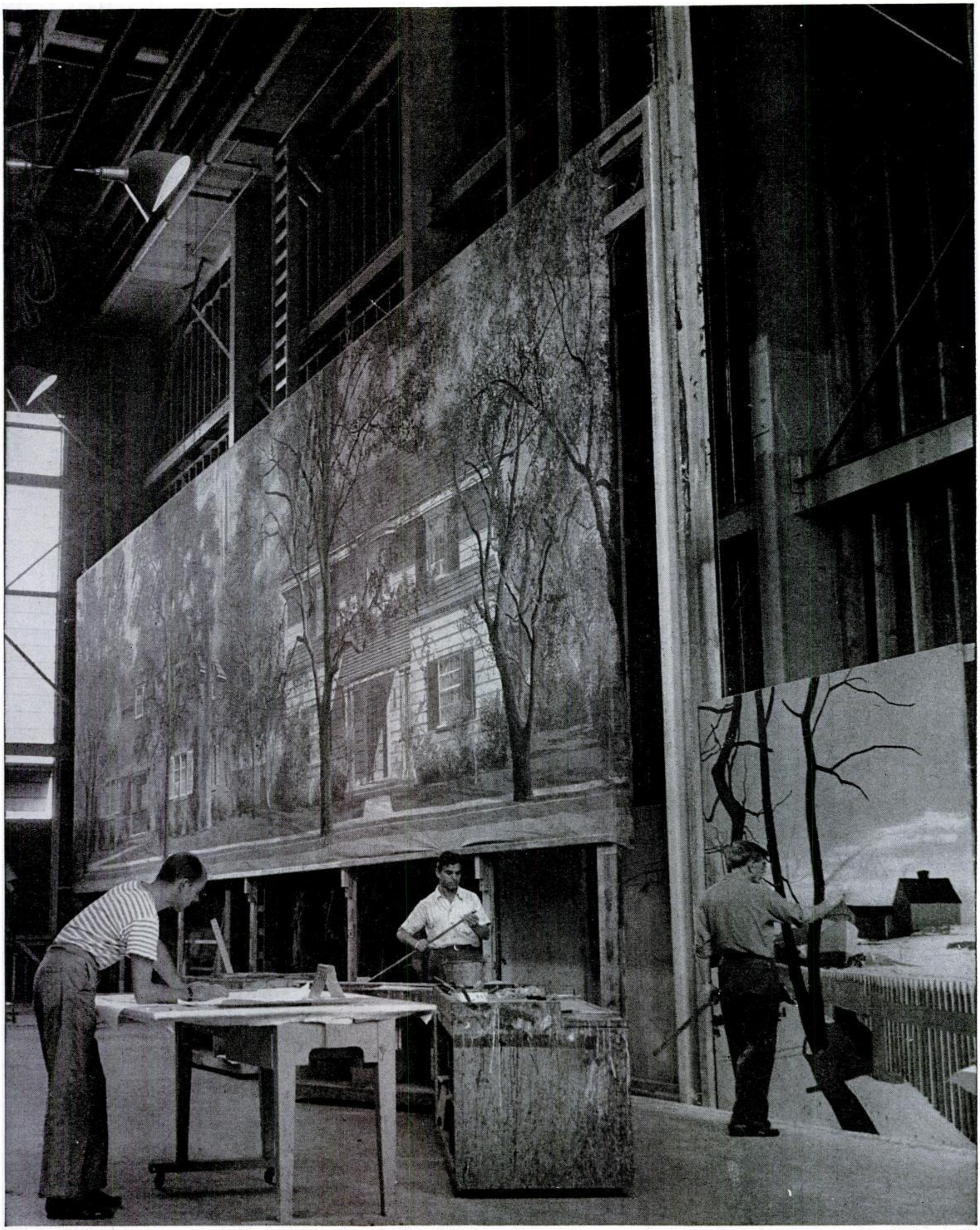
The movies start off with the basic illusion that its pictures really move. They follow with the illusion that its actors really feel the emotions they display, like the novices on the previous page. From then on, the movies pile illusion upon illusion to simulate reality. A couple of prime M-G-M examples are shown here.

When a script calls for destruction of a city or a battle fleet, miniature experts and cameramen get together to translate tiny props into grand-scale scenes of havoc and destruction. These tricksters are so expert that even in these photographs, with mechanics laid bare, it seems as if they were really bombing a mountain-rimmed bay to bits. When it gets too expensive to build street sets, once the invariable custom, a meticulously painted background is used (*opposite page*). M-G-M also has the thrifty habit of never building a whole house or railway car or even a rowboat if half a house or car or rowboat is all the camera is going to show.



FINAL TEST GOES OK. "Ammunition dump" (plus black powder and smudge pots) goes off and Jap base blows up. This scene will appear in *A Guy Named Joe*. Little objects along shore are supposed to be New Guinea native huts. The tall structure in center is painter's scaffold. The oil wells in right background are real oil wells and not a part of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

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ANDY HARDY'S HOUSE ON AMES AVENUE is painted with exact realism on backdrop. M-G-M has three-dimensional exterior set of Ames Avenue. Painted copy is used as auxiliary, usually as background for stage-set interiors. By time artists and cameramen have finished, painted sets are virtually indistinguishable from built sets. Artist at right is doing Maine winter scene.

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PEOPLE BEHIND THE CAMERA: a production crew poses on a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer set for a documentary portrait. These are the technicians who transfer the story, the acting and the settings to the actual film. The *grips* are combination carpenters and handy men who keep their tools and light screens in box beside them. The *prop men*, who must be prepared to produce any sort of accessory on very short notice, are here responsible for the acetylene welding outfit before them which is being used in the movie. The *still man* is on hand with his 8x10 camera to get publicity pictures. *Boom crew* operates the mobile platform and great steel arm on which camera — housed in a big metal "bungalow" to silence its clicking sound

Copyrighted material



—swoops and turns about as actors move. *Electricians* spend most of their time on high platforms or catwalks, regulating lights as directed by their chief (*who is standing behind the camera crew*). The *sound men* operate the boom microphone, recording machine and the sound mixer. The *camera crew* is bossed by chief cameraman (*extreme right*) who directs the photography, checks on composition and lighting, but leaves the actual shooting to his assistants. In center is the loudspeaker which amplifies the orders from the *director*, who sits surrounded by *script girl*, *gag man*, *assistants*, and *production manager*. In this photograph, the director is Charles Riesner. The painted setting is a shipyard scene for *Meet the People*.

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LEROY AND GARSON study script to determine mood of the scene which, as usual, is not being shot in the story sequence.



LEROY POINTS to show Garson how he wants her to cast eyes skyward, convey feeling of exaltation while speaking her line.

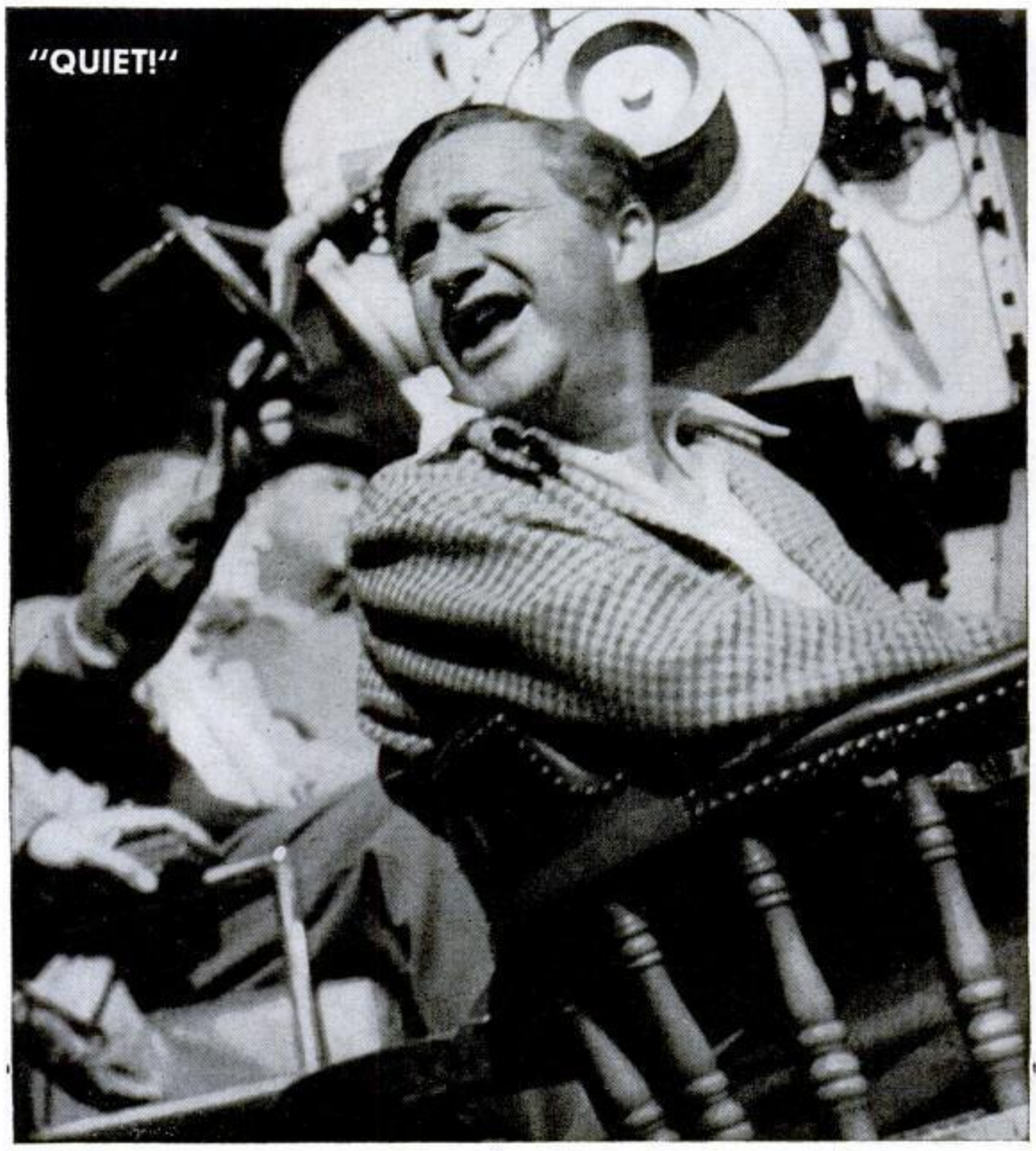


GARSON REHEARSES, standing on stool to bring her in proper perspective for camera which is now set for close-ups only.

DIRECTOR PUTS IN DAY'S WORK ON SEVEN WORDS

What it all comes down to—all the work of the extravagant, temperamental and precise mechanism that Louis B. Mayer runs—is a moment like this when a fabulously well-paid actress says a few simple words into a complex sound camera, trying hard to satisfy a man who sits by, cigar in mouth, looking and listening. This man is the director, the person immediately responsible for the picture. An important director starts on a film even before the script is in. He works with writers, casting directors, prop and costuming departments. He argues with the producer who is his immediate supervisor. He cajoles actors, guides cameramen, instructs film cutters. When he is done, his picture bears the indelible marks of his approach, taste and skill.

Though present-day directors are milder than the oldtime show-offs, they still inherit the fondness for armchair histrionics. Director shown at work here on *Mme. Curie* is Mervyn LeRoy, one of M-G-M's best (*Random Harvest*), who spent a whole day helping Greer Garson say seven words in exactly the right way.

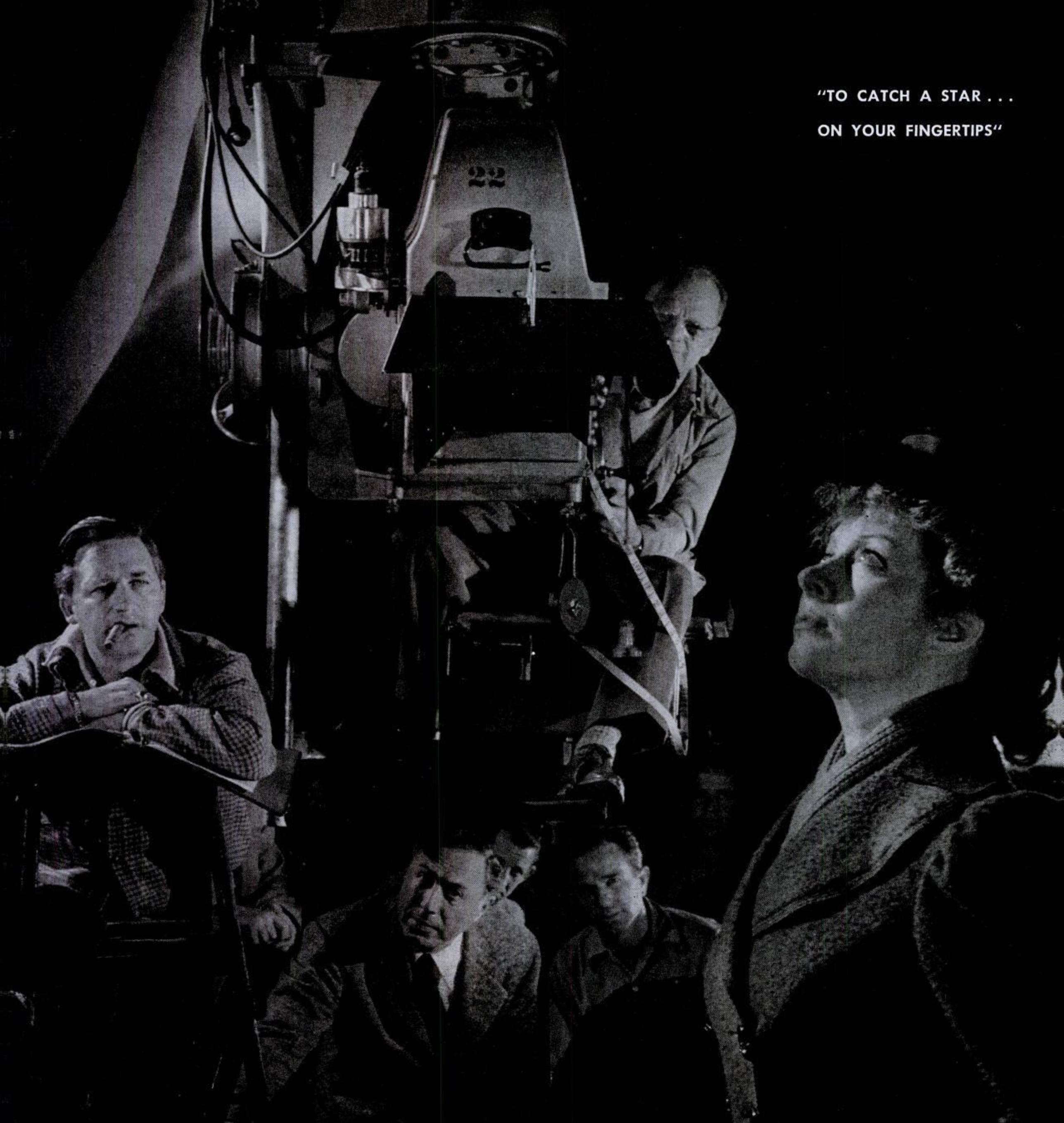


READY TO START SHOOTING, LeRoy settles in director's chair, yells loudly for silence. Cameramen, electricians, sound men are at posts. Then he says, "Roll 'em," and camera starts.



LEAPING UP AGAIN, he gives Garson hushed signal to start. Process is repeated endlessly, as the hours roll by. After perfection is achieved (*opposite*) he commands: "Cut it and print it!"

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"TO CATCH A STAR . . .

ON YOUR FINGERTIPS"

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WOMEN SHOVEL DEBRIS IN STALINGRAD'S SQUARE OF FALLEN FIGHTERS WHERE MARSHAL VON PAULUS OF GERMAN SIXTH ARMY SURRENDERED IN DEPARTMENT STORE (RIGHT)

NEW STALINGRAD

Russians pick up the pieces of this war's greatest battlefield

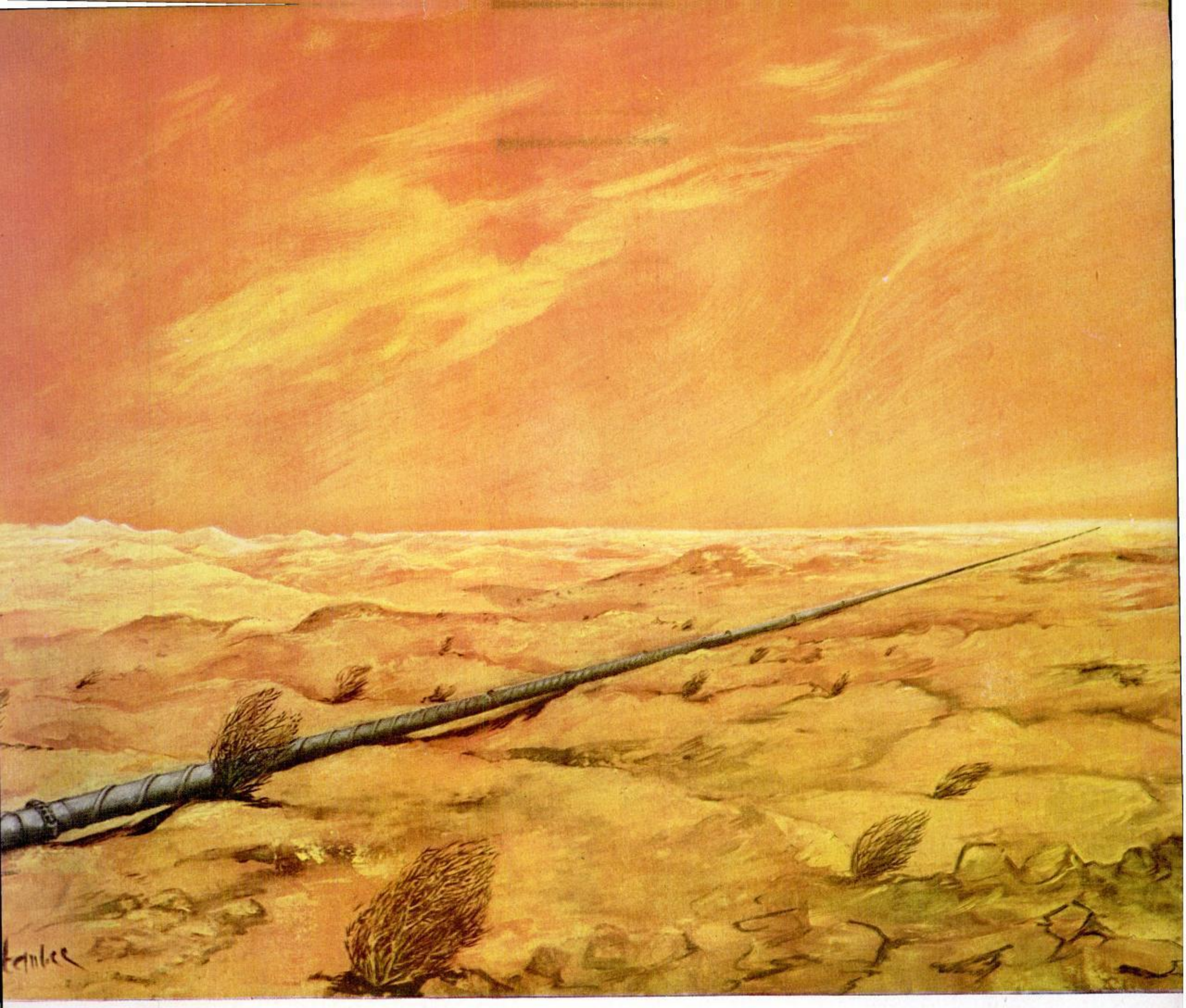
The inferno of Stalingrad, where history sat amid smoking ruins waiting to pick the heart of the loser, ended Jan. 31 with the surrender of the Sixth German Army. Today Stalingrad is a city again. First the Russians had to weed out the German mines, then the bodies. By May the Red October Steel Works was turning out steel. Trade unions all over Russia applied en masse to be transferred to the job of rebuilding Stalingrad. Those not accepted sent trainloads of clothes, cattle, seed and coal. Parents dug dusty schoolbooks out of the rubble and sent children to school again. The Stalingrad newspaper that had never missed an edition all through the siege got new presses. When U. S. Ambassador Standley visited Stalingrad last August, he saw the railway and tractor factory working again and saw the wreckage of "thousands" of German tanks and planes. "I can now believe almost any of the Russian claims," he said.

STALINGRAD WOMEN PILE BRICK FOR DESIGNATED REPAIRS. PRIORITY WENT TO POWER STATIONS, RAILWAY SHOPS AND ROUNDHOUSES, WATER MAINS AND MEDICAL CENTERS



CONTINUED ON PAGE 79

material



GREAT SNAKE!

HAULING GASOLINE 600 miles up the Burma Road, about 60% of the fuel was burned up by the engines of the delivery trucks . . .

Stretch the delivery route to 1,000 miles, and where are you? "Out of gas"—your precious load all used up making the trip.

And when it comes to American operations in Africa and Europe, a thousand miles is "just around the corner" . . .

Looking ahead—six months before Pearl Harbor—engineers at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research organization, submitted to our Army detailed plans and specifications for *a portable pipe line:*

Four-inch steel pipe, in 20-foot sections easy for a man to handle . . . A special coupling for locking two sections together in *one minute* . . . About 1,000 feet of pipe on a light truck . . . A complete pumping station—needed every 10 miles—on two more trucks . . . Twenty miles of pipe line "built" *in a day* . . .

Land Sakes! A Sand Snake!

Two hundred and ten thousand gallons of gasoline flowing through in an unbroken stream every 24 hours—at a cost of only 5% of the fuel for power for the pumping stations . . .

THE ARMY WELCOMED THE IDEA, has 1,000 miles operating in Africa.

Shell engineers have doubled the capacity—with a 6-inch portable line which delivers 400,000 gallons a day.

All this may seem "off the beam" for petroleum scientists—who spend sleepless nights trying to find how to pack more speed and flying range into a gallon of aviation gasoline—but what's the use of a super-fuel if it isn't on tap where they're flying?

Without compensation or royalties, Shell gladly turned specifications for the portable pipe line over to the Government, and our African desert bases have a new kind of oasis—"100-octane."

First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of Today
Plowshare of Tomorrow

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TUNE IN "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" WITH PHIL BAKER—CBS—SUNDAY NIGHTS

"Buy, buy . . . Buy Bonds!"

Give EVERSHARP and you give the finest!

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Water tower was hammered down to a nubbin of masonry on which pierced tank and board roof sit like an eccentric hat. Here again women are doing the salvage work.



Telephone lineman gets to work on Stalingrad. Notice the two shell holes in the steel pole behind him. These were probably made by tanks or high-velocity antitank guns.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Whatever your duty on the Home Front, TruVal helps you do it in comfort *and style!* The lively new Fall patterns offer you a variety wide enough to please your fancy. The tailoring is true to the TruVal tradition of quality and taste. *And the values are amazing nowadays!*

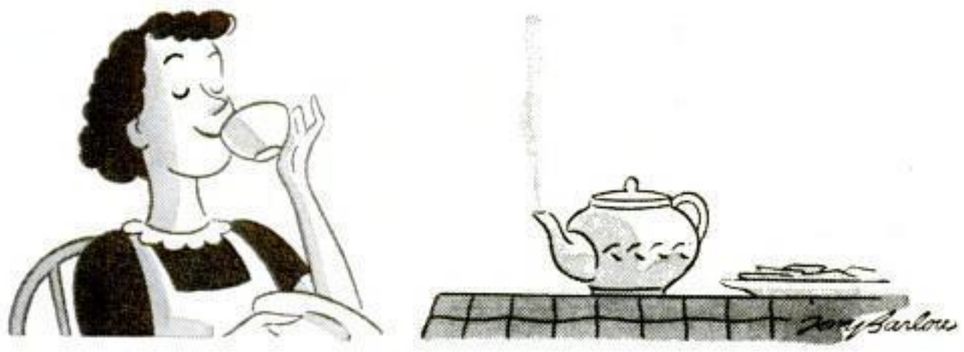
TruVal's smart sportswear and expertly tailored pajamas from $2.00 up. At one department store and selected men's shops in your town.

TruVal Manufacturers, Inc., 261 5th Ave., New York.

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Got no help and more work?
Has your house gone berserk?
Do the kids seem to irk?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF
WITH LIPTON'S !



Flavory, fragrant Lipton Tea is more than a swell-tasting drink.

It'll help smooth you down when you're jumpy and tearful—or give you a lift when you're feeling weary!

Lipton Tea tastes so much better! People buy more of it than any other brand!

Be warm...be smart
be admired



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Here's the casually perfect sweater you've been looking for—and hardly dared hope to find! It's delightfully different—and suitable for almost every occasion. For the career minded . . . for school . . . for casual wear . . . for daytime fun. Soft 100% all wool pullover with long sleeves that "push up" easily. Delightful Norwegian deer design on red, white, green, light blue, navy, beige. Sizes 34 to 40. A remarkable value at $7.95

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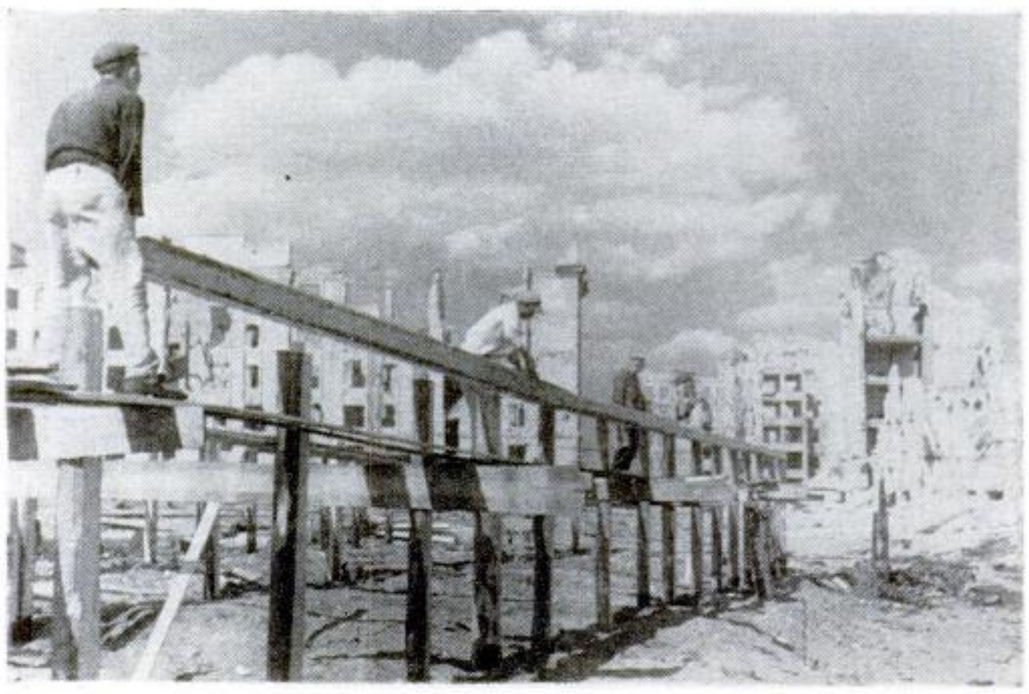
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America's Loveliest Sweaters
GEMS
by Regina
OF CHICAGO

New Stalingrad (continued)



Maxim Gorki theater, which faces Univermag department store where Marshal von Paulus surrendered (*see p. 76*), now shows, through the roof, statue of lady with lyre.



Scaffolding is erected by Stalingrad workmen for new building. Russians tactfully ignored Joseph E. Davies' helpful suggestion that Stalingrad be rebuilt five miles upriver.



Railroad along the Volga River is rebuilt by gangs of women. Notice dugout entrances in the side of the hill. This picture is notable in showing two male superintendents.



Tent city holds a population of 200,000 now rebuilding Stalingrad. Here workers, many of them volunteers from the trade unions of other cities, line up for inspection.

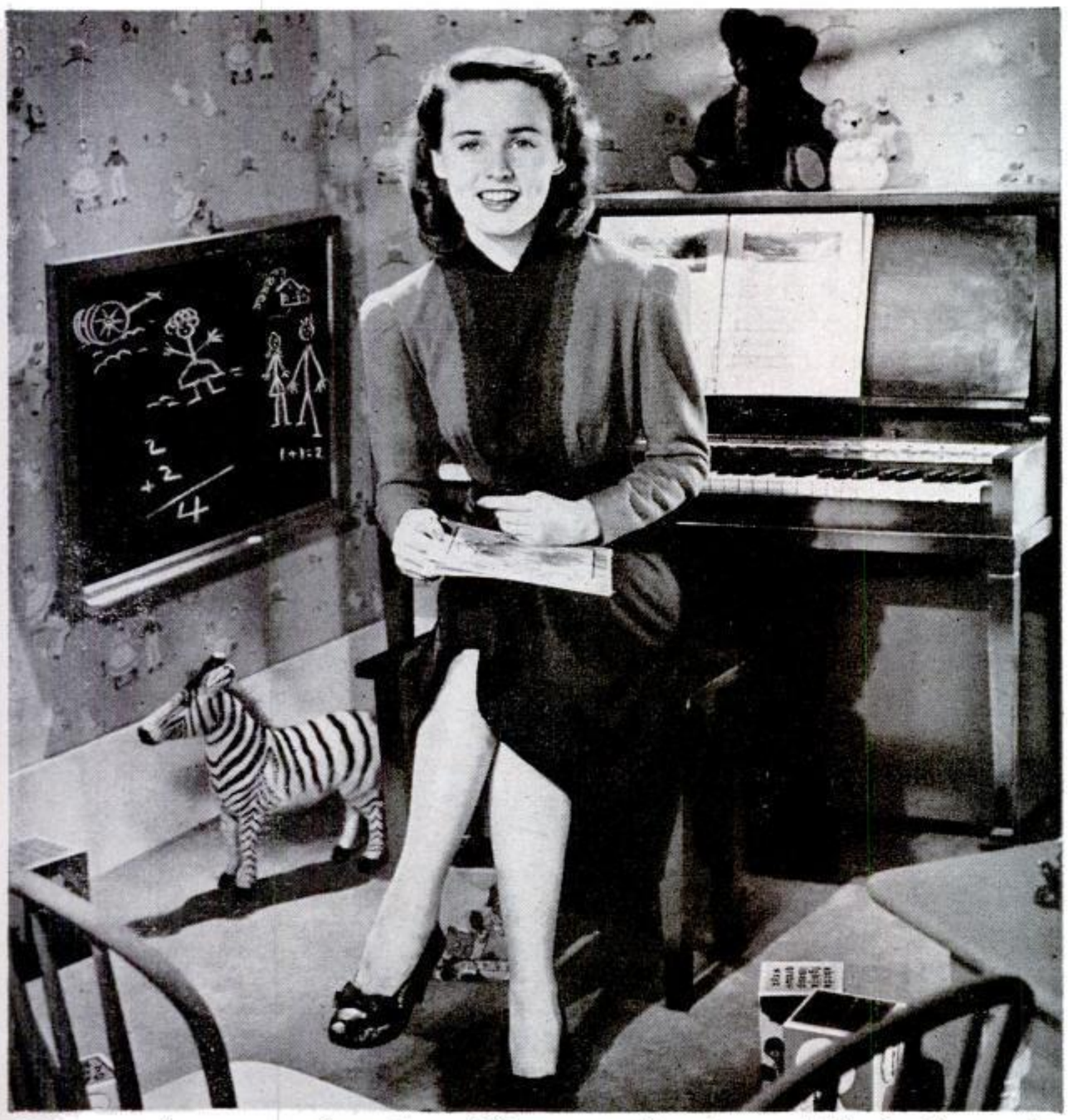
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Keep a high, bright polish on your Disposition!

Keep a smooth brow turned to the world! These are no days for jitters and jumpy nerves.

Watch the girls who shine now. Wearing brave smiles and bright colors. Lending helping hands and smart young heads to the business of winning the war. On the job *every minute* of every month, too!

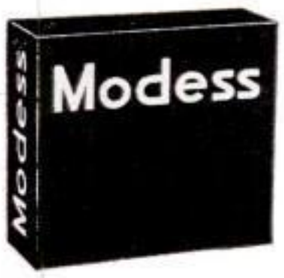
They have a hundred little secrets to help them stay busy and beautiful. And one is Modess Sanitary Napkins! So heavenly soft, so wonderfully safe—but, well, read for yourself why these three lasses like Modess best:



"I've got a day nursery in my home! So many mothers in my neighborhood are working in war plants, I thought I'd help out. But believe me, I'd be a wreck some days if it weren't for Modess' marvelous downy comfort! It's so much *softer*—it really keeps me going!"

¶ **3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer in a recent test. That's because it's made with a special softspun filler—very different from layer-type napkins. But it costs no more!**

Smile while you Hurry! Switch to



Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, oversize napkins unnecessary. In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.



"I'm following in Grandpa's footsteps! He was a shipbuilder right here in Maine. Pretty strenuous work for a girl, I guess. But I'm crazy about it—and never miss a minute since I switched to Modess! Gives me such swell extra protection, I don't worry about accidents. Take it from me—Modess is really *safer!*"

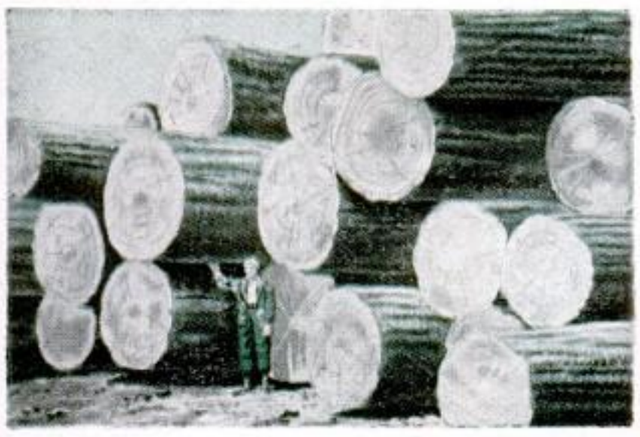
¶ **Modess has a triple, full-length safety shield at the *back* of every napkin . . . assures *full-way* protection, not just part-way, as some pads do.**



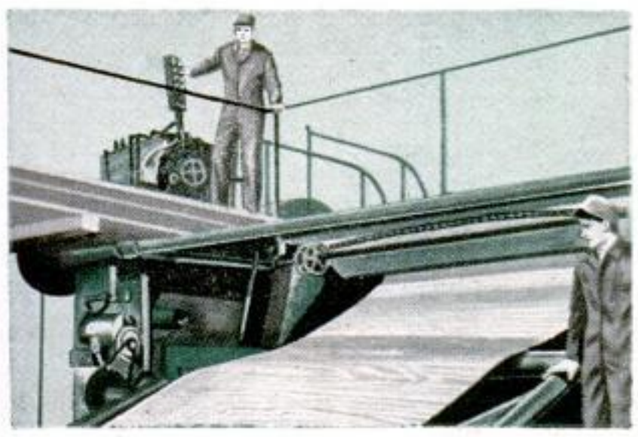
"I've got to sell like sixty—since our store's undermanned with salesclerks and overcrowded with customers. So with thousands of eyes on me (or so it seems anyhow) I'm plenty glad Modess fits so smoothly. That soft pad just shapes perfectly to your body!"

¶ **Modess fits as though designed for you—and you alone! The softspun filler molds itself neatly to your own body lines. No telltale outlines, either, for Modess has sheerest gauze where other napkins have hard tab ends.**

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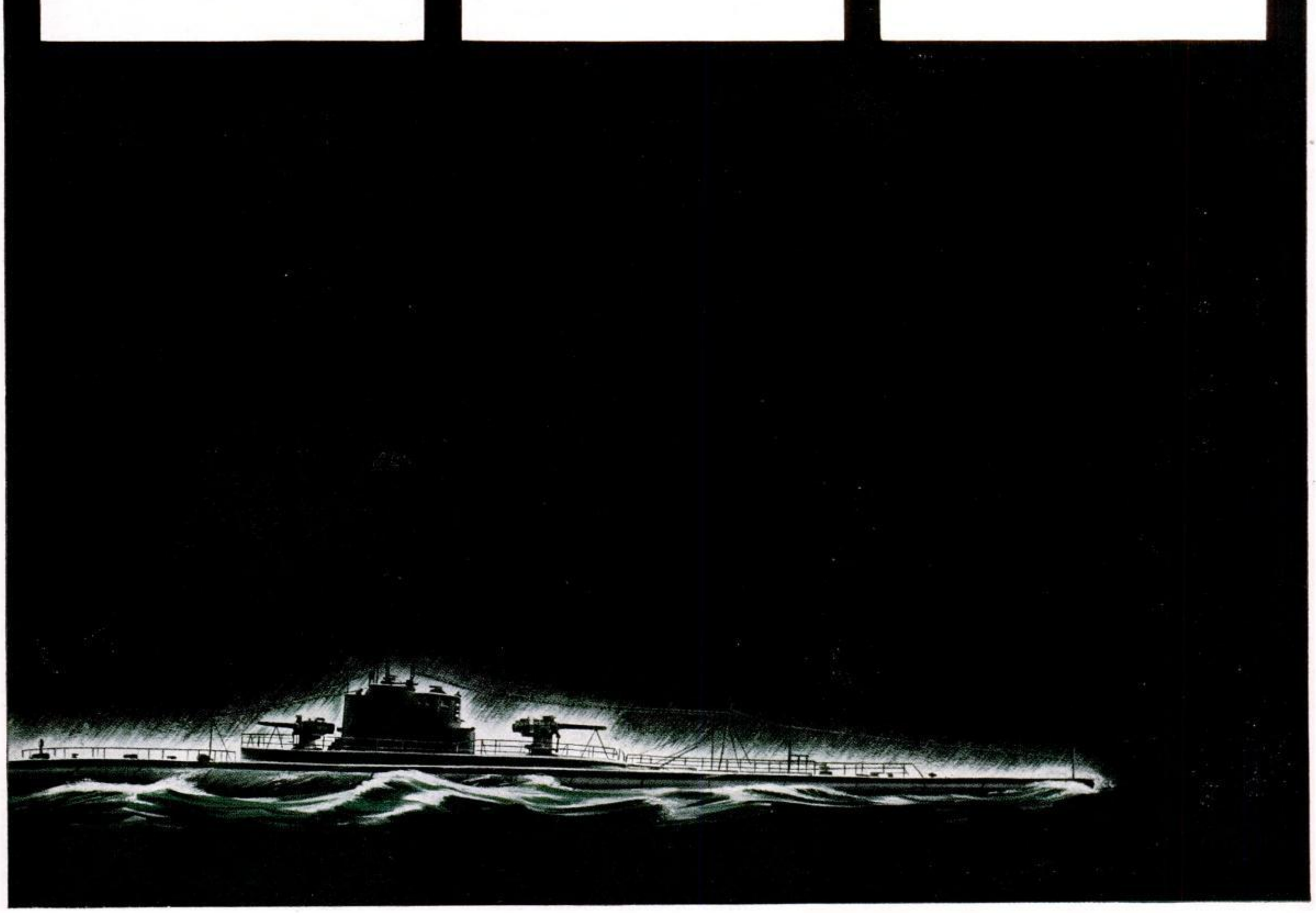
Specially selected timber from giant forests of the Pacific Northwest is the dependable source of Evans submarine battery separators.



Wide sheets of veneer are "peeled" from logs by huge, keen-edged knives, then conditioned to meet the very rigid battery specifications.



Smooth, strong and enduring, Evans submarine battery separators are carefully inspected and packed, then rushed into duty on the high seas.



"take 'er down!"

Power to crash-dive . . . remain submerged for hours or days . . . to have lights and purified air . . . all are possible in a submarine because of storage batteries!

Nestled snugly between the positive and negative plates in submarine batteries are wooden battery separators! Specially fashioned for strong construction . . . chemically treated to withstand action of acid . . . these dependable, silent servants of undersea craft provide motive power and safety to officers and crew.

Hewn from vast, company-owned tracts of fine, virgin timber, Evans separators are of highest quality and long life . . . are vital units in batteries serving mankind faithfully throughout the broad field of transportation, stationary power and in the mobile machines of mechanized war.

Evans Products Company is the largest single producer of battery separators in the world! ★ ★ ★

Vision to Anticipate the Needs of Tomorrow Creates New Industries Today

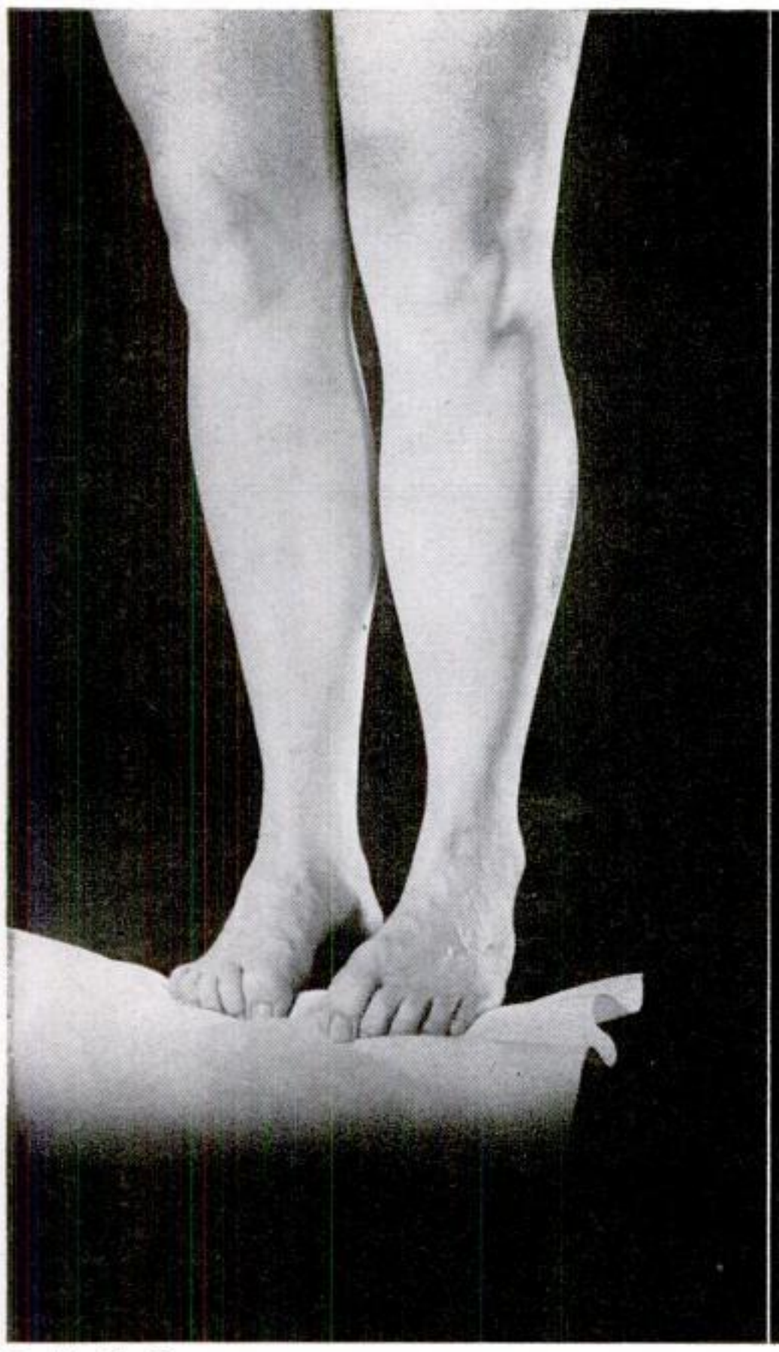
L. Evans PRESIDENT

EVANS PRODUCTS COMPANY

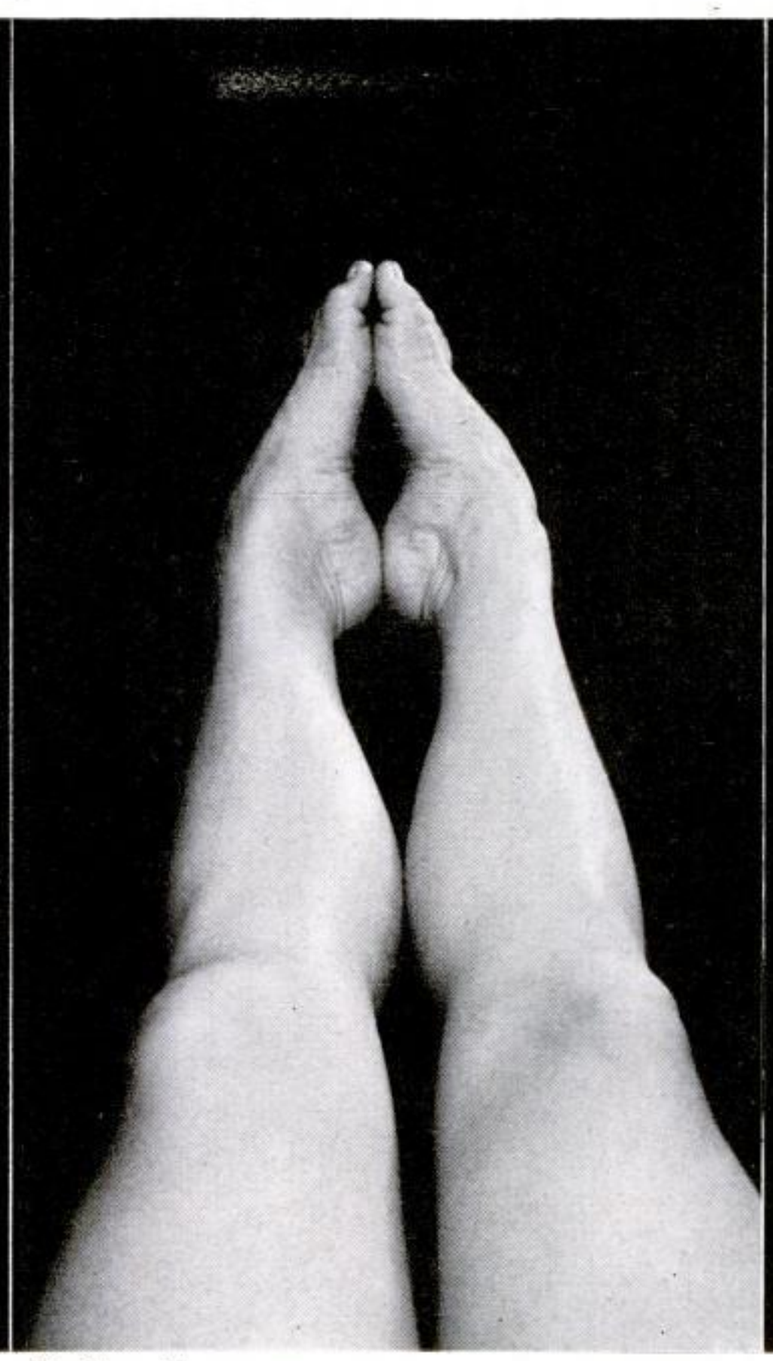
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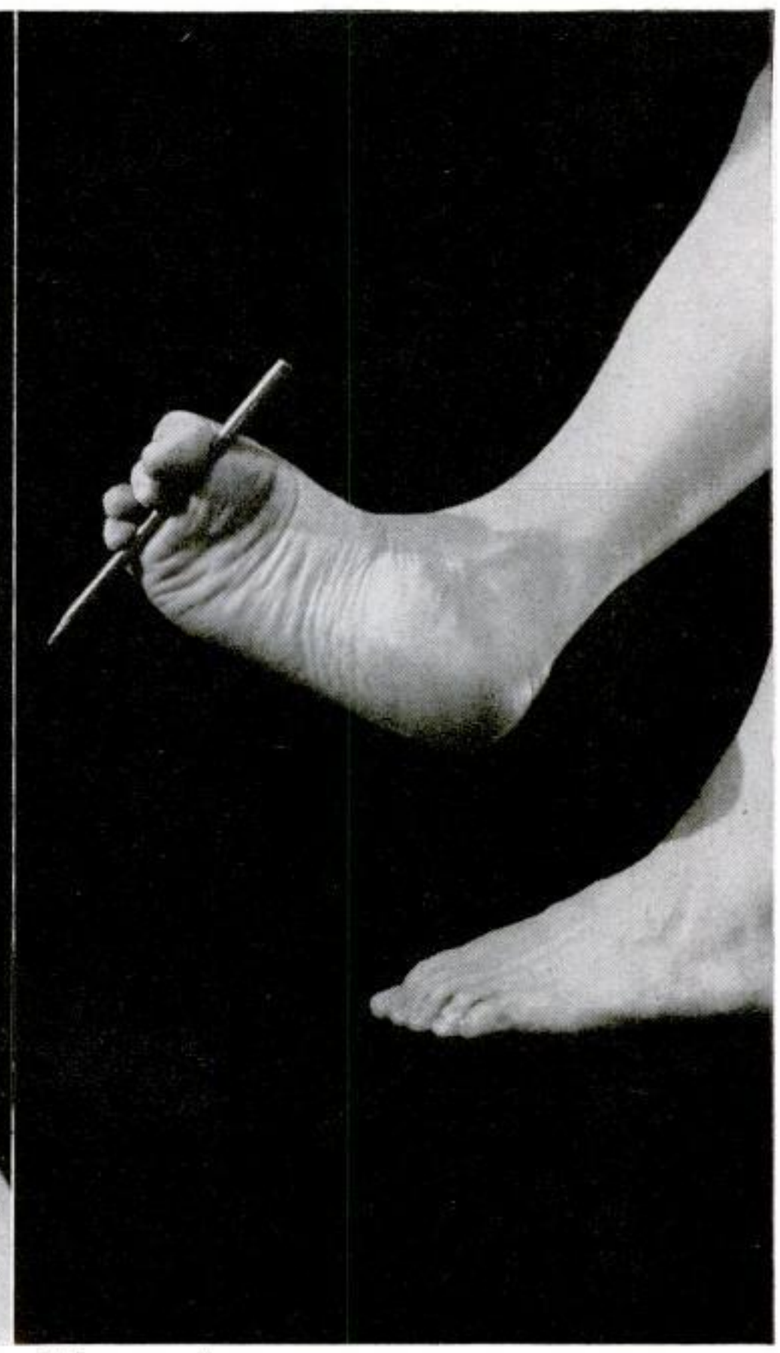
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Curling the toes strengthens arches. With toes, grip edge of the towel, pull toward you, then release. Lift toes, start again.



Stretch out legs while sitting on the floor and then try to put the soles of the feet together without bending the knees.



Pick up pencil with toes. Lay it down beyond other foot, then pick it up with the opposite foot and repeat the performance.

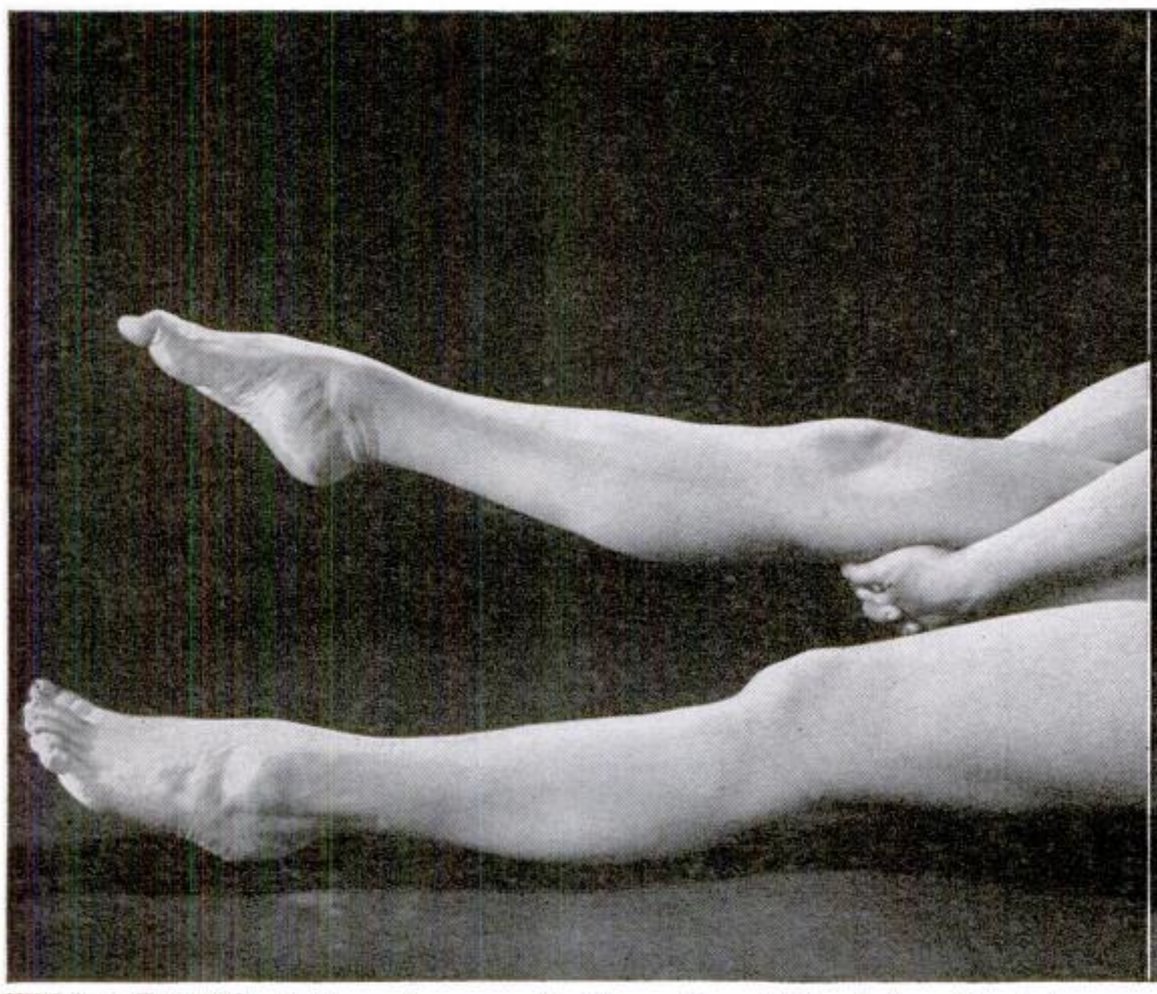
WACS' FEET

Physical training manual shows exercises used by corps to keep their feet in fine shape

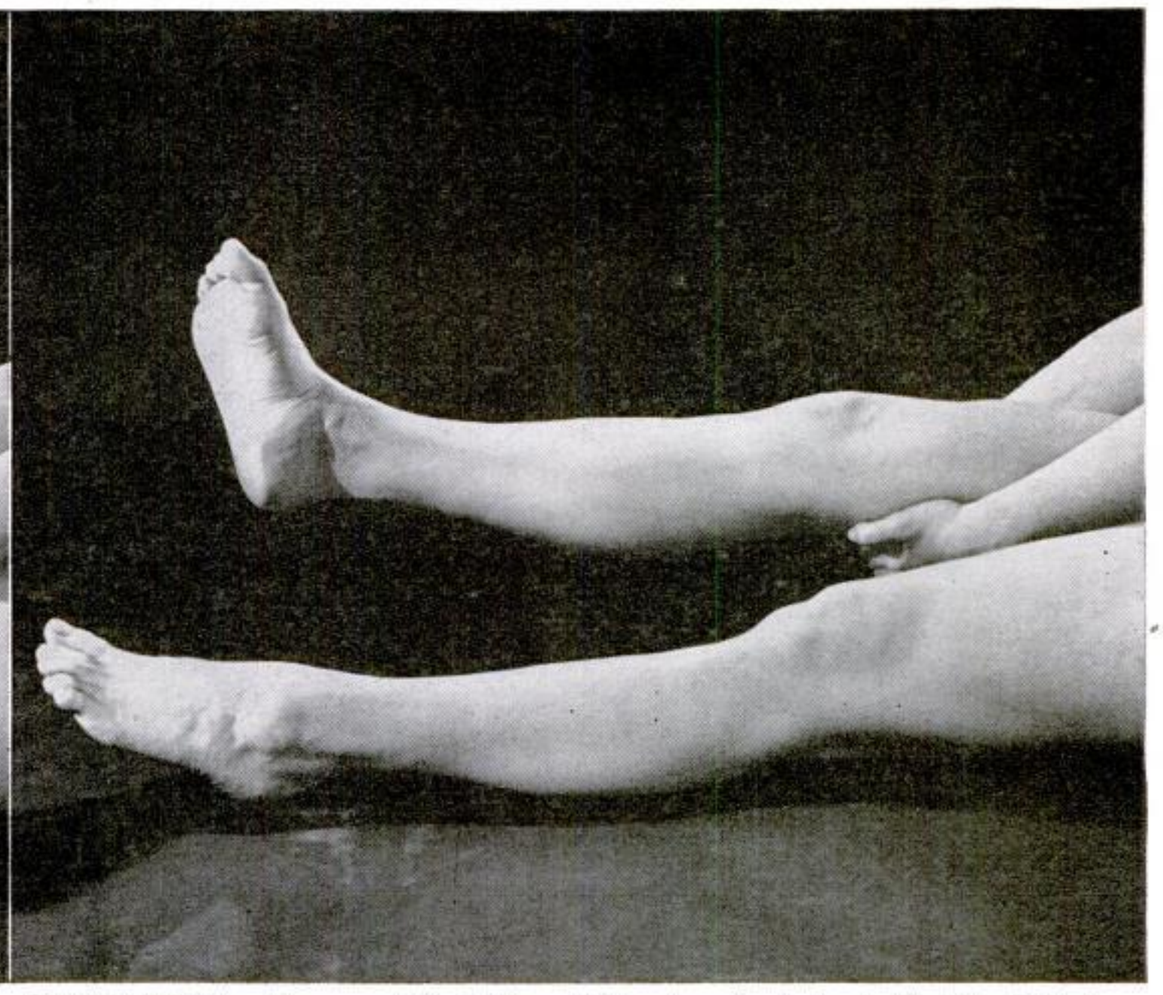
The feet of most women are in bad shape. They are born with good feet but vanity has made them bad. High heels, tight or ill-fitting shoes have resulted in strained and fallen arches, corns, bunions. Any one of these conditions may throw foot's delicate structure off balance, make it unfit for marching, standing, walking. Because an army must have good feet, a retently published Wac manual on physical training emphasizes exercises for the feet. The exercises on this page and the pages following show how Wacs are taught to acquire fit feet and to keep them so.

The Army gets Wacs off to a good start by providing them with well-fitted and moderate-heeled shoes. It teaches them to walk correctly, the best of all foot exercises. "To walk correctly," says the manual, "place the heel down squarely. Shift the weight down the foot more toward the outer than toward the inner border. Grip and push off with the toes."

In a foot with correct posture the arch is plainly visible and ankle bone is squarely over the foot. In a foot with poor posture the arch sinks toward the ground and ankle bone protrudes toward inner border of foot, is prominent and large. Thus, good posture not only results in happy feet but slimmer ankles.



With leg off ground, point toe as far as possible. Support leg with hands clasped under knee. Relax, then push the heel out as far as possible. Relax and then combine both movements.

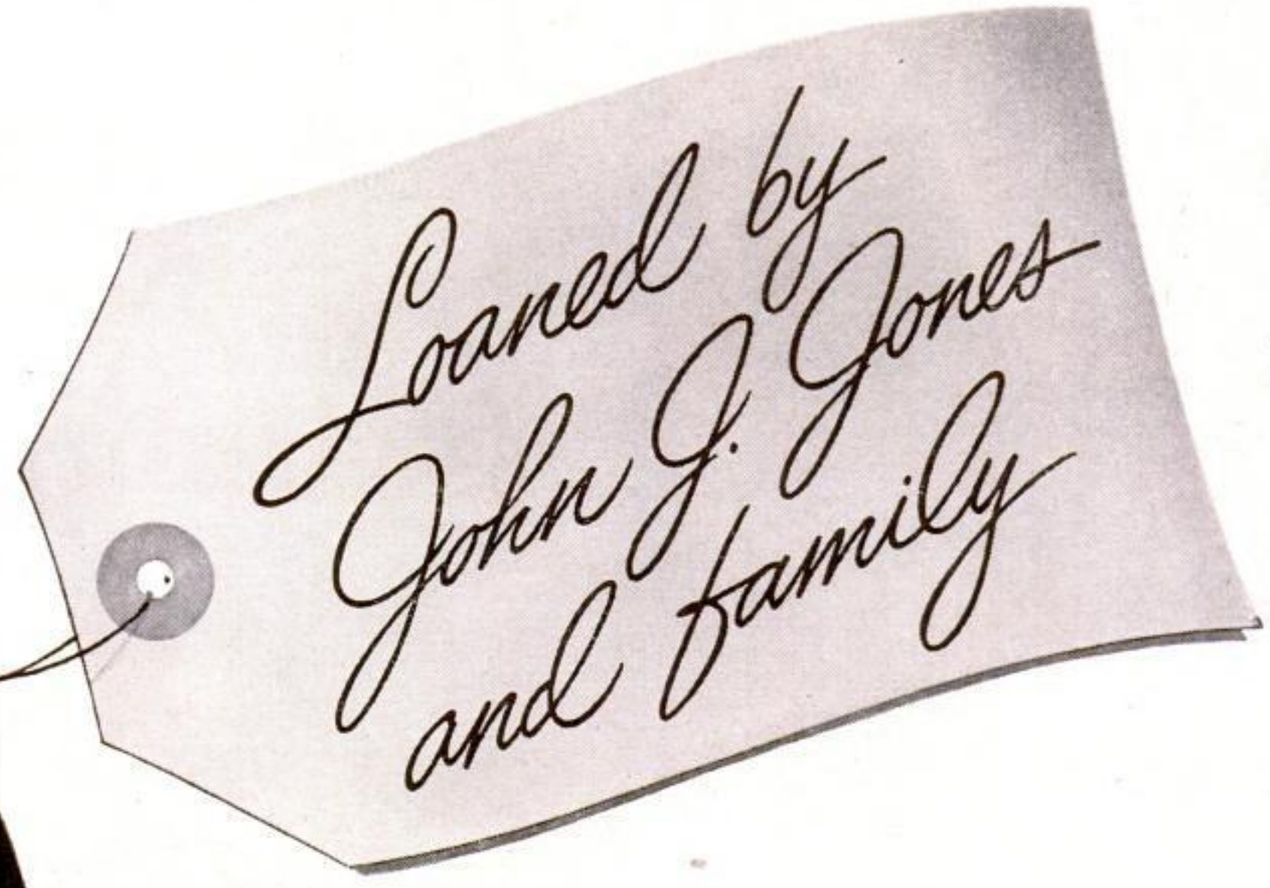


Turn the foot in as far as possible. Relax and then turn the foot out. Combine both these movements. In a similar position try circling the foot without twisting the leg at the knee.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

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Good for you, Mrs. Jones . . . and good for all your family! You're good Americans!

Back before she got married, twenty-odd years ago, Mrs. Jones was a crack stenographer and typist; and she's still mighty good. So with Army and Navy and war factories draining the young folks from office work, she heard the call. She's back at a typewriter—back at a good old L C Smith—and honestly getting a kick out of it.

It isn't easy . . . for her or for her family. But it's truly patriotic . . . and it's smart. She's doing work she knows how to do . . . using a skill already acquired . . . and putting the surplus income into additional War Bonds.

Mrs. Jones, we salute you! And we hope thousands of sister secretaries will follow in your footsteps!

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Syracuse 1, New York

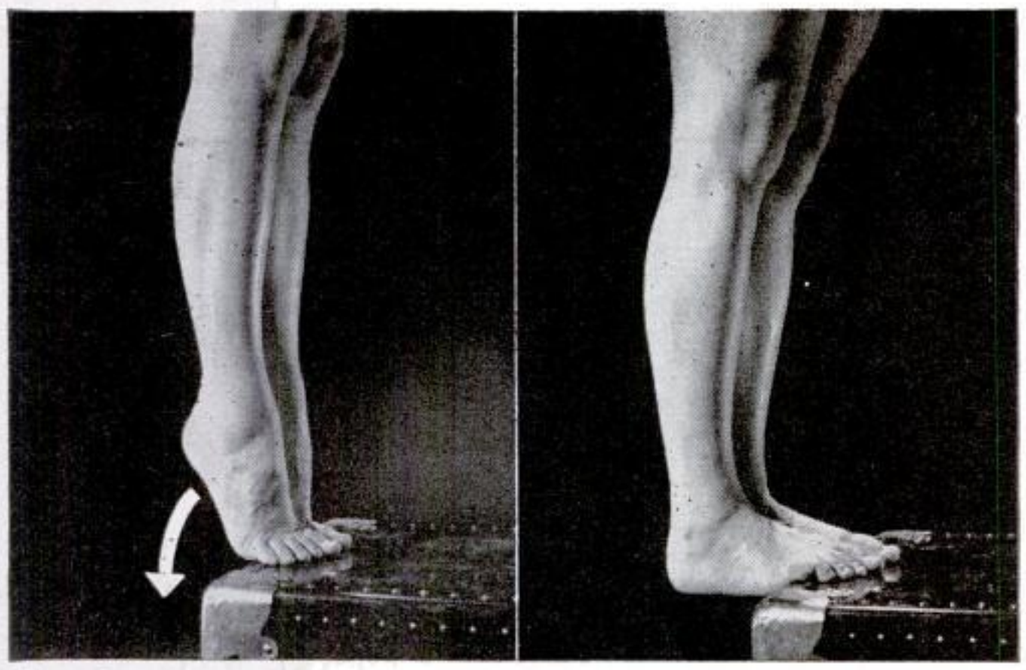
SMITH-CORONA

Typewriters

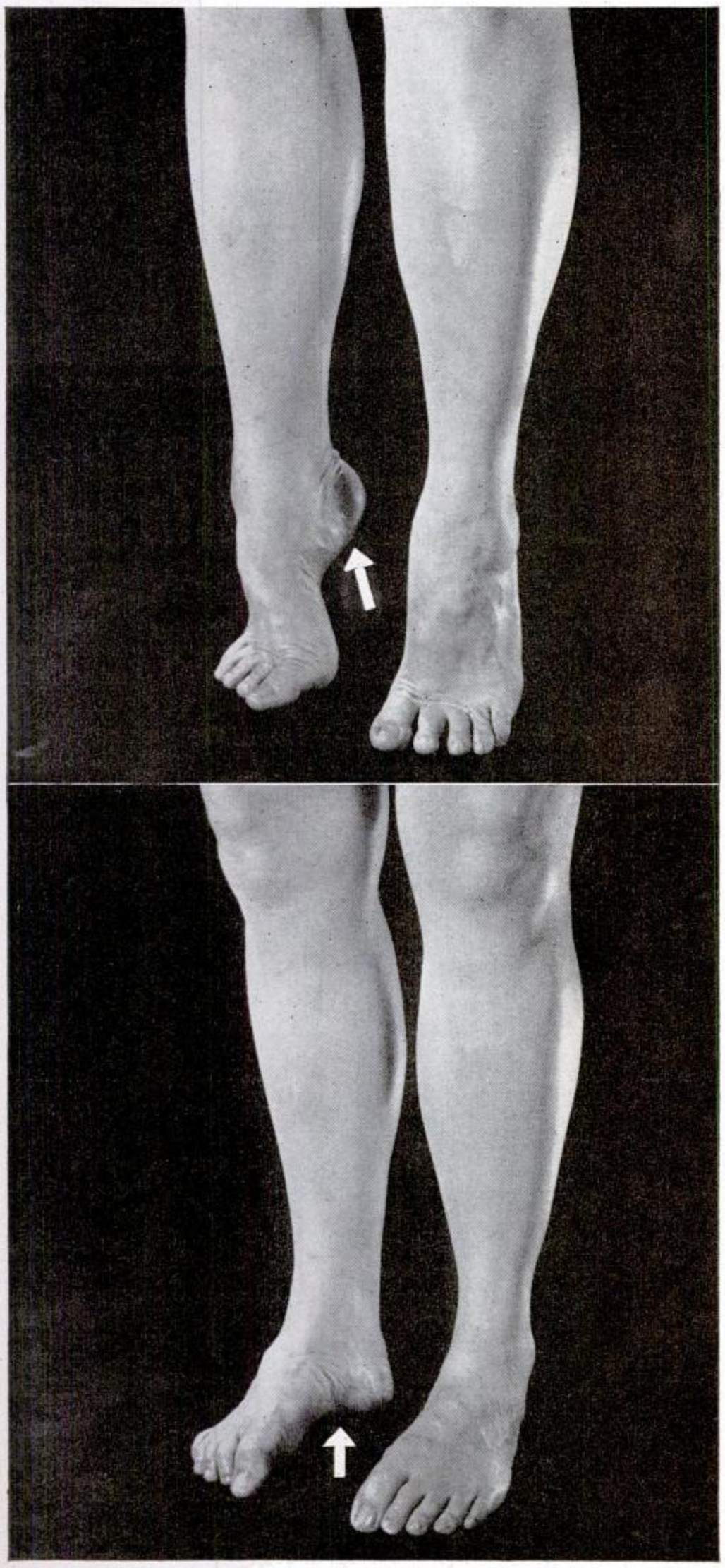


"Any job a woman takes which releases a man is a war job."

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Rise on toes while standing **on a heavy object close to ground, with entire weight** of body supported by the **balls of the feet. Drop heels down below level of the toes.**



With feet parallel, rise on toes (*top*). **Shift weight to outer border of** feet (*bottom*). Complete exercise by coming **down on heels and turning up toes as far as possible.**

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF
The Seaforth Highlanders
(*Full Dress*)
Carnatic—Hindoostan—Cape of Good Hope, 1806—Kabul, 1878—Afghanistan, 1878, 80—Egypt, 1882—Armentieres, 1914—Cambrai, 1917, 18—Baghdad

HONOURS OF
DEWAR'S "White Label"

Grand Prize . . . Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for its Excellence in Scotch Whisky.



IF reconnaisance at your favorite Scotch Headquarters shows there is no Dewar's on hand, be patient. Reinforcements are on their way. And Dewar's quality will score another unconditional victory for your good taste—*and for your good judgment in waiting!*

Victoria Vat
12
years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

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FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. *Six 9x12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 5, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, 1, N.Y., Dept. L.*

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

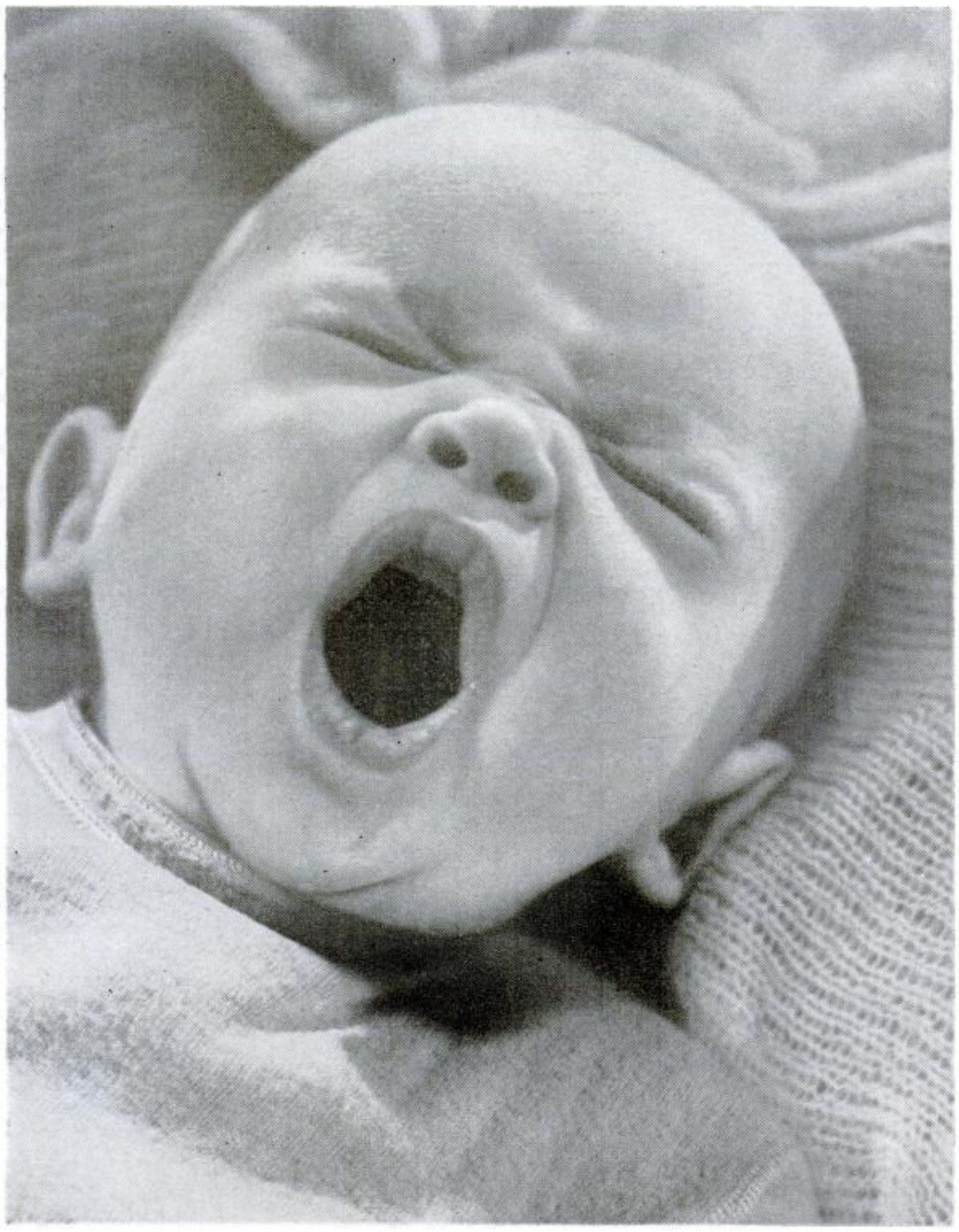
Dewar's "White Label"
and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL **SCOTCH** *OF THE WORLD*

Schenley IMPORTS

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Tucked in . . . and tuckered out!

It's mighty hard for Baby to keep awake when he's cuddled in the downy softness of a HANES Merrichild Sleeper.

Knit from downy cotton, these garments are warm and comfortable — especially important where house temperatures are lower. They also protect babies from neck to toe against exposure from kicked-off covers. Smooth, flat-locked seams won't irritate and awaken the child. Feet are double-soled for extra wear. They're fine values, too. HANES, the makers of the nationally popular HANES Underwear for men and boys, can also knit these quality garments for moderate prices.

The scampering children below show you the variety of styles. Made in pink and blue — in lovely pastel tints. *Shop for sleep* at your leading store. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



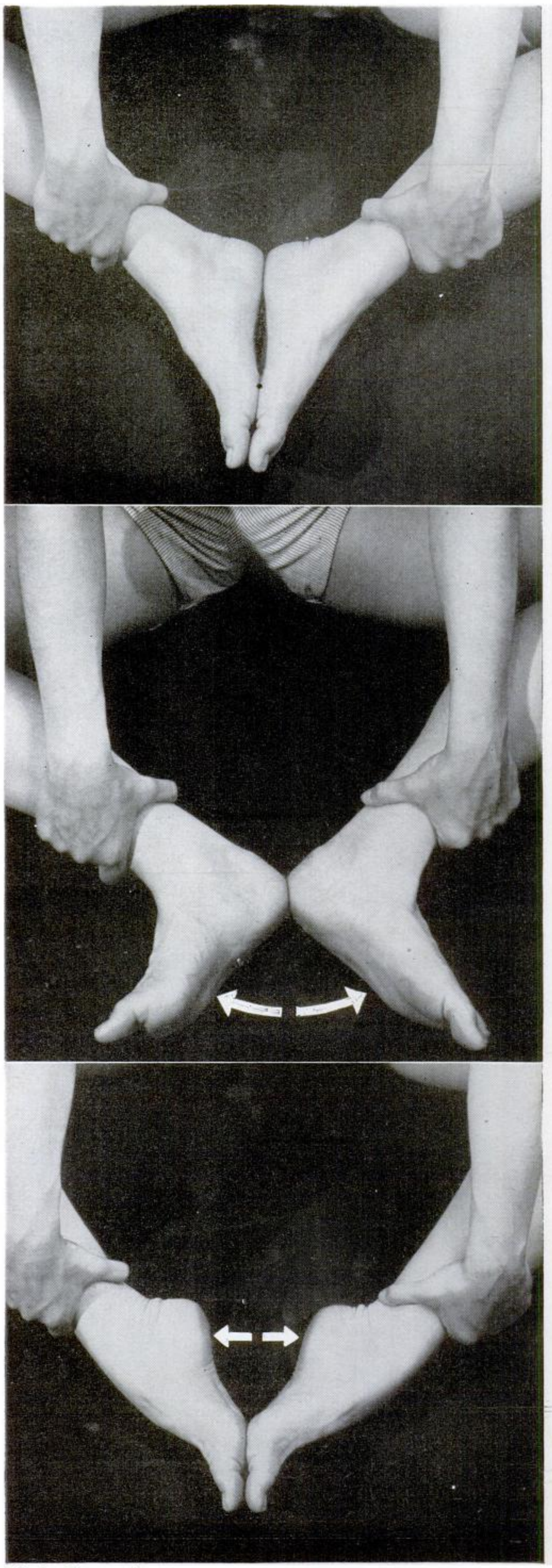
A *Two-piece suit. Ages 0 to 4.*

B *One-piece button-back suit. Ages 0 to 3.*

C *One-piece button-front suit. Ages 4 to 8.*

HANES Merrichild SLEEPERS

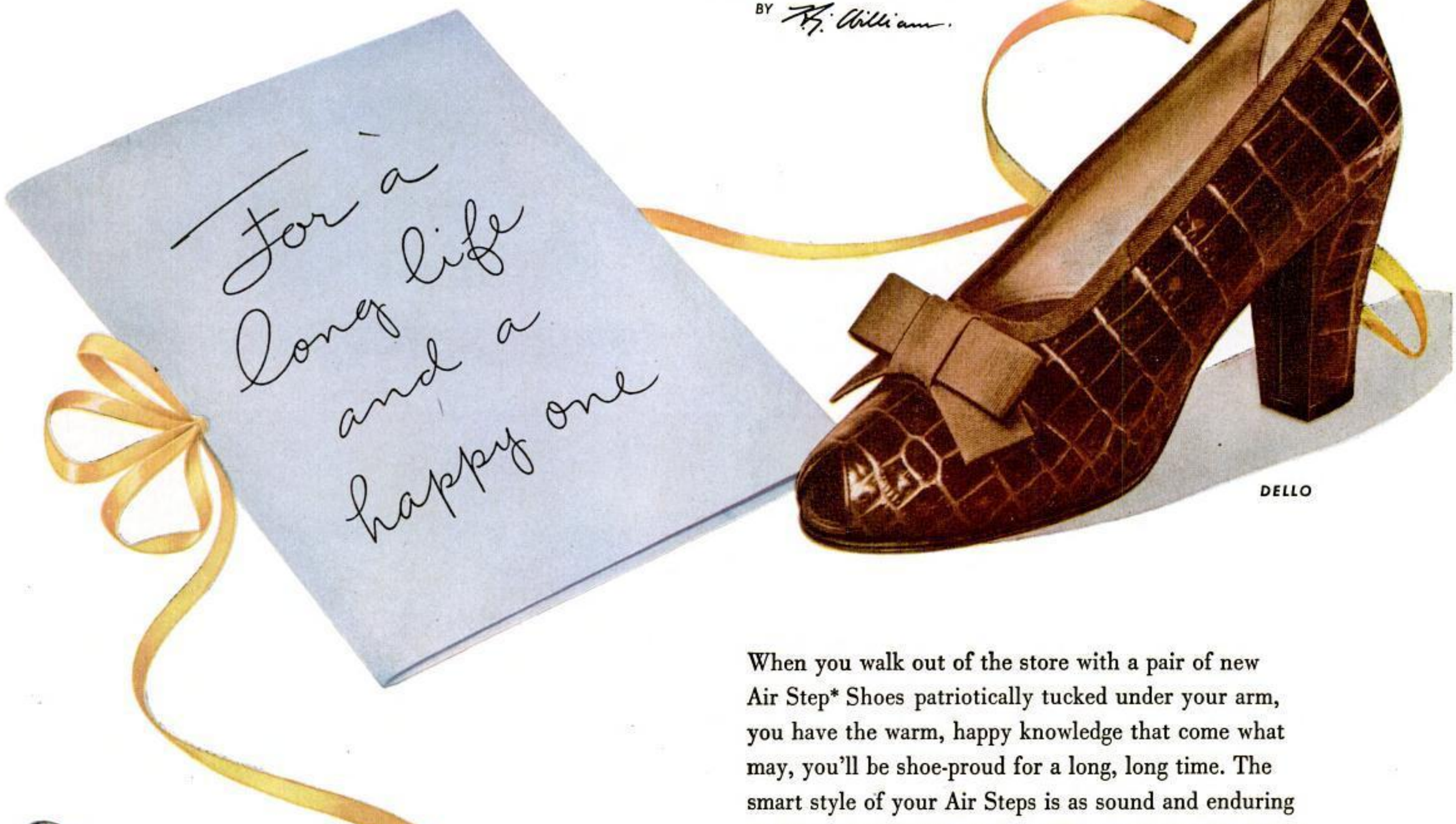
FASHIONED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS HANES UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS



A heel-and-toe exercise. Sit on the floor with 1) soles of feet together, hands grasping ankles; 2) spread the balls of the feet far apart, keeping the heels and the little toes on floor; 3) spread heels as far apart as possible. Throughout keep the back straight.

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AIR STEP SHOES ILLUSTRATED
ARE DIRECT COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS
BY B. F. Williams.



DELLO

When you walk out of the store with a pair of new Air Step* Shoes patriotically tucked under your arm, you have the warm, happy knowledge that come what may, you'll be shoe-proud for a long, long time. The smart style of your Air Steps is as sound and enduring as the quality built into them. The gentle femininity of Air Steps is as satisfying as their kindly Magic Sole.

SENTRY

Air Step

THE SHOE WITH THE MAGIC SOLE $6.50
HIGHER DENVER WEST

DARWIN

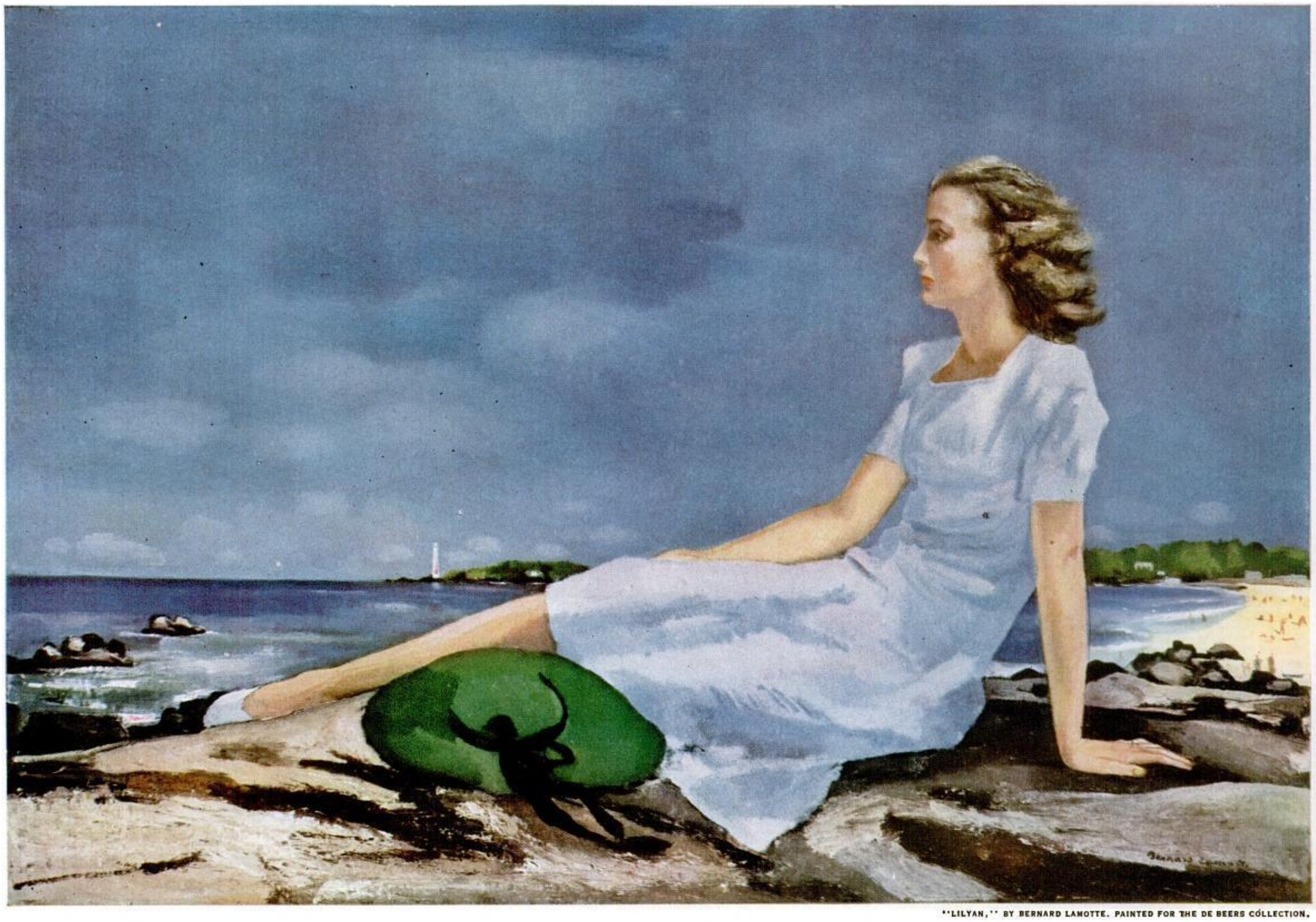
What is the Magic Sole? A hidden, soft-as-down cushion of tiny air cells to absorb walking jars and jolts and keep you "Fresh at Five." See Air Steps at your nearest Air Step store, or write for name of near-by Air Step dealer. BROWN SHOE COMPANY, Manufacturers, St. Louis.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BACK THE ATTACK. As your personal pledge of loyalty to the boy nearest your heart, buy an EXTRA War Bond—this month.

Copyrighted material

How far its beam A little light, so constant and so sweetly clear it finds his heart across the widest waters and hours of loneliness. That is his diamond on her finger — an ever-fixéd beacon, pledge to safe home-comings and fair rewards in their new-day life to be.



"LILYAN," BY BERNARD LAMOTTE. PAINTED FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION.



N W AYER & SON

Facts You Should Know About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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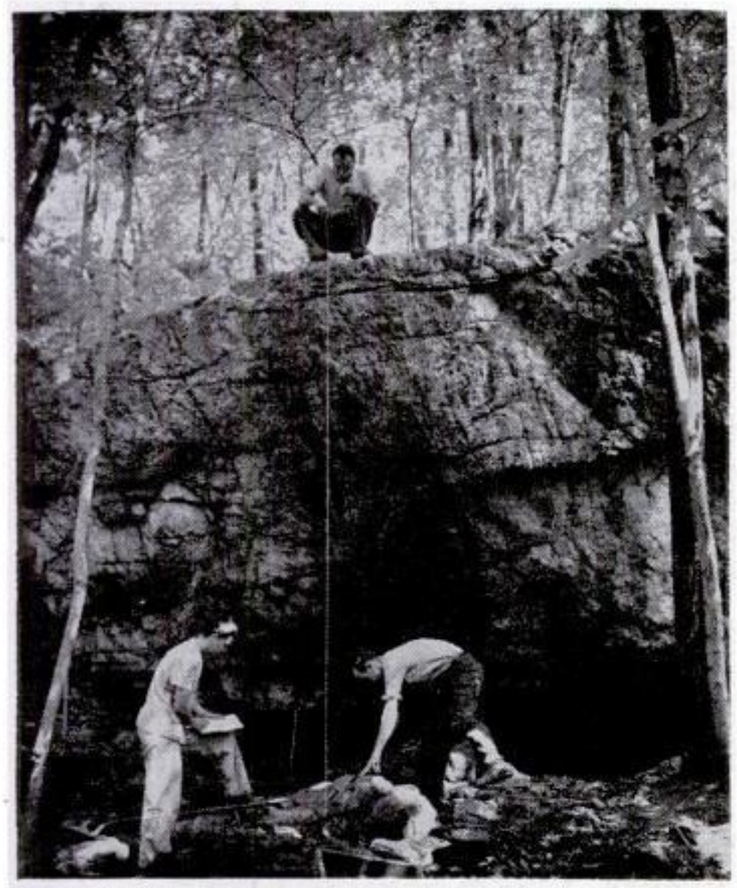
TEN-YEAR-OLD BETTY LOU NORRIS PLACES A STAKE AT THE CORNER OF ONE OF THE 5-FT. SQUARES WHICH WILL GUIDE ARCHEOLOGISTS EXCAVATING AT THE REAR OF CAVE

OLD INDIAN CAVE

Girl Scout finds a rock shelter full of ancient axes and pottery

All summer Betty Lou Norris of Brooklyn, N. Y. had been listening carefully to her Girl Scout lectures on archeology. When she saw charred bones under an overhanging rock in New York State's Bear Mountain-Harriman Park during a field trip in late August she knew they marked an old Indian campsite. Archeologists from the Park's Trailside Museums hiked up the mountain for a look and said Betty Lou's rock shelter was the most important archeological find made in the lower Hudson Valley in five years.

After the discovery the cave was measured and its floor marked off into 28 5-ft. squares. Workers began digging one square at a time, noting the vertical position of each artifact found so that its relative age could be determined. By now twelve squares have been excavated and the cave has produced 230 arrowheads, axes and bits of pottery, the remains of Iroquois, Algonquin and a third pre-Columbian culture.



Measurement of cave was the first task of archeologists. A family of six probably lived in cave judging from its size.



Iroquois pottery fragment dating from 1600 was found almost at surface. Oldest relics from cave go back 800 years.



Pieced together by Lilian Fuller, Museums' archeologist, pottery fragments begin to take shape of original vessel.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 89

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"Have you noticed
how many people have switched
to Canadian Club?"



Taste why more Americans
choose Canadian Club
than any other
imported whisky

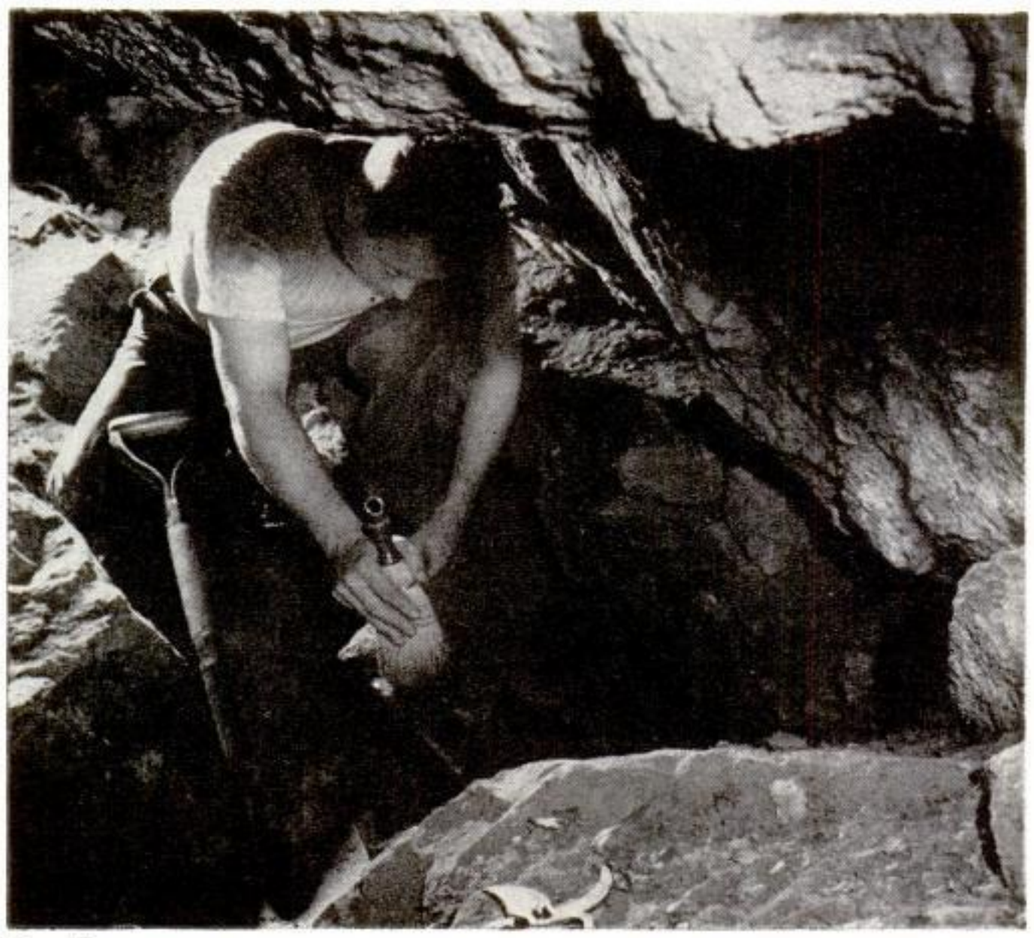


Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

Indian Cave (continued)



Five-foot squares are measured on floor of cave and on ground in front as prelude to excavation. All earth in each square will be minutely examined to depth of four feet.



Deep in cave Staff Assistant John Kenny of the Trailside Museums cleans boulder bared by digging. Earth swept from the rock contained bits of pottery and old ashes.



Earth is sifted to make sure that nothing is overlooked. This technique produced tiny bone fishhook made by Northern Iroquois and dropped here while on a hunting trip.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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... and now WARNER BROS. present

Your Own Army in the Army's Own Show!



STARRING MEN OF THE ARMED FORCES and GEO. MURPHY · JOAN LESLIE Lt. RONALD REAGAN GEO. TOBIAS · CHAS. BUTTERWORTH and KATE SMITH

Produced by JACK L. WARNER and HAL B. WALLIS

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

SCREEN PLAY BY CASEY ROBINSON AND CAPT. CLAUDE BINYON BASED ON THE STAGE SHOW IRVING BERLIN'S "THIS IS THE ARMY" • MUSIC AND LYRICS BY IRVING BERLIN

If you saw 'Yankee Doodle Dandy', 'Casablanca' and 'Air Force' . . . 'Mission to Moscow' and 'Action in the North Atlantic' . . . 'The Constant Nymph' and 'Watch on the Rhine' . . . then you won't be surprised at the *spirit* of 'THIS IS THE ARMY'.

For this same spirit has distinguished Warner Bros. pictures since the world began to split at the seams.

It's the spirit that sends folks home from the theater not only royally *entertained,* but also a little bit prouder of their American birthright of freedom — a bit more anxious to get in that extra lick for Victory.

This spirit isn't accidental (any more than the fact that Army Emergency Relief will benefit to the tune of millions of dollars through the production of 'THIS IS THE ARMY' is accidental). It stems directly from Warner Bros'. wartime policy.

☆ ☆ ☆

And so, when the New York Times referred to 'THIS IS THE ARMY' as 'the best show of a generation', and went on to speak of Warner Bros'. 'enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making', all of us at Warner Bros. resolved to make that record ever more enviable in days—and pictures—to come!

WARNER BROS.

FOREMOST IN MOTION PICTURES

J. L. Warner, Executive Producer

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WISE OLD DOG ASKS—

ARE YOU A CALORY-CADGER?



Begging's extra bad form these days . . . the family needs their food—all of it—to work and win. And anyway, there's wholesome, appetizing Pard for you and me. Ask the boss for Pard and you won't want to beg.



PARD DEHYDRATED

Pard's so popular—your dealer may sometimes be fresh out. But please your dog and always ask for Pard first.

*He asks so little . . . the family dog. In return gives all his devotion and respect. Let's treat him well.



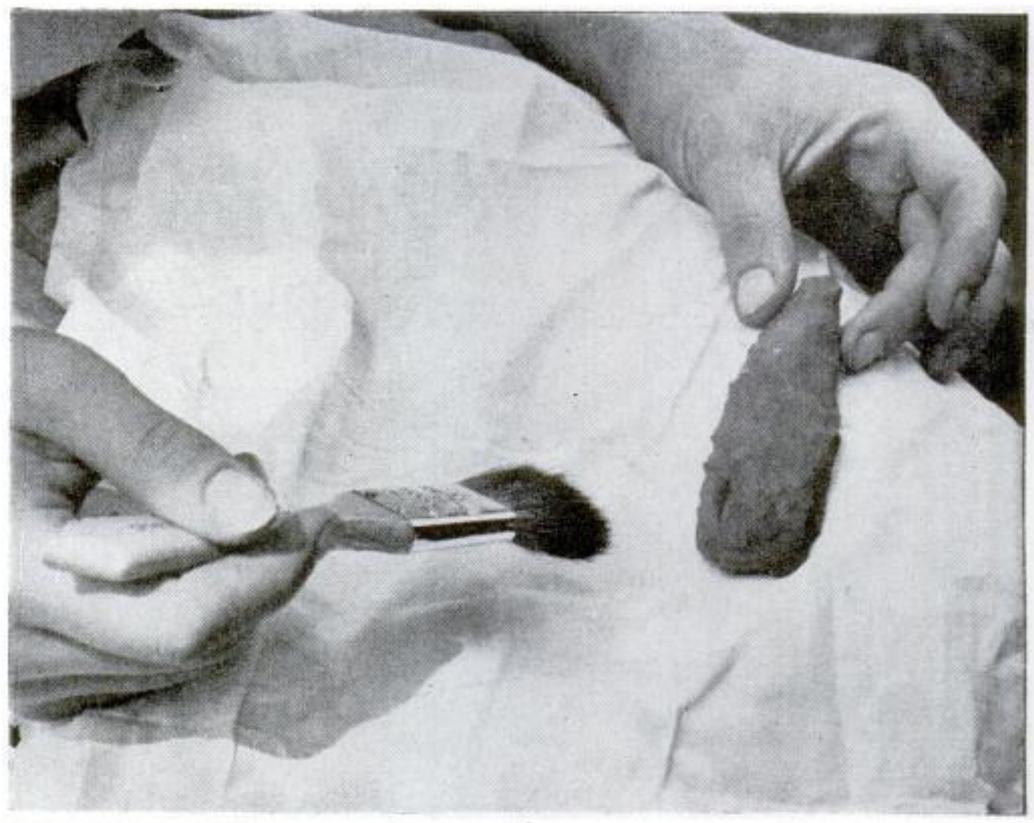
After the

BLACKOUTS ARE OVER

Someday, air raid alarms and blackouts will be only a memory. But, many a boy will look back to the time when he and his sturdy "Roadmaster" bicycle did yeoman service as an air raid messenger. After the blackouts are over, and the maker of "Roadmaster," America's finer bicycle (now doing 100% war work), is again manufacturing bicycles for pleasure, there will be plenty of these famous "Roadmasters"—with all postwar improvements—for boys and girls, as well as adults. Buy a bond now! Buy a bicycle then!!

THE CLEVELAND WELDING CO.
West 117th Street at Berea Road • Cleveland, Ohio

Roadmaster
AMERICA'S *finer* BICYCLES



Arrowhead is brushed to remove earth. This specimen came from lowest level where soil is yellow indicating that the Hudson Valley region was once free of forest cover.



Bone fragments along with flint arrowheads are sent to the Museums to be washed, dried and catalogued. Type of bones found indicates agricultural or nomadic culture.



Specimens are catalogued on table, grouped according to level and square in which they were found. Large rock in foreground under archeologist's arm is an axhead.

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Juices of all these nutritious vegetables in every glass of V-8

Just for itself — you'll find delight in every sip of delicious V-8 because its keen, tangy, refreshing taste just *sparkles* with the goodness of a whole garden! Its flavor comes from an inspired combination of vegetable juices • lettuce • celery • carrots • beets • spinach • tomatoes • parsley • watercress — pressed from the vegetables when at their best and *glowing* with country garden sunshine.

And with other foods — when conditions make variety in meals something of a puzzle, V-8 as an ingredient in many dishes — aspics, souffles, stews, meat sauces, molded salads and the like — will win rousing cheers from the family every time! Just try it! V-8 is pasteurized (not cooked). It contains Vitamins A, B and C, calcium and iron, and it's ready to use — instantly!



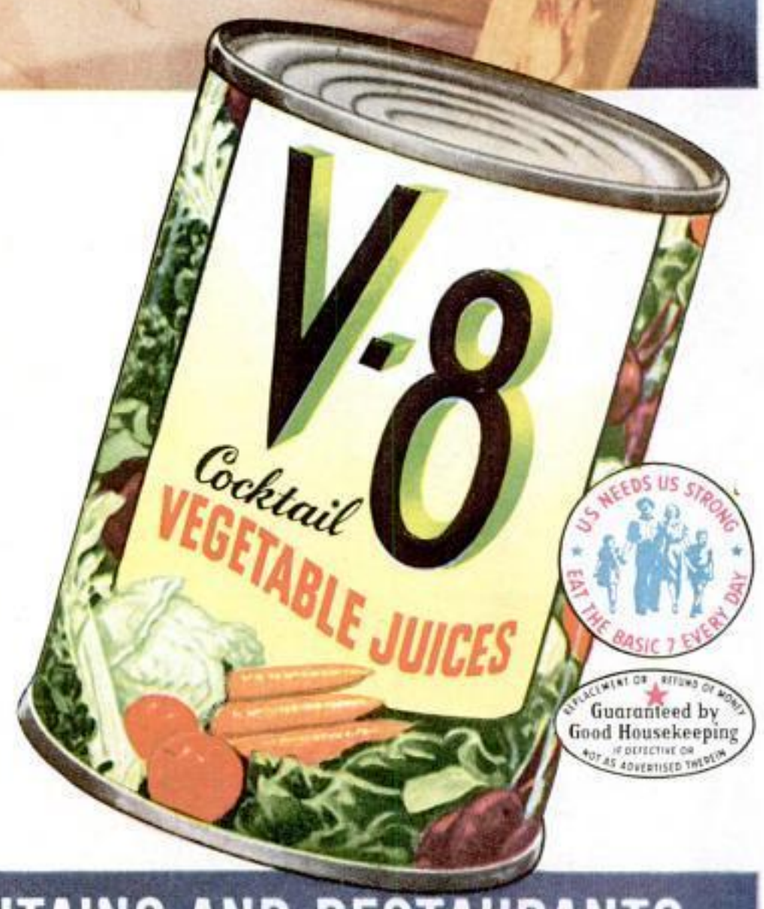
YANKEE NOODLE—DANDY!

Melt 3 tbsp. shortening; add 2 tbsp. onion, 3 tbsp. red and green peppers, 4 tbsp. mushrooms, all chopped. Cook until tender. Stir in 4 tbsp. flour. Add 2¼ cups V-8 slowly, stirring until tender; boil 2 minutes. Add 1 pkg. Royal Salad Gelatin (Aspic); stir until dissolved. Serve hot over cooked noodles. 4-6 servings.



COTTAGE GARDEN SALAD!

Dissolve 1 pkg. Royal Salad Gelatin (Aspic) in 1 cup boiling V-8; add 1 cup cold V-8. Pour into 6 small moulds, chill until firm. Mix together ½ tsp. onion juice, 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, a few grains pepper, 1 cup cottage cheese. Unmold aspic, serve on lettuce, garnish with cottage cheese. 6 servings.



For V-8 Recipe Book Write to Standard Brands Incorporated, Loudon Division, Terre Haute, Indiana

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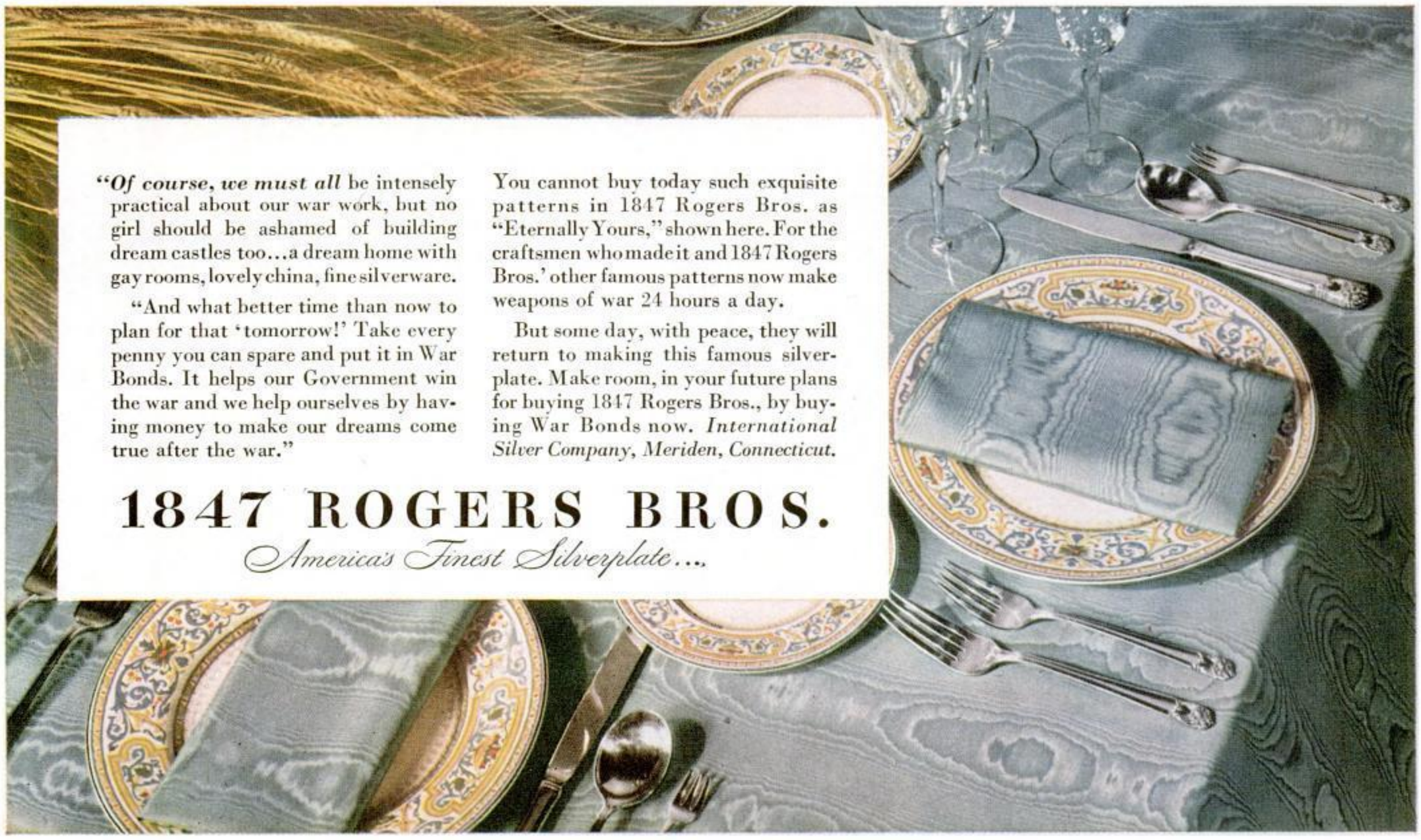
ORDER V-8 FROM YOUR FOOD STORE—ENJOY V-8 AT FOUNTAINS AND RESTAURANTS

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Paramount is co-starring Veronica Lake in "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," a story of high courage of nurses on Bataan.

"ASHAMED TO BUILD AIR CASTLES?" *asks Veronica Lake*



"Of course, we must all be intensely practical about our war work, but no girl should be ashamed of building dream castles too...a dream home with gay rooms, lovely china, fine silverware.

"And what better time than now to plan for that 'tomorrow!' Take every penny you can spare and put it in War Bonds. It helps our Government win the war and we help ourselves by having money to make our dreams come true after the war."

You cannot buy today such exquisite patterns in 1847 Rogers Bros. as "Eternally Yours," shown here. For the craftsmen who made it and 1847 Rogers Bros.' other famous patterns now make weapons of war 24 hours a day.

But some day, with peace, they will return to making this famous silverplate. Make room, in your future plans for buying 1847 Rogers Bros., by buying War Bonds now. *International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

America's Finest Silverplate...

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MARCUS WHITMAN AND HIS FAMOUS RIDE

The Northwest celebrates the 100th Anniversary of an epic journey which helped save the Oregon Territory for the U. S.

During the years 1842 and 1843 a man rode out of Oregon, across the continent to Washington and New York and Boston, and then rode back again, spreading the news of Oregon everywhere he went. The man was Marcus Whitman, a doctor and missionary who lived among the Indians and, a few years later, was killed by them. His ride for Oregon is one of the greatest feats of bravery and endurance in U. S. history. Next week, on the centennial of his safe return, it will be celebrated throughout the Northwest. For after Marcus Whitman came the flood of emigrants along the Oregon Trail, and the Oregon battle cry of "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight!" and the gaining of a Pacific empire for the U. S.

On the following two pages readers will find a map drawn especially for LIFE by Artist Robert Ball depicting Whitman's route and the main events of his ride. At the time he started out "Oregon" meant a vast region west of the Rocky Mountains which extended from California up to the Russian boundary of Alaska (54°40′). No one knew who would own it eventually; under a treaty arrangement it was "jointly occupied" by the governments of Great Britain and the U. S. But the real power lay in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company and its British agents, who operated all the important trading posts and forts in the territory.

The first Americans to bring their wives and wagons over the Oregon Trail were Marcus Whitman and another missionary named Henry Spalding. They were sent to Oregon in 1836 by the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston, which had heard that the Indians of the Northwest wanted to know the Bible. Whitman built his mission, Waiilatpu, among the Cayuse Indians on the Walla Walla River, in the southeastern corner of the present state of Washington. Spalding located at Lapwai, on the Clearwater River in Idaho, among the Nez Percés. A daughter born to Whitman's wife, Narcissa, in 1837 was first American child born in Oregon.

Whitman taught the Indians religion and he also taught them to use hoes and plows. He imported cattle, sheep and pigs. He built a mill and a trading post for the Oregon pioneers who were beginning to arrive in small groups. He visited the British forts and saw the Oregon country as few Americans had ever seen it—the great valleys and fertile plains, millions of acres of finest grazing land, inexhaustible forest riches. Like every American in Oregon, he wanted Oregon to be American.

In 1842 the mission board in Boston ordered some of the Oregon missions closed. Whitman was appointed by the other missionaries to return and try to get the order changed. At the same time two rumors were sweeping the Oregon country: 1) that the Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, was ready to give up U. S. claims to Oregon; and 2) that a company of English colonists was coming to settle the best land there.

Whitman hurriedly left Waiilatpu in October 1842, at the beginning of the most terrible winter the Western pioneers had ever seen, and reached St. Louis in March 1843. From there on his journey became one long publicity ride for Oregon. He walked into the White House and urged President John Tyler to send more Americans to Oregon; he called on the most famous editor in America, Horace Greeley, and asked him to write about Oregon. He preached Oregon in churches, streets and homes. And in May 1843, after successfully completing his mission business, he started back across the Oregon Trail at the head of the biggest wagon train of Oregon emigrants ever assembled.

Four years later he was murdered by the Indians of his mission, along with his wife (*see below*) and twelve other white residents.

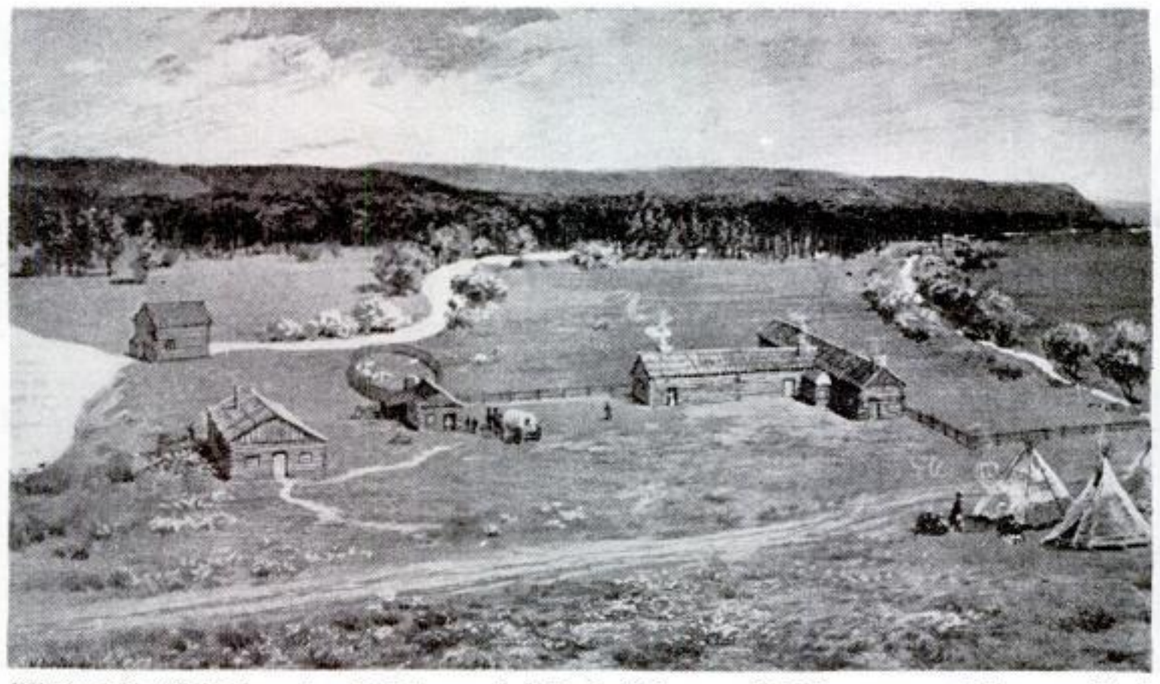
Whitman's ride and the surge of westward migration changed the whole U. S. attitude toward Oregon. Within a year election crowds were shouting "Fifty-Four Forty or Fight!" meaning that they would fight England if we did not get the whole Oregon Territory. We did not get 54°40′, and we did not fight (*see map next page*). The new President, James K. Polk, accepted a compromise line at 49°, but the best part of Oregon came under the American flag and is now divided into the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and the parts of Montana and Wyoming which lie west of the Rockies.



Statue of Marcus Whitman in Philadelphia shows him as rugged pioneer, missionary. He was born of Yankee parents in Rushville, N. Y.



Whitman's wife, Narcissa Prentiss, volunteered as missionary before they were wed.



Whitman's mission consisted of log and adobe buildings and Indian tepees. Whitmans lived on wild horse meat when they first came here. Their bed was made of boards nailed to wall.



Whitman's main murderer was Chief Tiloukaikt of Cayuse Indians. He was hanged.

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(continued)

Hudson's Bay Company

Fort Colville (Br.)

WAIILATPU (U.S.)

Fort Walla Walla (Br.)

Astoria (Br.)

Columbia River

Umalilla River

Lapwai (U.S.)

Missouri River

START

OCT. 3, 1842. *Whitman leaves Waiilatpu Mission and heads east, accompanied by Asa Lovejoy.*

13

BRITISHER GRANT again tries to discourage the emigrants but Whitman leads them through. Whitman's ride ended at Waiilatpu Sept. 28, 1843.

Fort Boise (Br.)

Fort Hall (Br.)

2

OCT. 18. He reaches Fort Hall (now Pocatello, Idaho) where British Commander Grant advises him to turn back because Indians are "on the warpath." Whitman turns south instead.

(U.S.) Fort Uinta

4

NEAR GRAND JUNCTION, COLO., he crosses the partly frozen Colorado River, swimming his horse through broken ice.

3

NOV. 1. He reaches Fort Uinta (near present White Rocks, Utah) after riding through terrible snows in unknown country. He immediately pushes on.

Colorado River

Bent's Fort

Arkansas River

5

SOUTH OF THE COLORADO he and Lovejoy become lost in blizzard, are rescued by hunters who feed them on fresh-killed buffalo. They reach Santa Fe and Taos in mid-December.

Santa Fé

6

JAN. 7, 1843. Whitman reaches Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, after becoming lost and freezing hands, feet and face while riding alone on Sunday. He never traveled on Sunday again.

Alaska

The Oregon Border Dispute

54° 40' Boundary Claimed By Russia

49° Present Boundary

Waiilatpu

Fort Walla Walla

Lapwai

Mexican Border Until 1848

42°

Joseph Meek

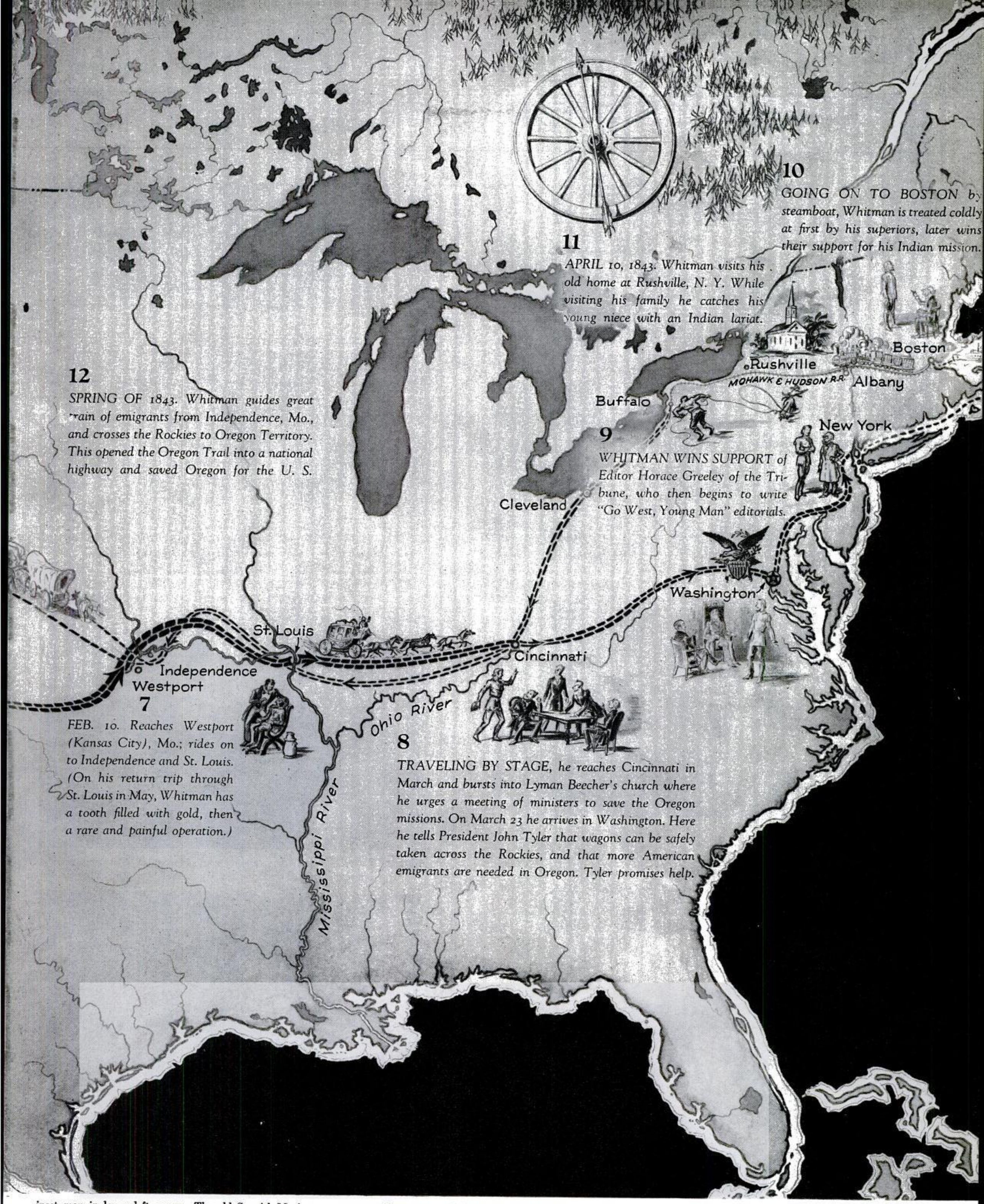
Tiloukaikt

Marcus Whitman's Ride For Oregon 1842-1843

ROBERT BALL

Whitman's ride carried him almost entire length and breadth of the territory now included in the U. S. To follow him the reader should begin in the upper left corner of this map at Waiilatpu, Whitman's mission, near the present-day Walla Walla, Wash., and follow the numbered captions in order. After leaving neutral Oregon Whitman had to pass through two foreign nations (Mexico and Texas) before reaching the border of what was then the U. S., at Bent's Fort, Colo. The Oregon border dispute of the 1840's is explained in the

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inset map in lower left corner. The old Spanish-Mexican border was at 42° and the Alaskan border claimed by Russia was at 54°40′. Between them was Oregon. Present boundary, at 49°, was accepted by President Polk as compromise, after Great Britain and the U. S. both tried to settle the entire territory. In the cartouche drawn by Robert Ball, Tiloukaikt, Whitman's murderer, is holding the actual tomahawk used in the killing. Joseph Meek, at left, was famous trapper and U. S. marshal who hanged Tiloukaikt for the murder.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 97

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THEY LIKE IT ★★★ IT LIKES THEM



So wholesome and good is 7-Up that youngsters can enjoy it with their granddads. Brisk and clean in flavor, chilled 7-Up quenches thirst completely, makes your mouth feel awake and fresh. It's America's "fresh up" for every age because . . . young or old . . . "they like it, it likes them".

7up

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1943, The Seven-Up Co.

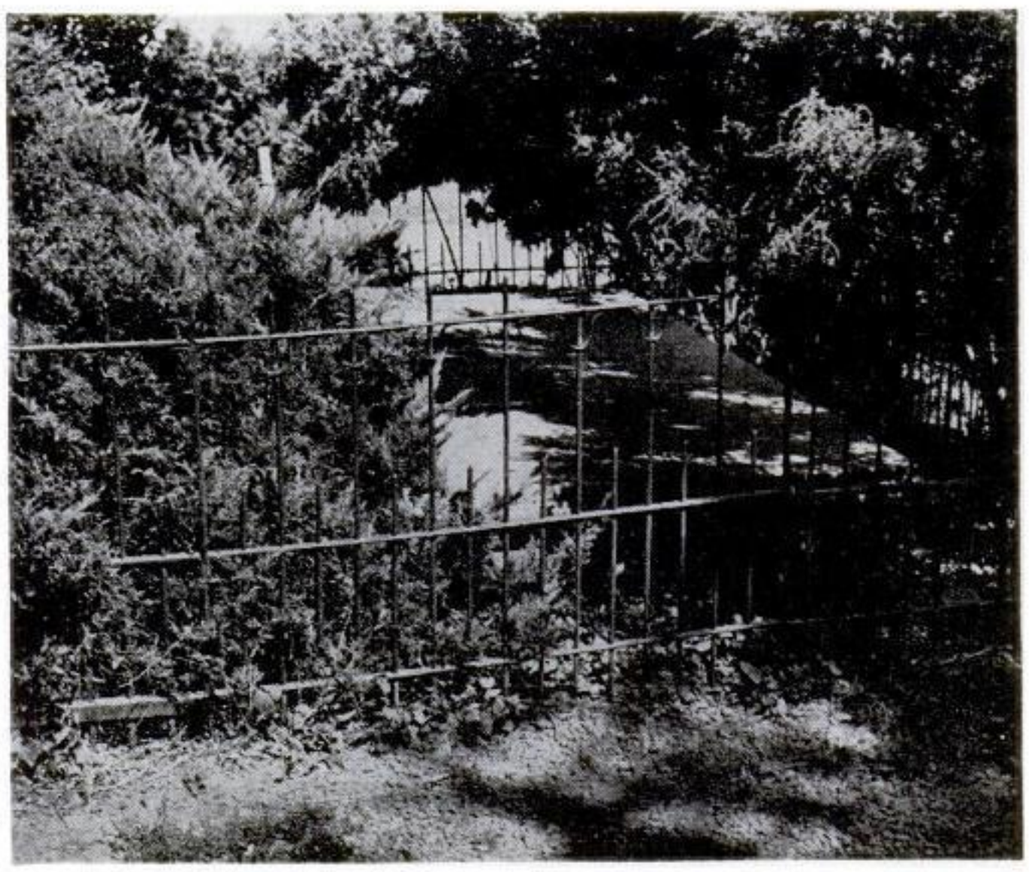
Whitman's Ride (continued)



The massacre of Dr. Whitman, his wife and 12 others occurred Nov. 29, 1847. The Indians killed them because Dr. Whitman had failed to end epidemic of measles.



Whitman Memorial stands on high ground overlooking site of Whitman mission at Waiilatpu and Walla Walla River. From here Whitmans first saw their Oregon home.



Whitman's grave is under this stone on mission grounds. All the massacre victims were buried here. Whitman was identified by gold tooth he got in St. Louis in 1843.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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"Wait for me, my beauty, I'll soon be back"



If your dealer doesn't have Wembley Nor-East Ties every time you ask for them . . . please be patient. He'll have more later—and all you want when the war is won. Only quantities have been curtailed; *every* Wembley Nor-East Tie is made to the same standards of enduring quality you have always known. A buy like this for a dollar is worth waiting for!

BRING THE BOYS BACK SOONER— BUY WAR BONDS

Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S **NOR-EAST** NON-CRUSH FABRIC *Priced One Dollar*

COPYRIGHT 1943, WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

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Look at the eyes of America's children. Smiling. Unafraid. Because they know their "Uncle Sam" is shielding them from the storm and terror of war. It takes your money, put into War Bonds, to do it . . . because *you're* their "Uncle Sam."



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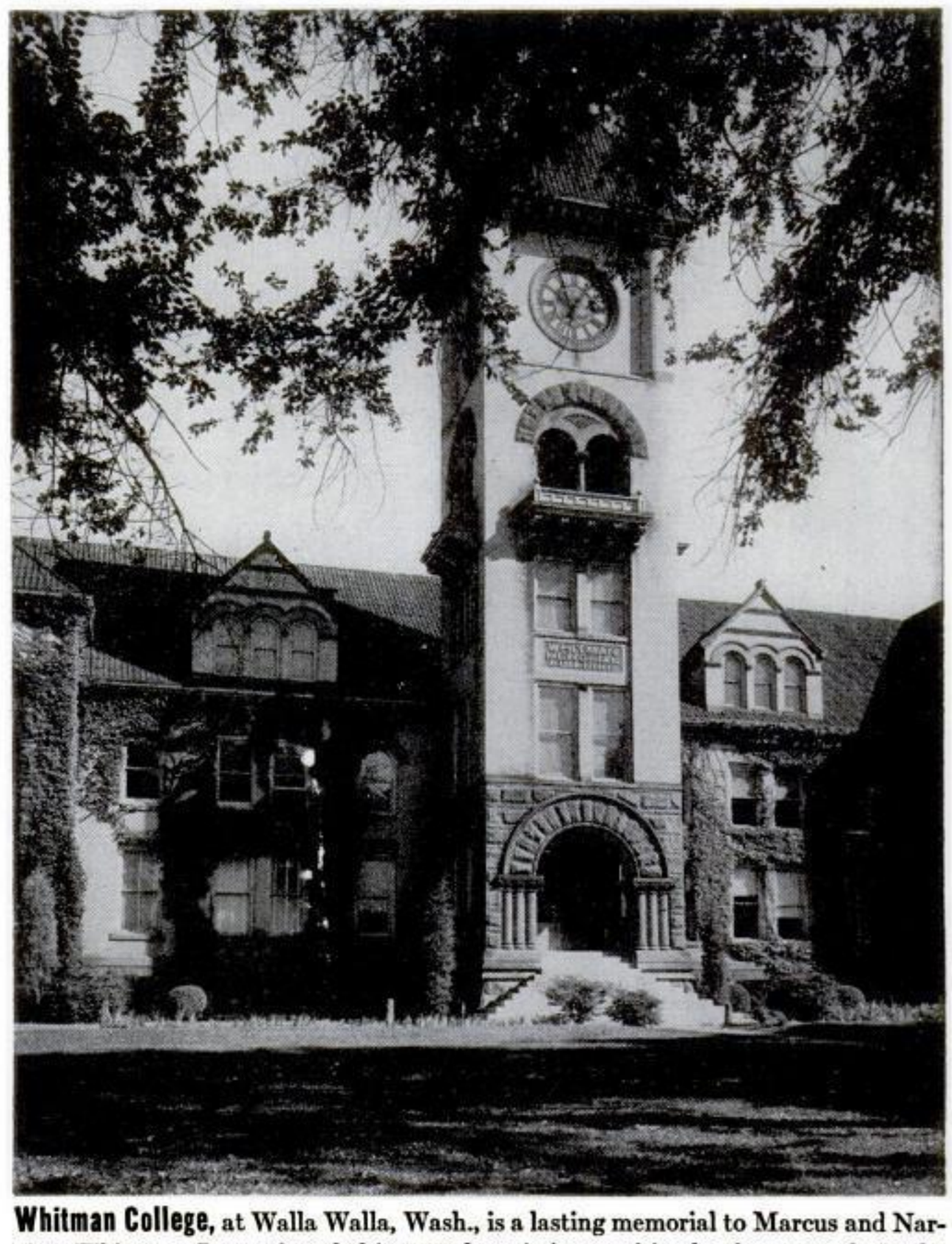
Fort Walla Walla of Hudson's Bay Company stood here on Columbia River in Whitman's time. It was nearest protected post to Whitman mission, 25 miles away.



Whitman portrait was painted in 1936 by Ernest R. Norling for Whitman College.



Mrs. Whitman's portrait at the college is highly idealized. She had no silk dress.



Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Wash., is a lasting memorial to Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. It was founded in 1859 by missionary friends of martyred couple.

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Somewhere South of Chungking!

"The most beautiful girl I've ever seen was a nurse in Butte, Montana."

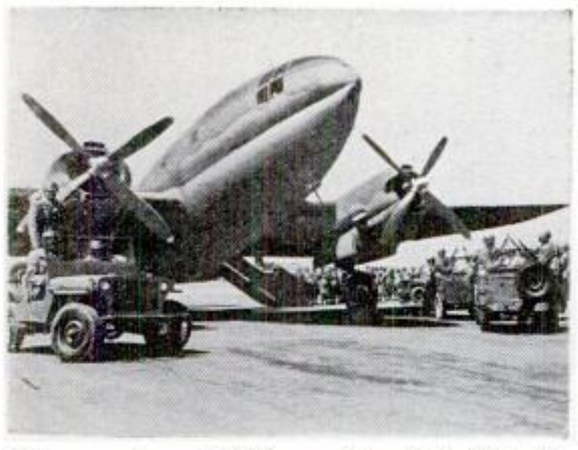
Sixteen thousand miles from Butte, Montana, in the cabin of a troop and cargo transport, they're talking today as casually as this . . . scarcely even aware of what it means.

It means that hundreds of far-away places, unknown or inaccessible wilderness a few months ago, are "whistle-stops" today on the military routes of the United Nations . . . It means that tons of military cargoes and increasing thousands of our fighting men are daily shuttling through the sky, meeting the greatest challenge of our time with an achievement by America's aviation industry — its airlines and manufacturers — that few people are even aware of.

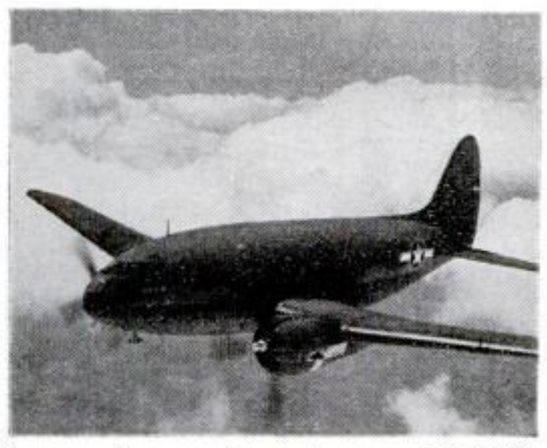
Such is the story of our new logistical weapon, the cargo and troop transport, which is today at the top of the priority list alongside bomber and fighter planes. And one of the busiest of these is the famous Curtiss C-46 COMMANDO, in service throughout the world, aiding the gigantic task of our Air Transport Command with speed and flexibility in the transportation of troops and vital war materials.

And little does the American lad dream — in the clouds above Chungking — that after the war is over his girl in Butte, Montana, will be living on the "main line" from Fort Worth to Shanghai, in the air trade routes that are being established today by global war.

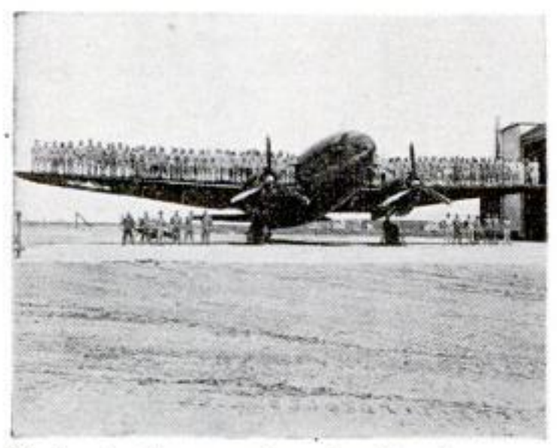
For a whole new age of air transportation has been born of this war. It is real. It is here. And when this war is won, air transportation, as it brings a better world-wide human understanding, will be a legacy to American men and women who are working, fighting, sacrificing for a better world. LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!



"Super-plane," "Troopship of the Sky," "Flying Arsenal" — now winning new laurels on the invasion front. The Commando carries troops, jeeps, artillery, ammunition, supplies. Speed, capacity — *military secret.*



Commandos recently made a record 15,000 mile mass flight from the United States to a foreign base — on what the Army Air Force experts enthusiastically termed "the biggest and longest flight in transport history."



"A hundred men and a giant" — dramatizing the 108-foot wing span of the Curtiss-Wright C-46 Commando, world's largest twin-engine plane. Recent OWI Transport Report said "the most efficient of its type."

CURTISS WRIGHT

Manufacturing Divisions

CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
CURTISS-WRIGHT PROPELLER DIVISION

★ *Buy War Bonds Today* ★

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THE VILLAGE OF WARNER, N. H. is quiet and beautiful in the afternoon sun, which draws shadow patterns on the main street. At the left is the office of Walter Miner, insurance and banking agent. Beyond are the Danforth Store and the Cloues & Sawyer garage. To the right beyond the big elm is the Pillsbury library, and still farther down the street is Congregational Church. Many of the farm families around Warner come to town only once a week—on Saturday afternoon. Then they stay for the weekly Town Hall dance.

LETTER FROM HOME

What goes on in Warner, N.H. is the kind of news almost every American serviceman wants to hear

by JOHN FIELD

Warner, N. H., in the foothills of the White Mountains, has a Town Hall, two general stores, two churches, a meat market, a drugstore, a doctor's office, a barbershop, four gas and service stations (only two of them now open), a box factory, an alcohol plant and a crutch factory. To the south and west are the Mink Hills, deeply green in summer with maples and birch and hemlock. To the north are Mt. Kearsarge, highest peak in the county, and the Sunapee Lakes. To the east, 18 miles away, is the state capital at Concord.

Warner lives mostly by farming. Its rocky, hilly soil yields a crop of corn, potatoes and tomatoes. Its milk, from good Hereford and Guernsey cows, is thick and creamy. In winter the weather is New England cold, and snow covers the ground from Thanksgiving to Easter. In summer, tourists from the cities come to sit in the cool shade of Warner's big elm trees. Like everybody else these days they arrive by the Boston & Maine's single track from Concord, four trains a day, two in each direction.

Of Warner's 1,100 inhabitants 110 are boys in the armed services. This is about an average percentage for New England towns, but to Warner it means the sacrifice, at least temporarily, of the best young men in the community. They are scattered from the South Pacific to Italy. And Warner knows that, like all boys away at war, they are homesick. They miss the sounds and smells of Warner in the spring, the Saturday-night dances at the Town Hall, the gossip at Wheeler's drugstore, the Simonds Free High School winter carnival, the hay in the barns, the good fishing of April, the June fields henna and gold with the hawkweed and buttercup, the long lonely walks home over the hard-packed snow under the winter stars.

To offset this homesickness, nothing is more heartening than a letter from home. Therefore the Women's Club of Warner for more than a year now has been sending out a monthly bulletin called *Home Fires* to all Warner boys in the service. The bulletin tells simply what is happening at home—how many trout Ben Sawyer caught last week in Tory Hill Brook, what prospects for the fall hunting are, what the girls are doing—and any available information about the boys themselves in the far parts of the world.

The letter that follows, though not by the editors of *Home Fires*, contains the kind of material they send to the boys from Warner. It attempts to give a specific picture of what is happening these early fall days in one small New England town. And what is happening in Warner is typical of what is happening in the home town of almost every American soldier, sailor and marine.

A big week

DEAR BOYS:

Last week was a big week. The maples were red along the Warner River, there was a 40-lb. giant squash in Ralph Smith's garden in the village, and Muriel French exhibited a 2-lb. 6-oz. tomato which she had raised in her 4-H victory garden. The fishing and hunting were good. One man caught a 19½-in. black bass in Blaisdell Lake and on his way home from work Louie Bonette killed three hedgehogs (for which he got 50¢ bounty apiece). There was a sunflower growing 11 ft. 4 in. high near a house in town, and blue morning-glories twined about second-story windows on Tory Hill. The hay was almost in, the nights were cold, the summer was over.

But, as always, the most talked-about event was the weekly dance in the Town Hall. Everybody was there, including Myron Colby and his three-piece orchestra (Myron playing a 200-year-old violin), and grizzled old Mike Downeli in a black suit to call the square dances. Toward 10 o'clock the going got fast and furious. To the figures and tunes of *Timber Salvage Reel*, *Portland Fancy*, *Lady Washington Reel*, *Soldier's Joy* and *Old Zip Coon*, more than 150 townspeople of all ages and sizes made the floor of the hall bounce. Mike Downeli, at 60, called the dances with all his oldtime zip: "Turn the one below . . . down the center . . . back, cast off . . . ladies change . . . half promenade . . . half right and left."

But there were quieter dances too, like foxtrots and waltzes. The favorite waltz was still *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*, and some of the girls thought back a year or more to when the boys were still home. In those days they did not have to come to the dance alone, and there were jalopies waiting outside the Town Hall to take them for a ride under the moon after the music stopped. But the next reel didn't let them stay sad long. Eleven-year-old, pint-sized Jackson Hunt was the star. Tapping and jiggling like a little elf, he kept tune to the music and swung girls twice his size off their feet. And there was attention paid to pretty Phyllis Martin, daughter of Horace Martin, grocer, horse trader and fire chief, who was back from Colby Junior College and dancing with the Felton boy from Bradford. Mildred Dow of the Post Office (she had her picture taken in the grass skirt her brother sent from the Pacific) was huskily swung around the floor by Joe Bartlett, foreman of the railroad gang, while Bob Cutting, due to go into the Army soon, danced dreamily with his wife, as if it were the last dance he would have with her for a long, long time. And the eyes of all the men were on pretty Elaine Colby as she floated by in a red dress with big white polka dots. She looked lovely.

But not everybody danced. Some of the older people sat on the sidelines and watched or gossiped. Perhaps the most excited was Mrs. Cutting. During the intermission, when the ladies served lemonade downstairs near the town lockup, she was telling about her first trip to New York, a couple of weeks before: how they went down in a crowded train and stayed at the Times Square Hotel on 43rd Street and 8th Avenue and how "you could hear a man's conversation on the street as high as our eleventh-floor room" and how they went to *Stars on Ice* in the Center Theater, but were disappointed because Sonja Henie did not personally appear, and how they rode on a Fifth Avenue bus up Riverside Drive almost to the George Washington Bridge and how they went shopping in the big stores and everything was so silky and beautiful, but so expensive and the salesgirls so high-toned.

The party broke up just before midnight. As the dancers left the Town Hall they were not surprised to see the lights still shining in Dr. Putnam's office across the street. The only doctor in town, he is almost always busy. He was refused permission a few months ago to go into the Navy, being told that it was his wartime duty to stay here in Warner.

Monday morning

By 9 a. m. Monday morning everybody was back at work, and the main street with its lines of stores on both sides looked much as usual.

Miss Gienty at Wheeler's drugstore was already serving ice-cream cones to the first customers, while Pop Wheeler stood behind the gadget counter tapping his head and worrying about the shortage of candy, films, flashlight batteries and fishing equipment. "If we only had something to sell, we'd do twice the business we ever did before," he was saying. But fortunately the soda-fountain business is still holding up, and Mr. Wheeler has succeeded in having his store painted by a left-handed farmer and new indirect lighting installed. He figures things could be a lot worse.

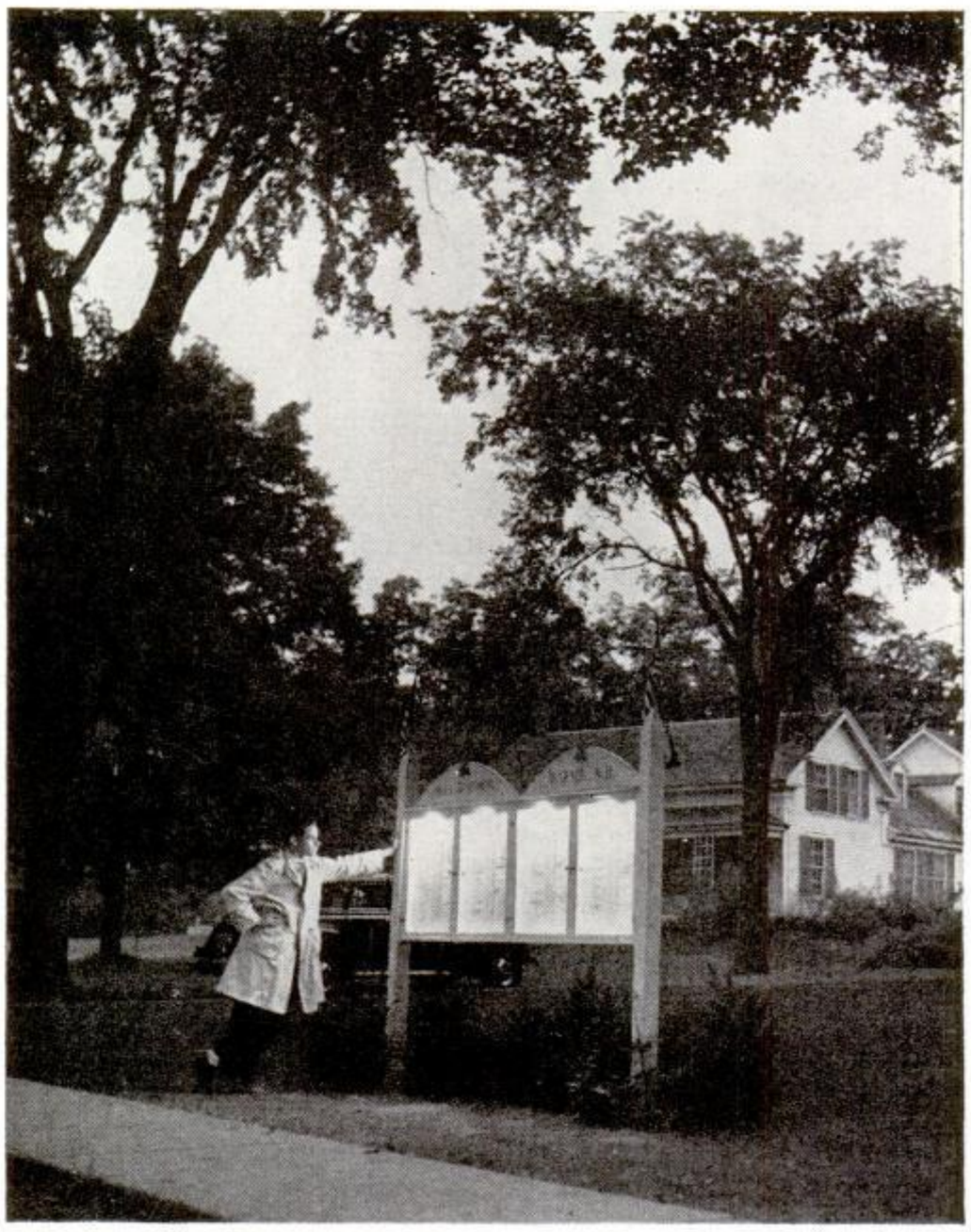
Up the street in his office Mr. Walter Miner, the "money man" (town banker and insurance agent), agreed with him. "The town's safely Republican. We've got a critical labor shortage with all the boys going off to the Army, but the box factory has men over 70 working full time. We're glad to do what Washington asks us to do, but we don't want to be dictated to. We've been born and bred in simplicity and we don't like red tape. You know the story about Ed Hartz and the OPA. Ed drives a truck for a living and last summer he broke his leg and was laid up for a considerable spell. This year, after he had filled out his questionnaire for a gas allotment, he got back his coupons, but there were no coupons good for the summer months. Apparently the OPA figured that Ed always breaks his legs in the hot months."

Still farther up the street Ben Sawyer, a careless black hat on his head, was tilted back in a rickety chair at the gas station of which he is half-owner. His conversation was all about hunting and fishing. "Did you hear what happened up in Henniker?" he asked. "There were two moose grazing on Community Park. And the townsfolk of Melvin Mills have been hearing the damnedest noises up on Cheney Hill. It sounds like a Western mountain lion or a cougar. Apparently this is going to be the best fall for hunt-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







THE VILLAGE HONOR ROLL, illuminated by lights, shines brightly from lawn in front of the Warner Congregational Church. There are 110 Warner boys in service.

LETTER FROM HOME (continued)

ing the county has ever seen. I'm going to get me a deer, and there's plenty of fish too, with lots of rainbows in Warner River.

"And Horace Martin! Did you hear how he got a frantic telephone call the other morning from Mrs. Hosley up at Mountain View Farm, telling him to come quick, a wild animal had broken loose. When he got there, however, he found the road jammed with a bunch of summer tourists in sun suits shaking rakes at a poor old Hereford bull who had broken out of the meadow. It was a harder job for Horace to drive the summer folk away than to lead the bull back where he belonged."

But all this talk in the village, among the businessmen, or between the women as they come in for their morning's shopping, eventually gets around to a discussion of the Warner boys who are away.

There are three boys now from Warner who are reported dead or missing in action. Three may not seem so many, but it cuts a deep wound in this little town. The first was Eddie Cloues, son of Alfred Cloues, part-owner with Ben Sawyer of the gas station and assistant to the state treasurer in Concord. Eddie was a bright kid at Simonds High, who went on to a year at the University of New Hampshire and then to the Naval Academy. At home he was just like all the rest. Grew up in the same way. Went hunting and fishing up in the Mink Hills or on Kearsarge. Went swimming in Pleasant Pond and dancing in the Casino down by the water. Sometimes he sneaked away to Concord for a glass of beer, because Warner is a bone-dry town. But more often he liked to wander off into the meadows to pick black-eyed Susans or wonder at the profusion of goldenrod in August, or watch the bobolinks teeter from the tops of the apple trees. He was killed when the *Arizona* blew up at Pearl Harbor.

The village is stunned

After his death, for a short while, the village was stunned. It was not accustomed to violence. But the calmness and courage of Mr. and Mrs. Cloues themselves and the two other Cloues boys, Sam and Billy, helped to set an example. Sam's now a first lieutenant of Coast Artillery in the Army, and Billy, just 19, is a midshipman at the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. He is due to graduate

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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NOW AS IN 1892 — *It's Kinsey for Enjoyment*

FIRST AIR WARDEN: That "all clear" sounded good to me. Now for a breather—join me in a "tall one".

SECOND AIR WARDEN: Say, I'd go for an air raid drill every night if I could always top it off as pleasantly as this . . . with Kinsey.

FIRST AIR WARDEN: Don't try to make me think you need inducements. You're as keen to do your bit for Civilian Defense as your family is way out front in saving scrap metal and kitchen fats. Here's to you and millions like you who are doing what they can . . . all they can . . . the best way they can.

NOW THE GAY 90'S SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: *Today as in my day it's the same—Kinsey and enjoyment go together. And with Mr. J. G. Kinsey, America's oldest living distiller, still supervising the blending of this Golden Anniversary Whiskey, you can depend upon getting the same good product that always has been the secret of better taste in Kinsey.*

Do as we did . . .

ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR!

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cool shaves

HELP CONTROL INCENDIARY STINGS!

FOR civilian protection — for coolness and comfort on every facial front—get acquainted with Ingram's Shaving Cream! There's more to Ingram's lather than beard-wilting speed—it soothes and freshens your grateful face, helps to condition it for smooth shaving. And when you lay your razor aside, your face still feels C-O-O-L. Try Ingram's next time.

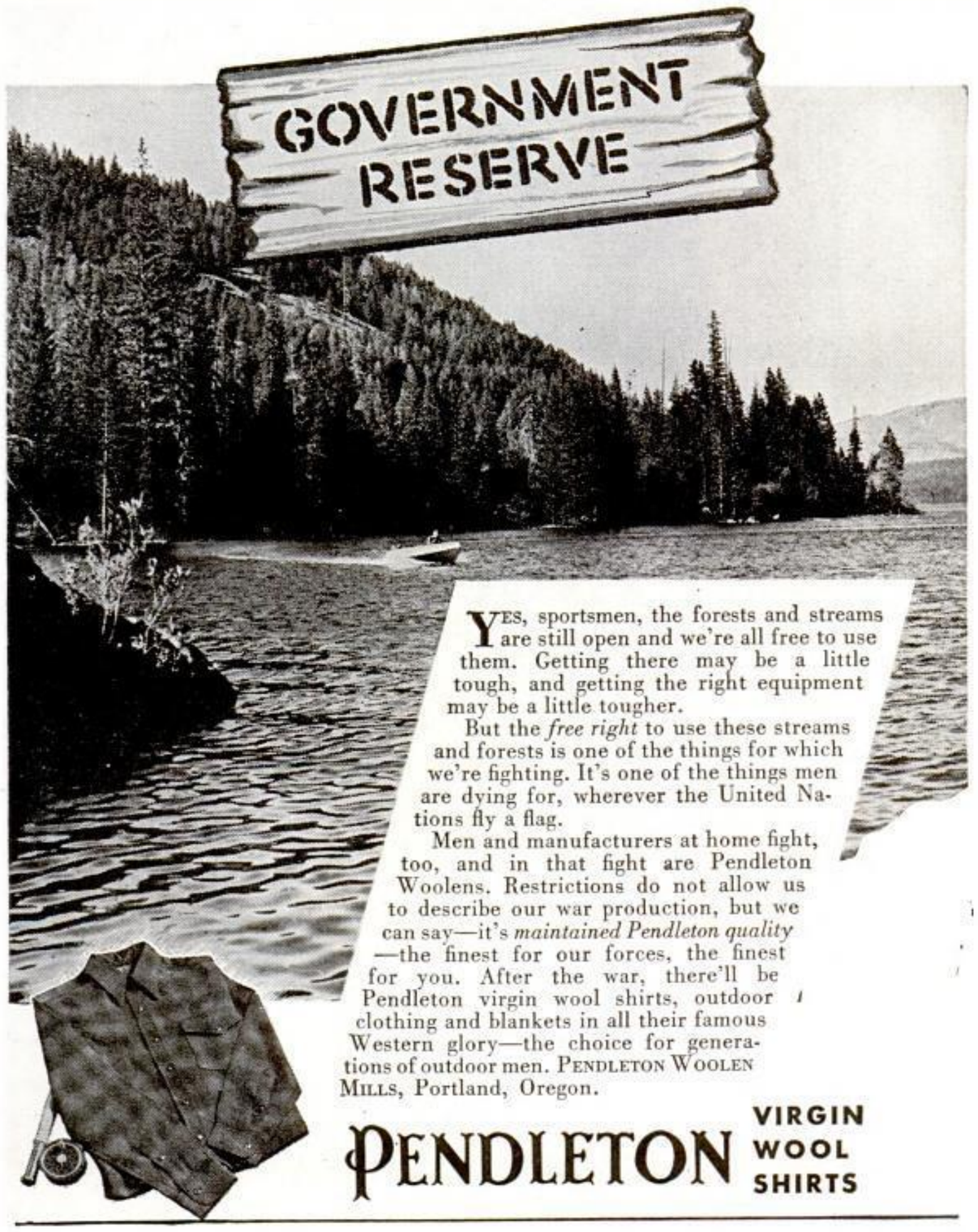
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IN JAR OR TUBE

Ingram's

SHAVING CREAM

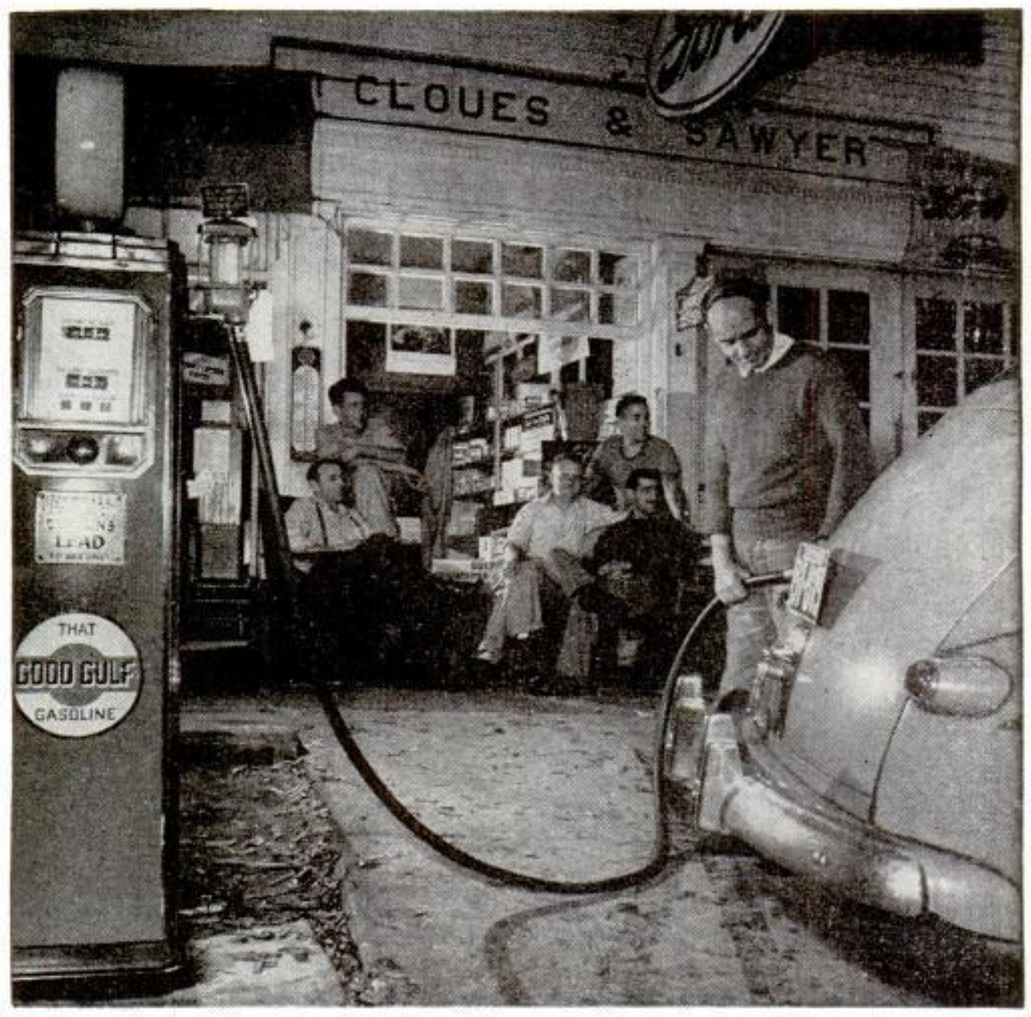


YES, sportsmen, the forests and streams are still open and we're all free to use them. Getting there may be a little tough, and getting the right equipment may be a little tougher.

But the *free right* to use these streams and forests is one of the things for which we're fighting. It's one of the things men are dying for, wherever the United Nations fly a flag.

Men and manufacturers at home fight, too, and in that fight are Pendleton Woolens. Restrictions do not allow us to describe our war production, but we can say—it's *maintained Pendleton quality* —the finest for our forces, the finest for you. After the war, there'll be Pendleton virgin wool shirts, outdoor clothing and blankets in all their famous Western glory—the choice for generations of outdoor men. PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Portland, Oregon.

PENDLETON VIRGIN WOOL SHIRTS



BEN SAWYER FILLS UP a car outside the garage, owned jointly by him and Alfred Cloues, father of Eddie, killed at Pearl Harbor. Garage is hangout for village men.

LETTER FROM HOME (continued)

as an ensign next year. Sam has also been recently married to pretty Jeannette Callas. They have been a Warner romance for years, ever since he first met her when he was just out of high school. They were always together about town, whether driving in Sam's car, or skiing up in the hills, or dancing on summer nights down at the Casino. The Cloues had a playroom at their house which was always full of kids and Sam and Jeannette were usually there, the most attractive couple in the room.

The town was pretty proud of Eddie Cloues. It didn't learn many details of his death, except that he was stationed in a turret which was blown up by a Jap bomb. Later it took great interest in an exhibit which Mrs. Cloues arranged in the window of Horace Martin's store. There she put Eddie's Annapolis class ring, his sword, his citation for bravery, his Purple Heart, his classbook, his epaulets, his fancy dress hat, the linen he had sent home from Madeira, a Nazi knife sent home from Germany on a trip made before the war, and some shell necklaces from Pearl Harbor, mailed just before Dec. 7.

But more than the town of Warner was proud of Eddie Cloues. The nation, too, was proud. Last March Mrs. Cloues got a letter from Mr. Forrestal, Undersecretary of the Navy, telling her that "the U. S. S. *Cloues*, a new destroyer escort, is being built at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston." Mrs. Cloues was asked to come down to sponsor the ship named in honor of her son.

The christening and commissioning took place in August. Mrs. Cloues was entertained at dinner the night before by the ship's officers and their wives, and on the day of the ceremony was driven from her hotel to the Yard in a fancy official car bearing the magic words "U. S. Navy." She was too excited to remember much of the ceremony, except that the band played *The Star-Spangled Banner* softly, and there was a prayer, and she swung the bottle of champagne against the ship's side saying, "I christen thee U. S. S. *Cloues*." Later she was piped aboard the ship and the captain showed her around. Said she, "It made me feel as if my son were a part of that wonderful ship and that he was going out to sea again."

Missing in Action

Roy Sanborn was the next. He was reported missing in action on Bataan and no list of prisoners held by the Japs has ever included his name. But Roy was a remarkable boy. He knew the woods better than most of the boys in town. A farmer and the son of a farmer, he used to take long hunting trips back up into the hills, living off the land for days. He knew where the deer and the muskrat were and where the big fish hid in the mountain streams. His mother is sure he is still alive, that he would never let the Japs capture him. She

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DOLLY GRAY, Willie Abbott's dappled mare, gets ice cream and candy from kids outside Wheeler's drugstore. She also likes pickles and especially a chaw of tobacco.

thinks he is still in the jungles of Bataan, out of reach of the enemy, living as he often used to live at home—off the land.

John Mills was the third and most recent. He was killed in action on a minesweeper, presumably in the Mediterranean. The oldest son of Mabel Mills, he was tall, good-looking and exceptionally talented in music. The town knew him also as one of its best actors, always on hand when an amateur play was given at the Town Hall. He sang in the choir too and worked in the office of a hospital in Concord, trying to earn enough money to go back to college. Before Pearl Harbor, however, with war inevitable, John Mills was ready to give up his ambitions and join the Navy. Quickly becoming an electrician's mate, first class, he was sent to Africa and the Mediterranean, where he saw action for many consecutive months. Once he wrote home that he had met a very pretty French girl and would his mother please send him his school French books.

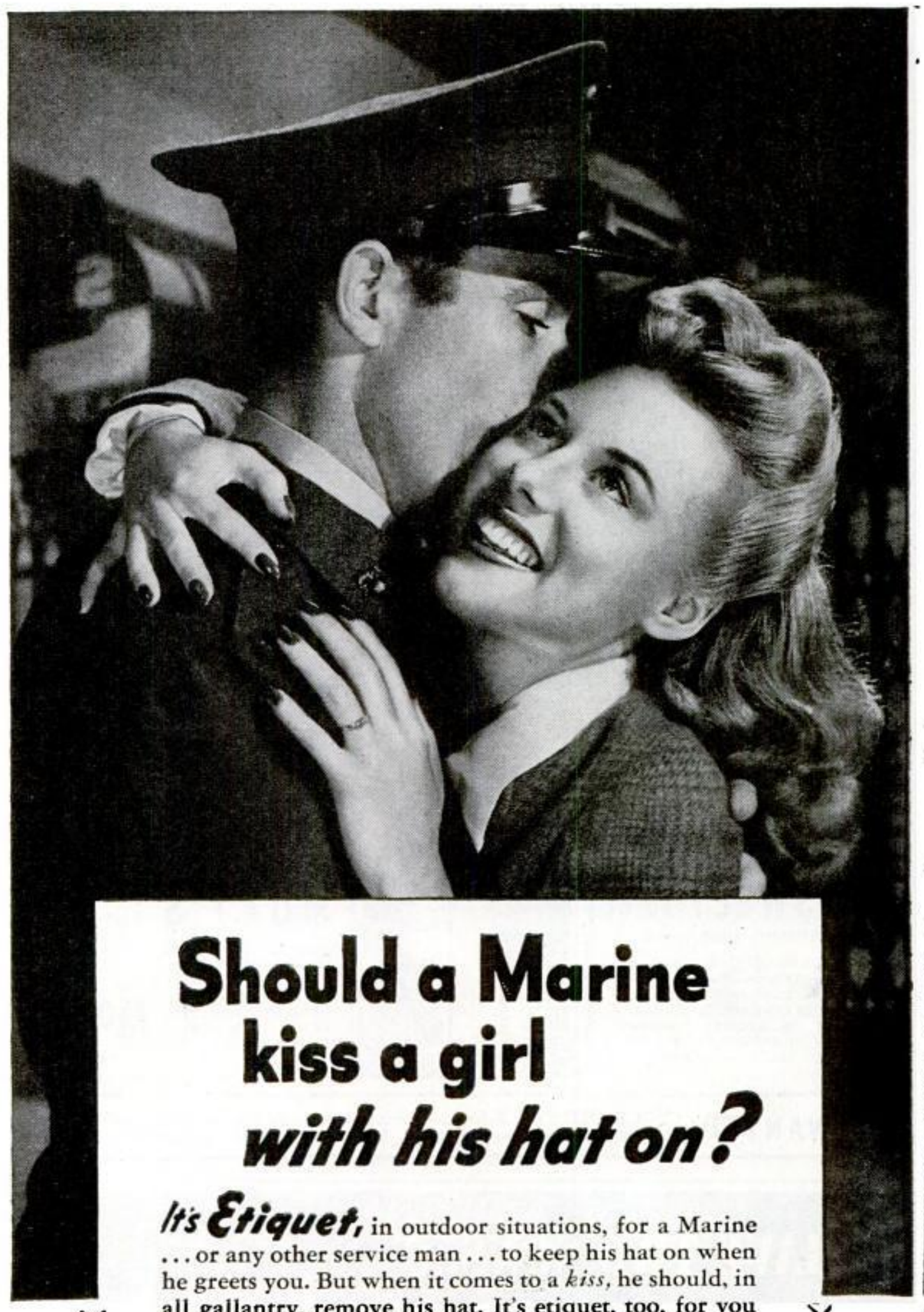
His last letter

One thing his friends remember about John Mills was his love for New Hampshire and for Warner. In his last letter, written a short time before his death, he explained his desire for home to the editors of *Home Fires*. "Hearing that Ben Sawyer caught 15 trout sure builds up that yearning to get back to New Hampshire. I'll be glad to see all the seasons in Warner again and to live in a peaceful atmosphere without fear of an attack, travel among familiar landscapes, go when and where you wish—after the war. I'm pretty busy but impatient for the war to end, and I'm always longing to see home again."

John Mills would enjoy his old town these early fall days. The main street is flecked with the afternoon sun shining through the tall pines and elms. It comes in pale and yellow through the windows of the town library, brushing lightly over such volumes as *Pollyanna's Golden Horseshoe*, *Dave Dawson with the R. A. F.*, *Home-Run Hennessey*, *Two Little Savages* and the file of the *National Geographic*. Patches of sunlight catch the roof of Dr. Putnam's office too and shine through the panes of the barbershop where John Whizzbang, the silent Italian, has given way as barber to a new but equally silent Englishman named Dwight Stearns. Farther up the street the sun catches the mane of Willie Abbott's big dappled mare, Dolly Gray, where she is standing as usual in front of Wheeler's drugstore munching ice-cream cones, candy and pickles given her by the kids. In a few minutes just before Willie is ready to go home, she will be given a chaw of tobacco to chew and spit out the corner of her mouth as she goes up the hill to the Freeman farm.

Out in the country too the sun is shining. Shining on the meadows of goldenrod and golden glow and on the water of Warner River,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Should a Marine kiss a girl *with his hat on?*

It's Etiquet, in outdoor situations, for a Marine . . . or any other service man . . . to keep his hat on when he greets you. But when it comes to a *kiss,* he should, in all gallantry, remove his hat. It's etiquet, too, for you to take time before your date to use Etiquet Deodorant Cream. Then you know you're sweet and dainty at all times. Etiquet is more effective!* Works 5 ways!

***It's Etiquet** that checks under-arm perspiration...stops odor, too!*

- **SAFELY CHECKS** under-arm perspiration.
- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration *odor.* 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- **SAVES CLOTHES.** Helps prevent clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- **ANTISEPTIC.** Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- **WORKS FAST.** Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off or wait to dry. Dab on . . . dress . . . dash!



***BIKE TESTS** prove Etiquet over 24% more effective against under-arm perspiration odor than other deodorant creams tested. Details sent upon request.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE-PLAID JAR AT TOILET-GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢. PLUS TAX.

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Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

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HERE'S A WAR-TIME SAVING
EVERY WOMAN WELCOMES

It's an idea from Mrs. H. Martin, 946 Whitlock Street, Baltimore, Maryland. She writes: "When baking bread, cake or anything requiring shortening, I melt shortening right in pan. This eliminates greasing pan and you'd be surprised how much shortening it saves."



ALSO—HEAR OTHER WAYS TO SAVE

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over Mutual Network, East of Rockies, at 11:45 A.M. (EWT) when Imogene Wolcott presents housewives' own radio program

"What's YOUR Idea?"

A glass at bedtime—regular tomorrow

SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE

The Growers' Own Brand

Gently, naturally laxative. Also rich in vitamins (B and G) and minerals. Sunsweet means top quality as result of careful cultivation by grower-members of California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association.



A wholesome drink for children

MOTT'S APPLE JUICE

Pure apple juice, pressed from the pick of the crop. Try it with meals or between meals. Made by the distributors of Sunsweet Prune Juice.

ONE OF MANY MOTT'S 1842 PRODUCTS

WANTED: YOUR OLD STOCKINGS—Uncle Sam needs silk or nylon stockings for artillery powder bags. Your favorite store collects them.

"I HAVE TWO SONS..."

"They're straight and strong. And both of them are in the thick of things . . . somewhere. Bob's flying a Fortress. Hank's a Navy man. How I look forward to the day they'll be home to stay! That's why I'm investing *more than ever* in U. S. War Bonds."

War bond dollars back up our fighting men. Invest more than your share in war bonds . . . every pay day!

★

Ask your dealer to show you one of these fine Amity Billfolds. If your dealer is temporarily "out of stock," won't you remember that Amity is now doing a job for an America at war? Remember, too, chances are good that your dealer will have your new Amity Billfold *next* time you visit his store.





AMITY Removable PASS CASE

Pass case detaches in a flash!

Carry passcase or billfold separately, if you wish!

COMPARE THIS DUAL-DUTY AMITY WITH ANY OTHER BILLFOLD IN AMERICA!

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO., WEST BEND, WISCONSIN



MRS. SANBORN, grandmother of Roy Sanborn, lost on Bataan, greets a visitor.



MR. AND MRS. ALFRED CLOUES exhibit trophies of son, killed in Hawaii.

LETTER FROM HOME (continued)

low in the long summer drought. Shining on the high-school boys helping in the apple picking, and on little 13-year-old Dorothy Colin who has helped her father all summer with the haying. Shining on Mr. Eaton, the minister on Burnt Hill, as he makes arrangements for a hayride, corn roast and prayer meeting tonight under the moon.

But the sun does not shine on the people of the village as they sit around talking. They have ducked in out of it, into the drugstore, or into Cliff Danforth's store, or most likely into Ben Sawyer's gas station. There they sit and talk, and there all the boys on leave come to sit and talk with them, while the conversation ranges from war to the price of pigs. Here are some of their subjects:

. . . about the Red Cross sewing meetings, the war work of the Rebeccas, the Grange, and the D. A. R. How 132 people contributed blood last month to the Blood Bank, and how the Warner aircraft observation post on the Bradford Road opposite the house with the beautiful gladiolas, has never been left unmanned for a single minute since Pearl Harbor. How two men, one blind, one deaf, act as a team at the post. The blind man, Raymond Coombs, hears the planes coming; the deaf man, John Farrell, sights them and describes them; and the blind man telephones the information in to headquarters. And how last winter, with the temperature at 24° below zero, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cowdin of Waterloo walked from their house (a distance of two miles each way) to take the graveyard watch at the observation post—from midnight to 6 a.m.

. . . about the harvest supper last fall under a harvest moon. "Shine On, Shine On, Harvest Moon," reported *Home Fires*. "It was shining its brightest when we had the harvest supper at the church. The beans and red-flannel hash were up to standard, so were the pies, apples, pumpkins, etc. But the ladies had to serve Postum instead of coffee."

. . . about the new minister, Mr. Eaton, and the plan of holding all church services in the big Congregational Church during the summer



MILDRED DOW wears the grass skirt sent to her by her brother in the Pacific.



BLIND MAN AND DEAF MAN, Coombs and Farrell, man aircraft post.

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BARBARA SAWYER, 16, telephone operator, knows everybody in the town.



MRS. FRANCIS TULLY'S dog was rejected by Army because she was not fierce.

and in the small Baptist Church, which is more easily heated, during the winter.

. . . about the little meat in Henley's market and the point-value charts on the wall. The gas situation, the OPA, victory gardens, canning, the rubber-salvage campaign and the 19,300 pounds contributed by Warner, the death of Mr. Robert Neely, 87 years old, who fell down his cellar stairs, and how last year when Kearsarge was already covered with snow, Will Palmer of Tory Hill had sweet peas, bachelor buttons, petunias and China asters in bloom in his garden.

. . . about Storm, the big collie dog, owned by Mrs. Francis Tully. With both her sons and her only daughter overseas, Mrs. Tully thought she would make the final sacrifice and part with Storm. So the dog was enlisted in the Army, accepted and sent off to camp. But she arrived home again in a few weeks. "Not fierce enough" read the rejection slip from the Army. "The day before she left," says Mrs. Tully, "she went off to the hills and caught a woodchuck, bringing it home for me to cook as a treat for her and all of our other 16 dogs."

. . . about the high-school graduation when an uninvited black Scottie dog wandered into the Town Hall, up on the stage during Billy Cloues's valedictory, and out again, delaying the proceedings at least 15 minutes. The dozen little ducks with their American merganser mother alighting each evening on the Warner River.

. . . about the weather. The dry weeks of summer and what to expect for the coming winter. Last winter was the coldest this part of the country has had since 1918. One day it was 60° below at the alcohol plant and Mr. Copps of the old Colonial Inn said it was 14° below in his bedroom when he got up in the morning. The strawberry bushes all froze and Tory Hill was snowbound for a week. The favorite joke around town was the one about the woman whose house was on fire. As she was carried by a fireman down the ladder, she said, "I hate to leave. This is the first time all winter that this house has been warm."

. . . about the sad little trunk at the station, marked Lieut. Ed H. Church. It belonged to Mary Fenton's bridegroom and its pres-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DWIGHT STEARNS, barber, silently shaves the whiskers of Frank Witcher.



JACKIE HUNT, 11, dances with Betty Cloues, 21, at the weekly Town Hall dance.

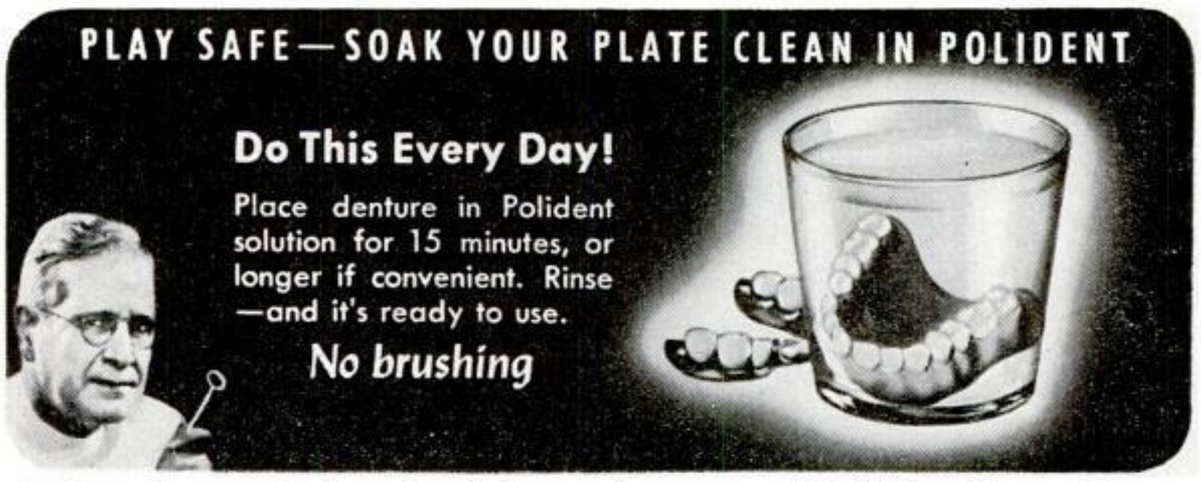
FALSE TEETH WEARERS

WHY RISK THESE 2 DANGERS BY BRUSHING WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS



Beware of DENTURE BREATH and LOOSENED PLATES

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is *60 times softer than natural teeth.* These scratches cause odorous stains, film, and food particles to *collect faster and cling tighter* . . . resulting in Denture Breath. Remember, *you* may not know you have it, but others *do!* Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.



A safe, modern way to clean dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges is to *soak* them clean in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of modern denture materials. No brushing, no danger, yet the daily Polident bath works into the corners and crevices no amount of brushing seems to reach—leaves your denture sparkling clean, odor-free.



"NOW I'M REALLY LIVING . . . GO EVERYWHERE . . . HAVE FUN"

Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today —get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢. Money back if not delighted.

FREE—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Send post card to Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. B-9, 8 High St., Jersey City, New Jersey.



POLIDENT *The Safe, Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges*

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1580 B.C. *in Egypt, 30 centuries ago, skilled craftsmanship wrought this handsome lotiform cup. Museums present many fine examples of art embodying the conventionalized lotus blossom. (Sketched from a museum masterpiece.)*



Loveliness lives on . . .

1943.. skilled craftsmanship, today, gives us this chaste design in Watson Sterling, using the same Egyptian lotus as a motif. Its grace and simplicity as applied to Watson Sterling silverware makes it perfectly harmonious to every American decorative theme. Watson craftsmen for 68 years have been recreating designs from museum masterpieces for modern connoisseurs.

True the supply of Watson Sterling is limited and shipments may be delayed. However, your Jeweler may have your pattern in stock. If not, put the money into War Bonds – help speed the day when you can get complete sets of Watson Sterling in the pattern of your choice. The Watson Company, 1493 Watson Park, Attleboro, Massachusetts.



Watson Sterling

MODERN SILVER WITH THE BEAUTY OF OLD MASTERPIECES

USING YOUR EYES MORE?

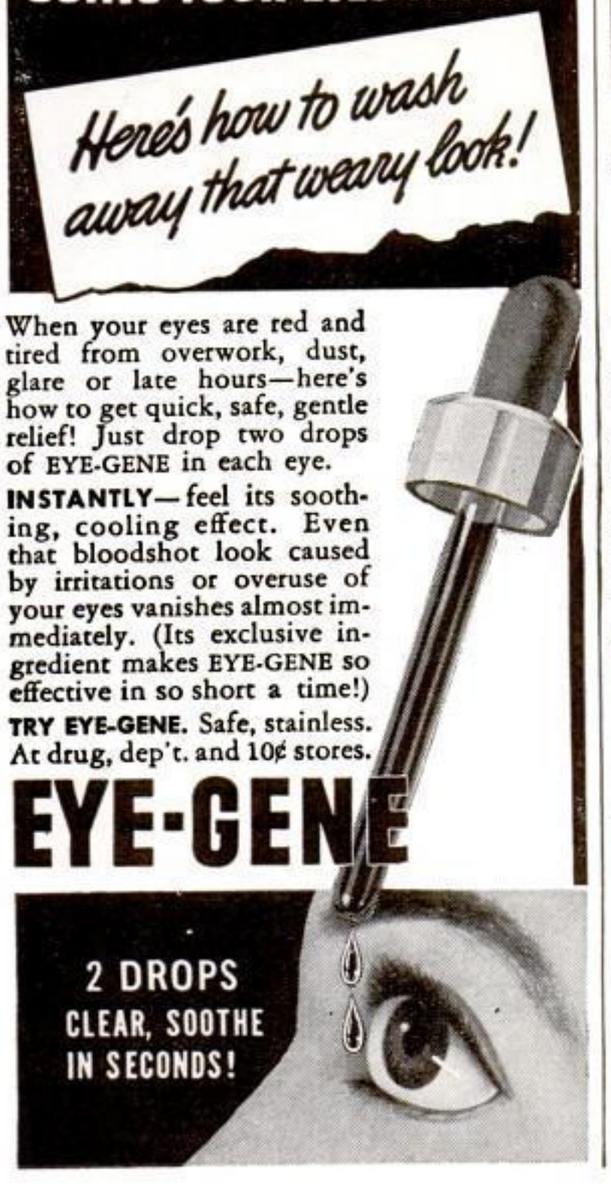
Here's how to wash away that weary look!

When your eyes are red and tired from overwork, dust, glare or late hours—here's how to get quick, safe, gentle relief! Just drop two drops of EYE-GENE in each eye.

INSTANTLY—feel its soothing, cooling effect. Even that bloodshot look caused by irritations or overuse of your eyes vanishes almost immediately. (Its exclusive ingredient makes EYE-GENE so effective in so short a time!)

TRY EYE-GENE. Safe, stainless. At drug, dep't. and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *For Victory*

Foot Itch
Fought While You Sleep

Does Athlete's Foot make the skin on your feet itch like fire, crack, peel and blister? Have you tried a lot of things with little help and does the trouble keep coming back? Many of these painful and stubborn symptoms often are due to surface, non-systemic skin troubles—in such cases **Nixoderm** (a physician's prescription) usually starts to work fighting the itch and helping the skin become clearer, softer and smoother with the very first application. **Nixoderm** works while you sleep and in 5 nights must satisfy you or your money back is guaranteed. Get **Nixoderm** from your druggist today, try it tonight and see how fast it works.

Nixoderm

KEEPING A MILLION *Babies* SOCIALLY POPULAR



"duxkin" BABY PANTS

Waterproofed without rubber
Non-chafing
Easily cleaned.
Laboratory Tested and Approved

COMFOTEX BABY PANTS
Durable Washable ★

NEOTEX BABY PANTS
Waterproof ★ Durable

Mfd. by EMPIRE SHIELD CO., Inc., N.Y.C.

LETTER FROM HOME (continued)

ence at the station meant that its owner was going off to war after only two weeks of married life.

So life and conversation go on in Warner. The seasons come and go. Now it is autumn and the hunting season will soon be here, and then it will be winter with ice-skating on Pleasant Pond and sleighing parties on Burnt Hill. The snow will sift around the store windowpanes and come through the roof of Mrs. Tully's barn and give Ben Sawyer plenty of time for telling stories.

But the best story of Warner has been saved for the end of this letter. It is about Frank Duso. He was a hunter and trapper who lived on Tory Hill road just north of town, in a ramshackle wood house standing next door to Louie Bonette's. One day Frank told Louie that if Louie ever saw a light burning in his kitchen late at night, he had better come over and investigate because something would have happened. This warning so worried Louie that he was unable to sleep for many nights afterward, watching the Duso kitchen as a mother hawk watches her young. At last one night, worn out with watching, Louie fell asleep.

Treasure hunt

Toward 3 o'clock in the morning Louie's wife woke him up. A light was burning in the Duso kitchen. Quickly Louie dressed and crossed over to the Duso house. There in the woodshed behind the kitchen was Frank's body, stiff and cold, hanging to the roof.

At dawn Louie noticed an arrow and a line drawn in the snow in front of Frank's house. Following them, he came to a stone wall beyond the garden. Remembering that he had often seen Frank puttering around that wall, he began to take it apart, stone by stone. Finally in a deep recess, carefully concealed, he found a rusty tin can in which was $522 in bills. Many of the bills were old and worn, but they were good.

Several months later Mr. Alfred Cloues, remembering the stone wall incident, decided to investigate the Duso homestead more thoroughly. On re-examining the wall he found an old dipper. Underneath was a tin can and in the can was an envelope containing $105 in big old-fashioned bills.

This discovery started a treasure hunt through the whole house. Behind pictures, under the floors, in hidden cabinets—almost everywhere the hunters found money. The total, with the bank accounts which Frank had on deposit with Walter Miner, came to many thousands of dollars.

Who says nothing ever happens in Warner?



HOME OF FRANK DUSO is where many hundreds of dollars were found hidden after Frank's suicide. Here Mrs. Louie Bonette, next-door neighbor, collects her mail.

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Now the Dangers of All Vitamin Shortages Can be Prevented

"VITAMINS Plus" GIVES COMPLETE VITAMIN HEALTH PROTECTION

1—Helps Correct Dietary Deficiencies
2—Absolutely Prevents the Dangers of All Vitamin Shortages
3—Also Prevents Nutritional Anemia

"VITAMINS Plus" gives you such *complete* vitamin health protection because it is a scientifically correct combination of *all* the essential vitamins —full protective amounts of them all—taken together, working together. Always compounded under strict laboratory control, the exclusive "VITAMINS Plus" formula gives you:

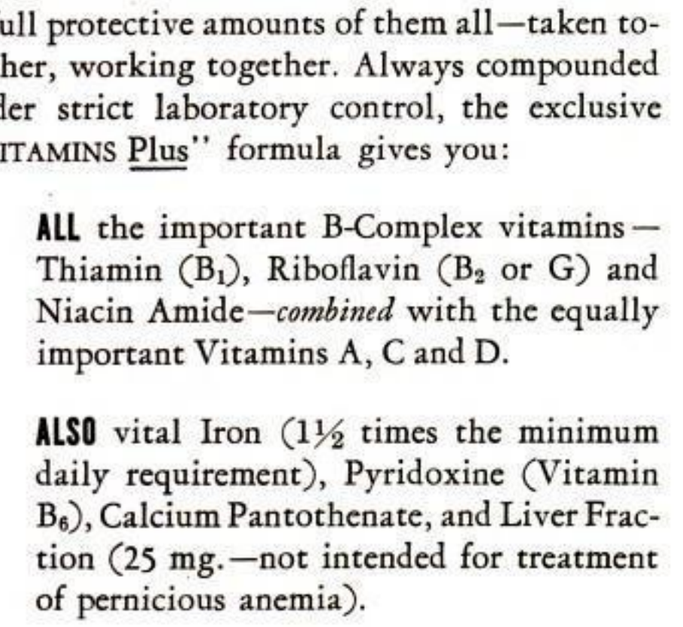
ALL the important B-Complex vitamins—Thiamin (B_1), Riboflavin (B_2 or G) and Niacin Amide—*combined* with the equally important Vitamins A, C and D.

ALSO vital Iron (1½ times the minimum daily requirement), Pyridoxine (Vitamin B_6), Calcium Pantothenate, and Liver Fraction (25 mg.—not intended for treatment of pernicious anemia).

Yet "VITAMINS Plus" costs you only a very few pennies a day! Take it regularly—just two tiny capsules once every day. Your druggist has "VITAMINS Plus" in four convenient sizes.



The Modern "Ounce of Prevention"



WHY 2 CAPSULES ARE USED

"VITAMINS Plus" scientists have separated and hermetically sealed the oil-soluble and water-soluble vitamins in two tiny air-tight capsules . . . so that there is less chance of chemical reactions which might result in deterioration and loss of strength.

Vitamin Shortages May Be a Constant Menace to the Entire Family. They are especially dangerous for boys and girls between six and 16. During these years of rapid growth, vitamin shortages may result in improper tooth and bone formation, impaired growth, poor muscular development and life-long handicaps. Don't let that happen to *your* children! Give them "VITAMINS Plus" every day and *be sure* they enjoy *complete* vitamin health protection.

Life Begins with

VITAMINS Plus

Recommended by the Makers of Vicks VapoRub

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A WHISKY THAT NEEDS NO LABEL

Label or not, your taste can tell that in smoothness and flavour the Black Label of Johnnie Walker is finest among Scotches. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Distilled and bottled only in Scotland.

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLACK LABEL

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 12 YEARS OLD • 86.8 PROOF

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., Sole Importer



Due to British War Restrictions gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.

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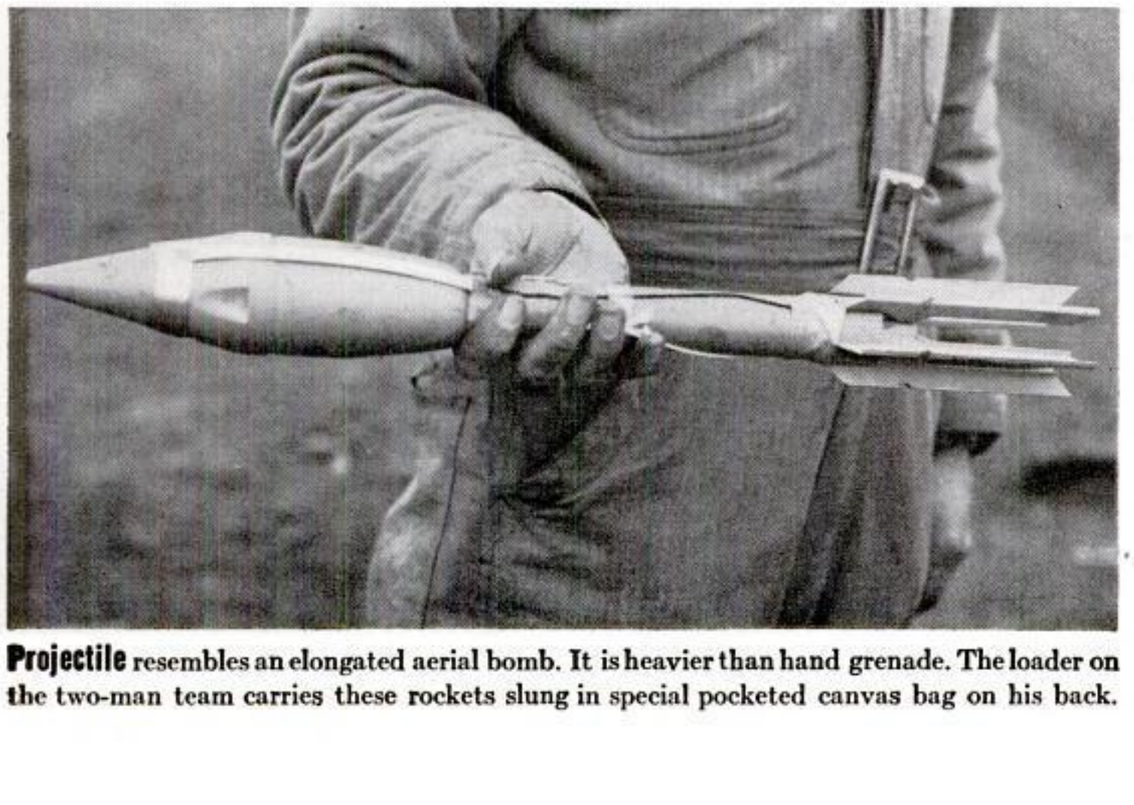
FIRER HOLDS BAZOOKA ON HIS RIGHT SHOULDER, LINES UP TARGET IN SIGHT. SMALL BOX ON TUBE IS BATTERY WHOSE CONTACT LEVER CAN BE SET ON "FIRE" OR "SAFE"

THE BAZOOKA

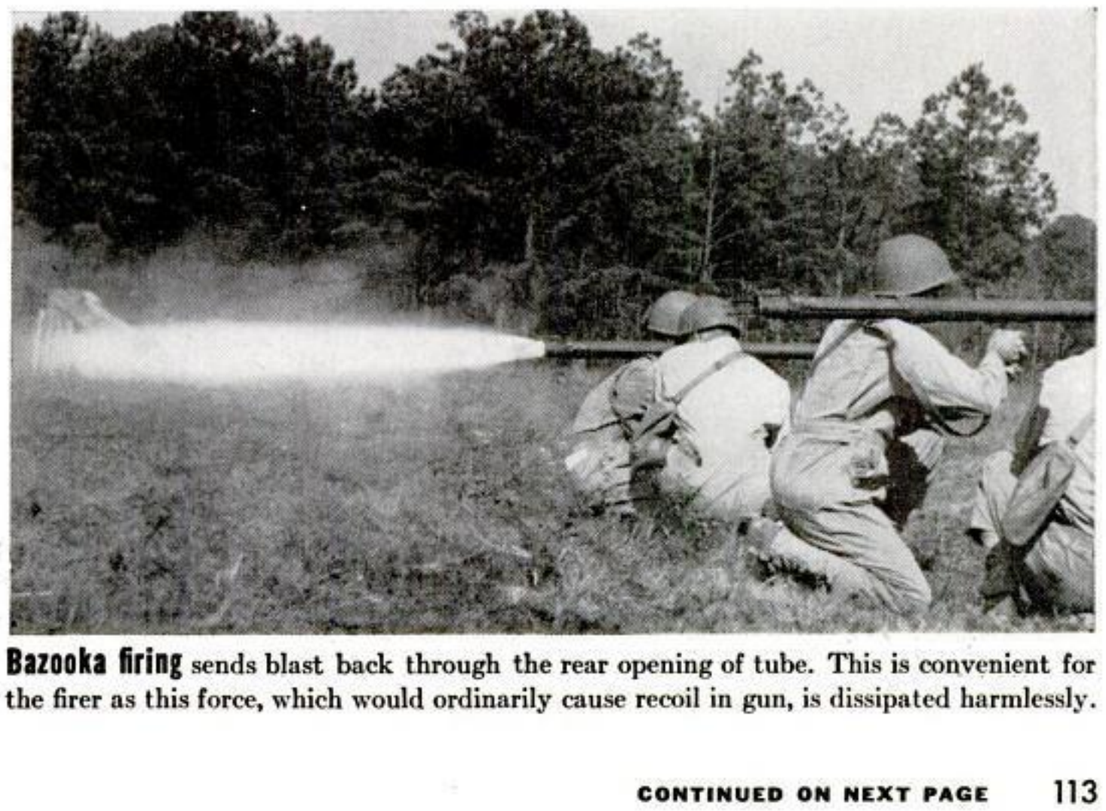
Army unveils its new rocket gun capable of putting a two-foot projectile through tank armor

Last week the Army officially revealed details of its amazing new weapon, with which two men can effectively stop and destroy any tank so far encountered by our forces in the field. Called the "Bazooka" after the gas-pipe trumpet Bob Burns made famous in movies and radio, it is a simple metal tube about 50 inches in length and less than three inches in diameter. Open at both ends, this tube has attached to it a shoulder stock, front and rear grips for the firer, sights and an electric battery which sets off the rocket-propelling charge when the trigger is squeezed. The loader inserts the projectile (similar to a small aerial bomb, with an explosive head, propelling powder charge and finned tail to give accuracy in flight) into the rear of the tube, stands back while the firer aims the tube and sends the rocket whizzing into an enemy tank.

This new development of ordnance has been known not only to those Germans on the receiving end of the Bazooka's fire. The Nazi Army has experimented with its own rocket weapons, notably the six-barreled *Nebelwerfer* (smoke thrower). The Russians have used the dreaded Katiusha in their drive to the west and are said to be experimenting with a rocket bomb. The whole idea of the rocket, which continues to increase the speed of a projectile after it has left the barrel and imparts to it a terrifying impact force, may well revolutionize the world's artillery.



Projectile resembles an elongated aerial bomb. It is heavier than hand grenade. The loader on the two-man team carries these rockets slung in special pocketed canvas bag on his back.



Bazooka firing sends blast back through the rear opening of tube. This is convenient for the firer as this force, which would ordinarily cause recoil in gun, is dissipated harmlessly.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Put on the Rocket . . .
take one look in the mirror . . .



and you'll reach for your pocketbook!

WE MIGHT justifiably yield a mean pen in describing the virtues of the Rocket . . . actually, though, no words of ours will go half so far in making you realize the Rocket is *your* coat as will just one look in the mirror after you have put it on. That's why we make this suggestion . . . and why we're quite content to rest our case on the result. As a preview, we're glad to tell you the Rocket is a handsome, new Fall Fingertip, smartly tailored of knit fleece with quilted lining and leather buttons. Don't forget, either, for it's important, the Rocket carries the Monarch label . . . symbol of "Better Outdoor Garments" for nearly half a century. Men's and Prep's sizes.

THE MONARCH MANUFACTURING CO.
333 E. Chicago St., Milwaukee 2, Wis.

Monarch
MILWAUKEE

Leather and Fabric Jackets for Men and Boys. Leisure Coats and Fingertips.

Can you use a smile these days?

YOU bet you can! And smiles come easy with the first delicious sip of VIRGINIA DARE WINE. Made from specially cultivated grapes in the century-old tradition of Garrett and Company . . . this is the one wine of its type made for just one reason . . . to make life more pleasant for you. You'll smile, too, when you hear its modest price.



SAY IT AGAIN **VIRGINIA DARE WINE**

GARRETT & CO., INC., Brooklyn, N.Y.



Loading the Bazooka is accomplished by slipping the projectile into the open rear of the firing tube. The loader then switches the small contact lever from "Safe" to "Fire" and the propelling charge is electrically ignited when firer pulls the trigger.



President Roosevelt watches Bazooka in action at Colorado's Camp Carson. Demonstration was held for him while on his way to Mexico last April. First public appearance of the Bazooka was at an Army show on Washington Monument grounds.



Bazooka in Sicily is carried by U. S. troops. The weapon first proved its usefulness against tanks in the North African campaign, was used in the assault and capture of Sicily, is now in action against German panzer divisions on western beaches of Italy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

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Designed by D. Allen Wright for Timken Silent Automatic

Design for Sunshine

for post-war incomes beginning at $3,500



Entrance Side of the Sunshine Home

Picture yourself in this setting of health and happiness without a worry in the world. Your War Bonds will pay a goodly portion of the cost. A home like this will be within the reach of everyone with a post-war income of $3,500 or more . . . and you can include in it such quality features as Timken Silent Automatic Heating and Air Conditioning equipment! It's worth working for. It's worth saving for. Why not plan now for your future?

FREE! Send for our new booklet describing this Sunshine Home. Contains many details of design and construction, floor plan, heating data and many valuable suggestions for you. Mail the coupon today.

What will life be like after Victory? For a preview, send for our free booklet describing D. Allen Wright's latest post-war home.

See the unique arrangement that provides 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, large living room, streamlined mechanical kitchen and dining room in this truly modern home. See how it's possible to bathe the principal rooms with warm sunshine in winter yet keep out the hot afternoon sun in summer.

Learn how easily and economically you can enjoy thrifty Timken Silent Automatic Heating in this home, while living within a $3,500 annual budget.

Users of Timken Silent Automatic Oil Heating greatly appreciate its economical use of oil under wartime rationing regulations. They join us in looking forward to abundant post-war supplies of this desirable fuel.

Timken will be ready after Victory not only with improved heating and air conditioning equipment but with other new products for the home.

ARMY E NAVY

For Production "Well Done"

TIMKEN *Silent Automatic*

Quality Home Appliances — for Comfort, Convenience and Economy

Division of THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

Buy War Bonds today!

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

To: TIMKEN SILENT AUTOMATIC DIVISION
400 Clark Avenue
Detroit 32, Michigan

Send new Sunshine Home Booklet free to:

PLEASE PRINT NAME

Name_____

Street Address_____

City & State_____

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A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

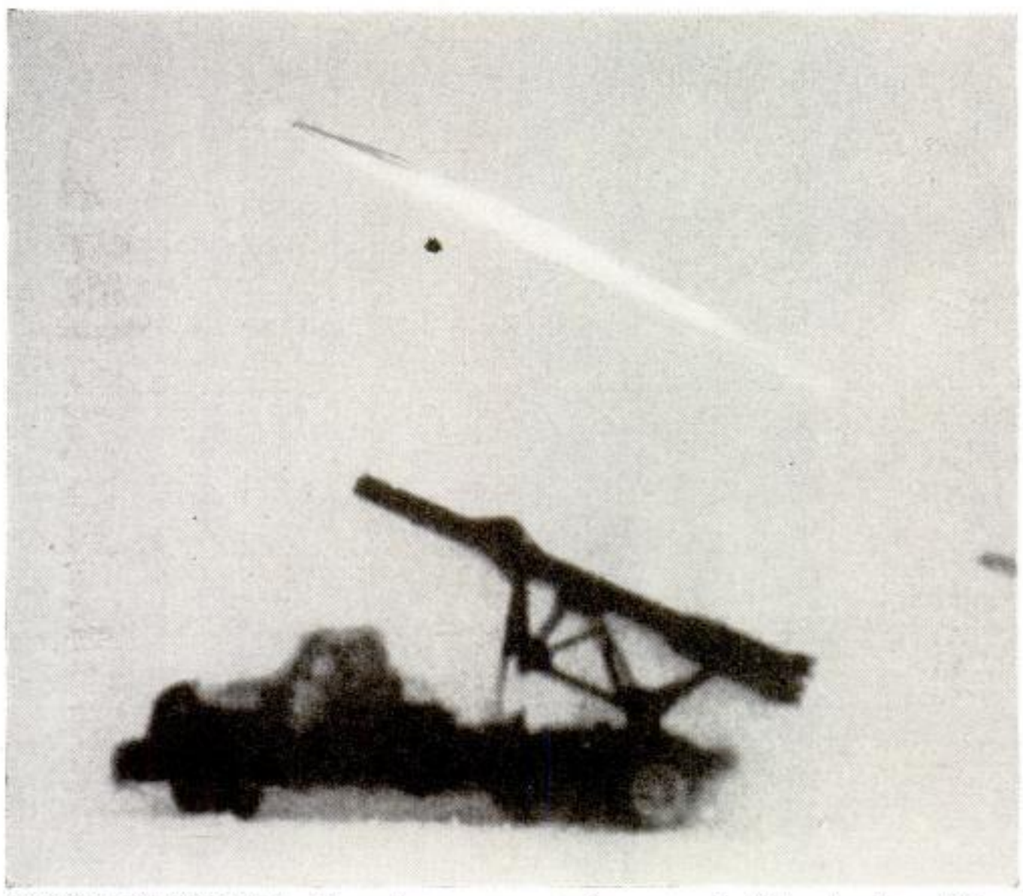
If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-13, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.



Katiusha, Russia's secret weapon, is a rocket gun. Here batteries of them, ranged on the snow before Stalingrad, send their projectiles toward the German lines. These have been very effective in the recent fighting around Orel, Kharkov, before Kiev.



Variation of Katiusha is this rocket gun mounted on a truck. This gives it mobility, ideal in situations where the enemy is retreating and can be kept running by constant pressure. No details have been released on Katiusha's projectile size or range.



German "Nebelwerfer" is a six-barreled rocket mortar which can be used for laying smoke or throwing explosive projectiles. Its projectile weighs about 55 pounds and has a range up to 6,000 yards. The six barrels can be fired in as many seconds.



Does the "worry-go-round" of life upset you? *Look out for "worry-go-round stomach"*... distress after meals, nervous indigestion, gas pains—perhaps simple diarrhea! When you feel these symptoms, take it easy... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative! Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Recommended for children as well as adults. *Get a bottle from your druggist today!* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol*

By the Makers of *Unguentine Norwich®

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.



Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. A, MYSTIC, CONN.

MEND WHILE YOU IRON!

IRONTEX*

The Miracle Fabric Mender

Don't discard torn, worn household linens, clothing, etc. Renew them with **"IRONTEX"** Mending Tape while you iron. Does a neat, strong job, saves time, is easy to apply, can be washed and ironed. White and colors, 1½" wide, **10¢** pckg. 30"—**25¢** pckg. 90". At Notion Counters. **TRY IT!** Send 10c in coin to Dept. L-1 for **"IRONTEX"** Trial Package.

*Trade Mark



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15 E. 26th St. · New York, N. Y.

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"That," the jury said, "is your milder, better-tasting cigarette!..."



When you try your first Fleetwood, you will taste the result of a *new idea in cigarette blending*. Its exquisite flavor was created with the guidance of a professional jury of tasters of fine wines, teas, and coffees. Blend after blend was developed until they came to one which their sensitive tastes voted *both milder and better-tasting than any of the six largest-selling brands!*

And with new taste-goodness, Fleetwood also brings you extra protection against nicotine, throat irritants, and tars that stain fingers and teeth. Provided you smoke it no farther than an old-size cigarette, Fleetwood's extra length will *filter and strain* each puff of smoke, make it measurably cleaner! *A cleaner, finer smoke is Fleetwood's promise. Try a pack today.*

FLEETWOOD

A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

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The World-famous Bacardi Cocktail

THE BACARDI COCKTAIL . . . one of the most called for drinks in all the world . . . must be made with Bacardi (according to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936). The simple recipe portrayed above, shows the one and only way to make a Bacardi Cocktail . . . the way by which it has achieved world-wide fame. Today, at your favorite restaurant, or at home, enjoy the most delectable drink ever devised . . . the matchless Bacardi Cocktail.

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862



Nothing takes the place of BACARDI

★ And for Victory—Nothing takes the place of WAR BONDS. Schenley Import Corp., N. Y. RUM—89 PROOF. © 1943.

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Life Visits the Harvesters of America

The American earth was doing a good job in the autumn of 1943. Despite a late spring and local floods and scattered drought, it was bringing forth vegetables, fruits and grains in quantities well above the prewar average. The harvesters were doing a good job too. Shorthanded farmers recruited help where they could find it, lengthened their own working days to before-dawn until after-dark. Whole families worked together in the fields. Labor imported from Mexico, Jamaica and the Bahamas worked beside women, children and volunteers from the city.

The September sun burned their necks and their hands grew calloused with the hard work of harvest. But as they moved between high walls of corn or down thick rows of cabbages, beans and peas, all were touched by the deep sense of fulfilment, the elemental happiness that always seems to rise from the land at this time of fruitful climax. They breathed the ripe smell of growing things, sang as they worked, laughed at their own weariness as they gathered for impromptu meals in the fields.

Because of the war, this year's harvest was more important than any other. Traditionally the best-fed country in the world, the U. S. watched its food stocks with anxious eye. On the produce of its billion acres of farm and pasture land depend the strength and welfare of some 10,000,000 fighting men as well as the millions in vital war industries. Its less-favored Allies need any food that it can spare. And the half-starved people whom its Armies are even now fighting to liberate cannot well help the course of victory unless they are fed first.

As the barns and silos filled, as loaded trucks and trains began moving toward distribution and processing centers, it became apparent that the U. S. would not go hungry. But neither would the U. S. feast, nor eat as it has been accustomed to. For there is one hard fact to be faced: as long as war lasts, there will not be enough of everything for everyone.



WHEAT

At harvest's peak near East Grand Forks in Minnesota (which, with Dakotas and eastern Washington, produces more than three-fourths of U. S. spring wheat), workers paused only briefly for lunch which was brought to the fields by their women. Wheat crop is expected to be near-record of 835,000,000 bushels but demands are huge. More than half will be used for food. Almost as urgent is need of wheat for feed and to produce alcohol for synthetic rubber and smokeless powder.

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CABBAGE

Regular farm hands, who are generally deferred from military service if they are essential, toss cabbages into truck on a farm near Seattle, Wash. Most of this cabbage crop will be harvested in October after early frosts have hardened it and improved the flavor. Like other truck crops, cabbages will not be plentiful for the fresh market this year. Largest late-harvest districts are New York, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania. Beet and spinach supply for 1943 is above average.



CORN

Basic food for national livestock and poultry industry, corn crop will be second largest in 23 years though some is ripening late because of bad spring weather and some was damaged by drought in the South. Production in Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota set their all-time records: Illinois, Indiana and Ohio are producing near-records. Among volunteers who helped with sweet-corn in Fairmont, Minn. were members of Women's Land Army from Duluth (*above*), civic and war workers, store clerks and businessmen.

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TOMATOES

After getting off to an uncertain start, tomato crop shows signs of almost reaching last year's record of 3,000,000 tons. In New Jersey, where this picture was taken, the ripening of tomatoes for canning caused a serious labor bottleneck which was solved by civilian and military volunteers (LIFE, Sept. 6). Fresh or table tomatoes are grown in more than 20 states but bulk of early movement comes from Florida, California, Texas, Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia.

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LIKE THESE HUSKY MINNESOTA GIRLS, MOST MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY ARE YOUNG, STRONG, AND INEXPERIENCED. LIFE'S COVER GIRL IS AT LEFT OF BACK ROW

CROPS WERE SAVED BY NOVICE WORKERS

People who had never worked on the land before helped with this year's harvest. Some belonged to the U. S. Crop Corps, organized to help fill the gap left by 3,000,000 farm workers who have gone to war or industry since 1940. Important branches of this organization, which has enrolled a million volunteers, are the Women's Land Army with over 50,000 members and Victory Farm Volunteers composed of 300,000 youngsters who went where they were needed.

But most communities had to draw on their own resources. When the hurry call went out in towns near rural districts, the business houses and schools closed, clergymen and Boy Scouts and housewives were mobilized to help save the all-important crops.



Farmer's wife picks lima beans on Long Island. Many farm women were released for the harvest by housework helpers.



Small boy works beside sister on a California potato farm. Potatoes are real boom crop this year, especially in Maine.



Pre-draft-age farmer's son helped with cabbage harvest on farm near Seattle, Wash. Next year he may be in the army.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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They have a Future...*because they have a Past!*



FORTUNATELY, thanks to the U. S. Bottled-in-Bond Act which regulates details of aging, bottling and labeling of bonded whiskies, there has been no war-time change in this pre-war quality. For generations past, these five famous bonds have been America's outstanding whiskies. And they still are!

So even in war-time you can still have the finest whiskey you ever knew in peace-time . . . but you will have to have just a little patience with us, when you don't happen to find the particular brand you want in your licensed dealer's store.

For with limited stocks and an ever-growing demand we have the task of being trustees for you who love fine whiskies. It is our task to distribute these remaining stocks of fine bonded whiskies fairly, but at the same time wisely so that you can depend on having this same superlative quality until conditions permit the production and proper aging of new stocks.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
MARYLAND STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
PENNSYLVANIA STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

The distilleries of this company are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes.

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SLEEP IN BED-OF-ROSES COMFORT

on America's Most Luxurious Mattress



Englander

Good Nights that bring Good Mornings—Since 1895

Refreshing sleep is so vital, nature decrees that you spend one-third of your life in bed. But you can't enjoy sound sleep unless your *mattress* is truly *restful.*

In luxurious comfort, *no other mattress* has ever equaled Englander. For nearly fifty years, every Englander mattress has been specially designed, custom-built, to relax, rest and sleep your body as nature intended. This heritage of fine mattress making is yours in every Englander, from the highest to the lowest in price.

Even today, despite wartime restrictions on spring metal, Englander's new mattress offers unsurpassed comfort. It's the Englander *"Non-Stretch"* . . . zephyr-soft . . . magically springy . . . exquisitely styled. See it now, for the luxurious sleep you so vitally need.

Englander 4-STAR *Bodyguard*
"Non-Stretch" Mattress

Other models, double or twin sizes, $24.75 to $59.75. Box springs to match available also.

$39.75





WORLD'S LARGEST

3000 ships. 160,000 men. 14,000 vehicles. 600 tanks. 1800 guns. That's the initial invasion force the Allied Nations floated across the Mediterranean to Sicily—largest the world had known 'til then. And, preparing for bigger things to come, the U. S. is now floating the world's largest War Bond drive. The quota for individuals has been set at fifteen billion dollars, or nearly $120 for every man, woman and child in this country. Launch your dollars right now and help float a loan — and another invasion fleet that will make even the Sicilian operation look small. This advertisement contributed by the makers of Sani-Flush and Mel'o.



OTIS
MODERN
UNDERWEAR

Buy quality. Make every garment last. Our production for the Army and Navy comes first.

Trade Mark
OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth Street
New York
BUY WAR BONDS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

STOP GROWLIN'!



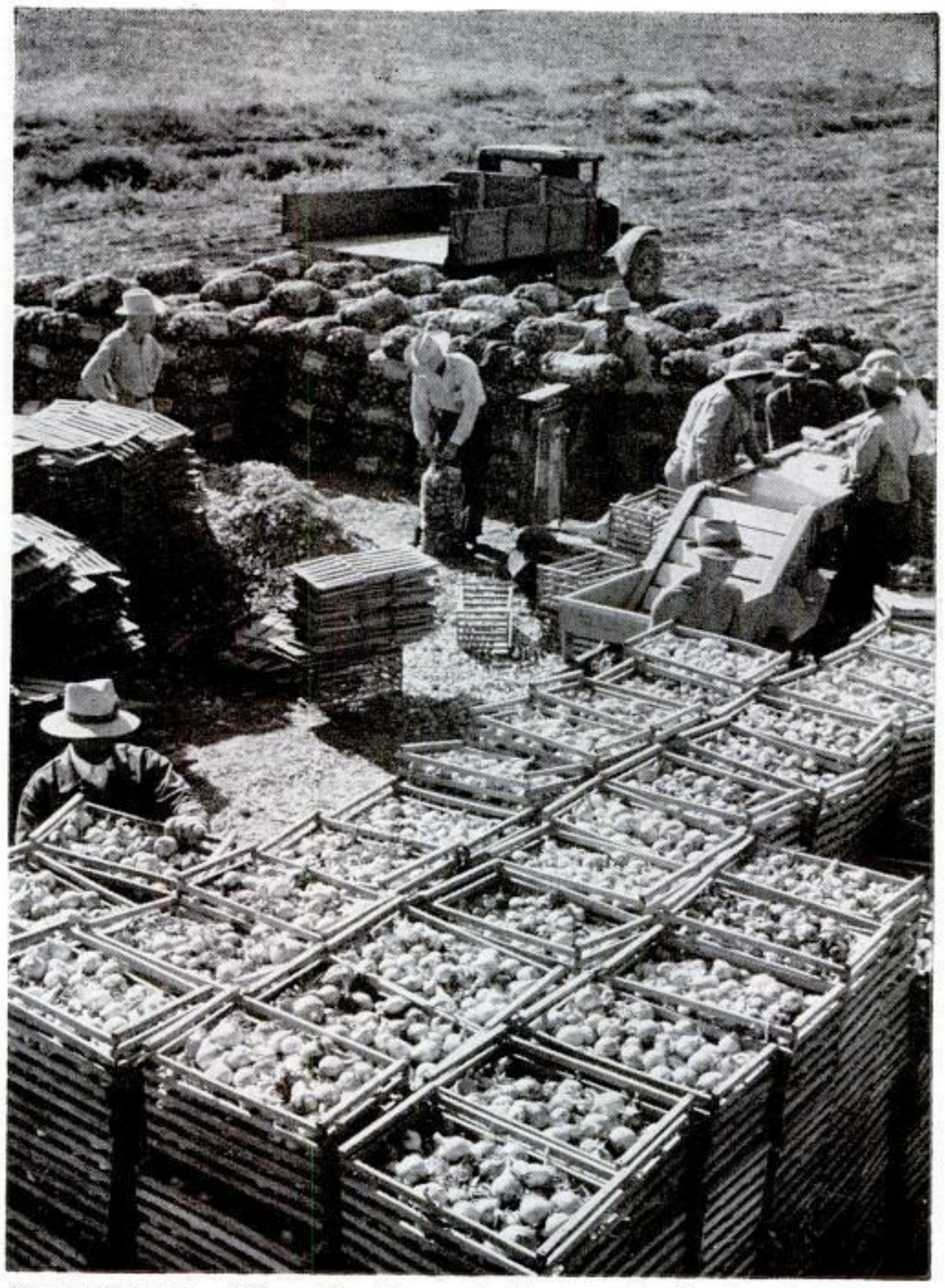
Take the "bark" out of coffee by *brewing* it right—in a "VACULATOR". Makes *any* coffee taste *better*, go *farther*. Saves on sugar and cream, too. So simple and easy to use. Get *quality* features *AND low price* in this *practical* 2-3-4 cup size. See your dealer—*TODAY!*

HILL-SHAW CO. - CHICAGO, U.S.A.



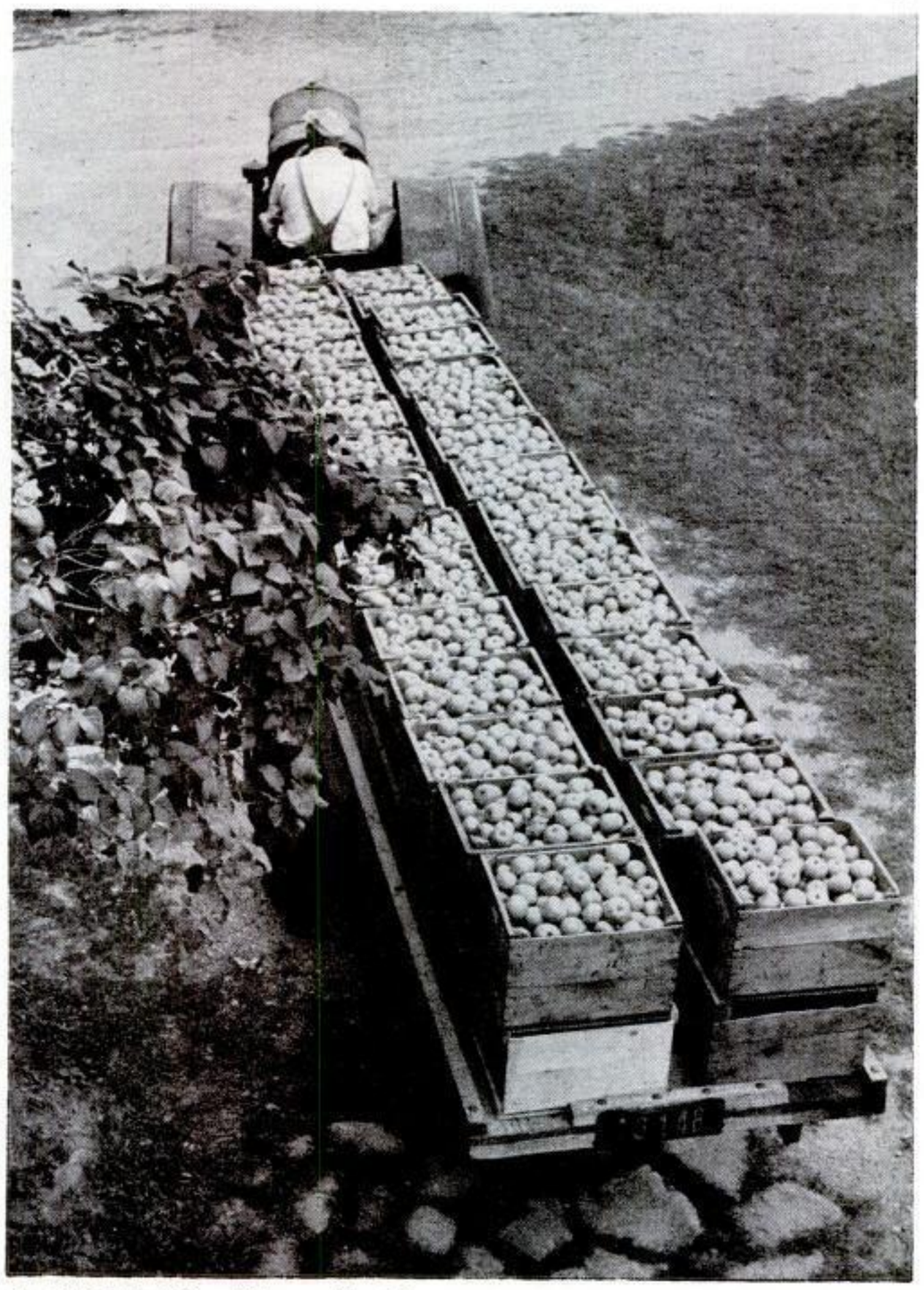
$2.95

Vaculator 2-3-4
made with PYREX brand GLASS



ONIONS

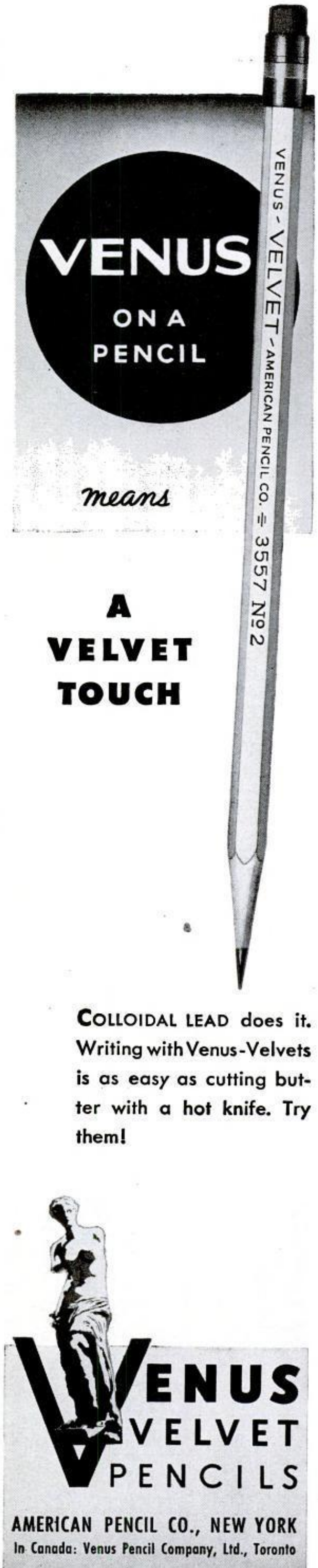
Colorado's onion crop is above average though nationwide supply will not equal last year's. Onions are among foods scheduled for a price roll-back to reduce consumer costs by 2.3%.



APPLES

This truckload is part of New York's apple harvest which will produce 13,000,000 bushels, more than any other state except Washington. But apple crop is below average all over the U.S.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



COLLOIDAL LEAD does it. Writing with Venus-Velvets is as easy as cutting butter with a hot knife. Try them!

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"Number 18 I love you!"

"I wouldn't, for the world, spend you foolishly, little coupon. So, I'm going right now to get those wonderful Walk-Over Bambis. Sleek alligator-grain-on-calf with dress-up brown suede. Easy low-heel. I'll wear them with everything. And I *know* they're duration-comfortable because they're made by Walk-Over."



Walk-Over

Walk-Over prices $8.95 to $12.95.
Geo. E. Keith Company,
Brockton 63, Mass.



Makes wartime meat dishes taste delicious

Try this new recipe! Shape chopped raw meat into patties. Then *pour* — and we mean that literally—French's Worcestershire over the meat. Allow the sauce to sink well into meat, then place on griddle, and cook as you would hamburger. Delectable, *delicious*—a wonderful way to step up the flavor of wartime meat cuts.

Brentwood

MIRAPACA
THE WONDER SWEATER



Mirapaca . . . America's most advertised sweater . . . will give you wearing pleasure for many seasons. Light in weight, warm, and feathery soft . . . it radiates an air of smartness that all lovers of fine sportswear admire. For business or leisure wear there's nothing like a Mirapaca . . . America's Sweater Favorite. $6.00

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

BRENTWOOD SPORTSWEAR • PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK



BEANS

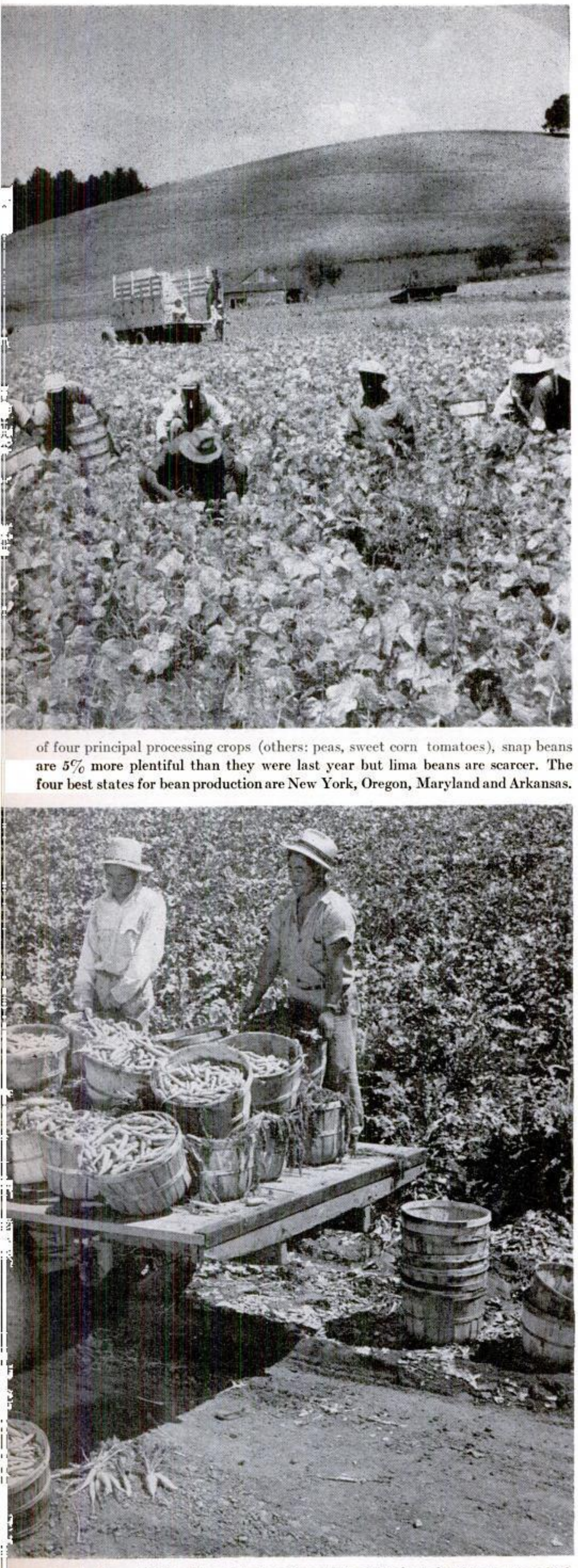
Bahamian Negroes work in field near Mountain City, Tenn., part of farm on which 350 acres were planted in snap beans and which yielded 35,000 bushels despite some damage. One



CARROTS

Three Japanese-Americans load carrots on truck farm near Littleton, Colo. Many have been released from relocation camps to help with harvest. The large carrot

Copyrighted material



of four principal processing crops (others: peas, sweet corn tomatoes), snap beans are 5% more plentiful than they were last year but lima beans are scarcer. The four best states for bean production are New York, Oregon, Maryland and Arkansas.

crops in Texas, California and Arizona brought national production to a new high of 26 million bushels. Nutritious and rich in vitamins, carrots will be distributed in bunched form for domestic consumption, will be processed for shipment overseas.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SEALED-IN-STEEL TO PREVENT CORROSION

Preserved Power For Fighting Words . . .

Crouched here in the front-line he directs death and destruction into enemy entrenchments. By walkie-talkie radio or along hastily laid telephone lines, his words come through strong and clear, thanks to Ray-O-Vac batteries with their *preserved power*. Batteries help win battles—that's why *all* LEAK-PROOF batteries go to our fighting forces.

IF YOU HAVE BATTERIES

. . . use them sparingly and keep in a cool place.



AFTER THE WAR YOU CAN AGAIN ASK FOR

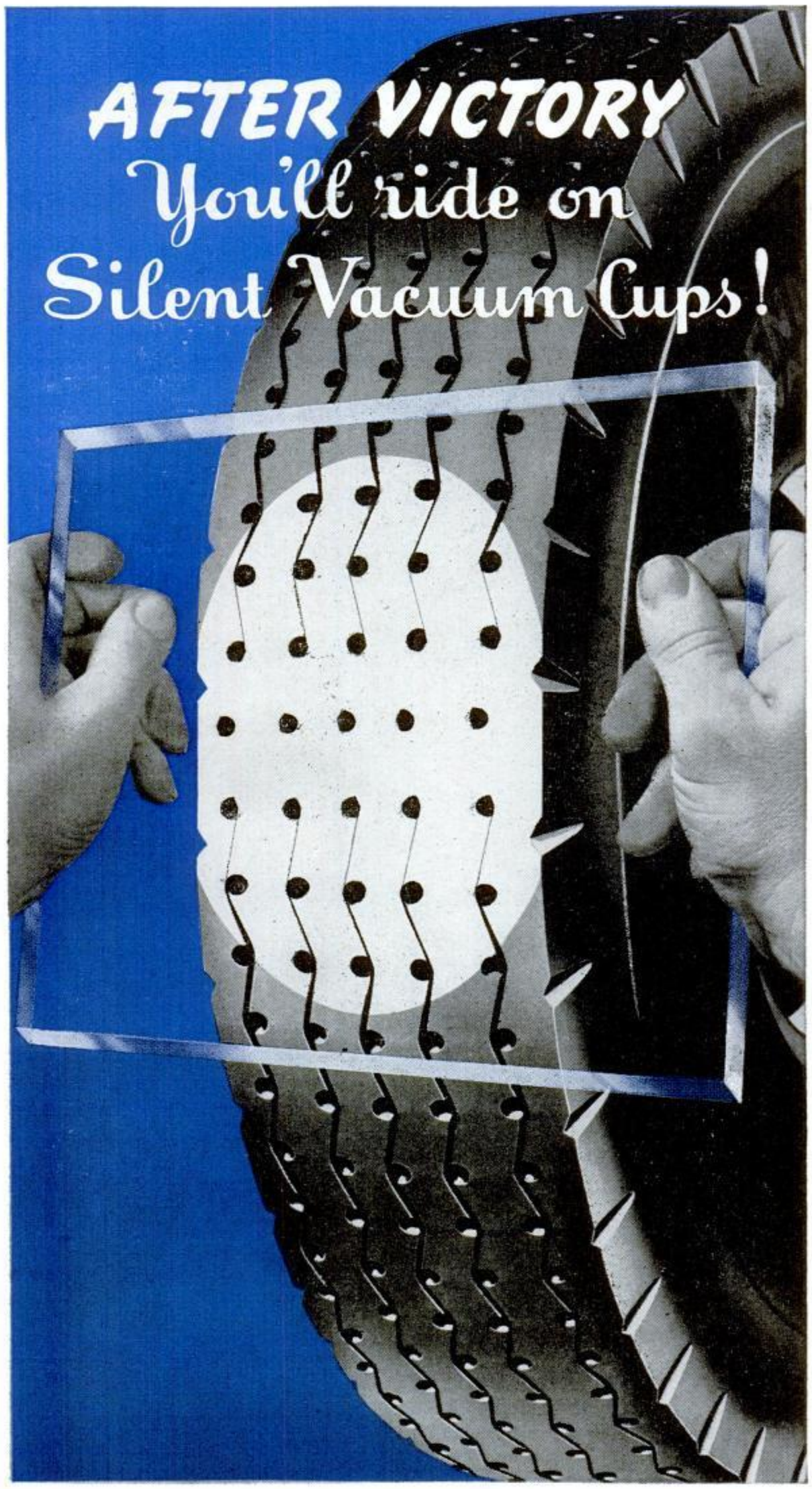
RAY-O-VAC Leakproof FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

BUY WAR BONDS — RAY-O-VAC — BUY WAR STAMPS

FLASHLIGHTS BATTERIES

RAY-O-VAC COMPANY • MADISON, WISCONSIN

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THE Pennsylvania Rubber Company always will be known for applying the vacuum principle in the tire field.

The quietest, easiest-running tire is a smooth tread tire—but, of course, a smooth tire is terribly dangerous. Most tire treads are "compromise" designs—the more ridges and cleats for *safety*, the more noise; the fewer ridges and cleats for *silence*, the less protection against skidding.

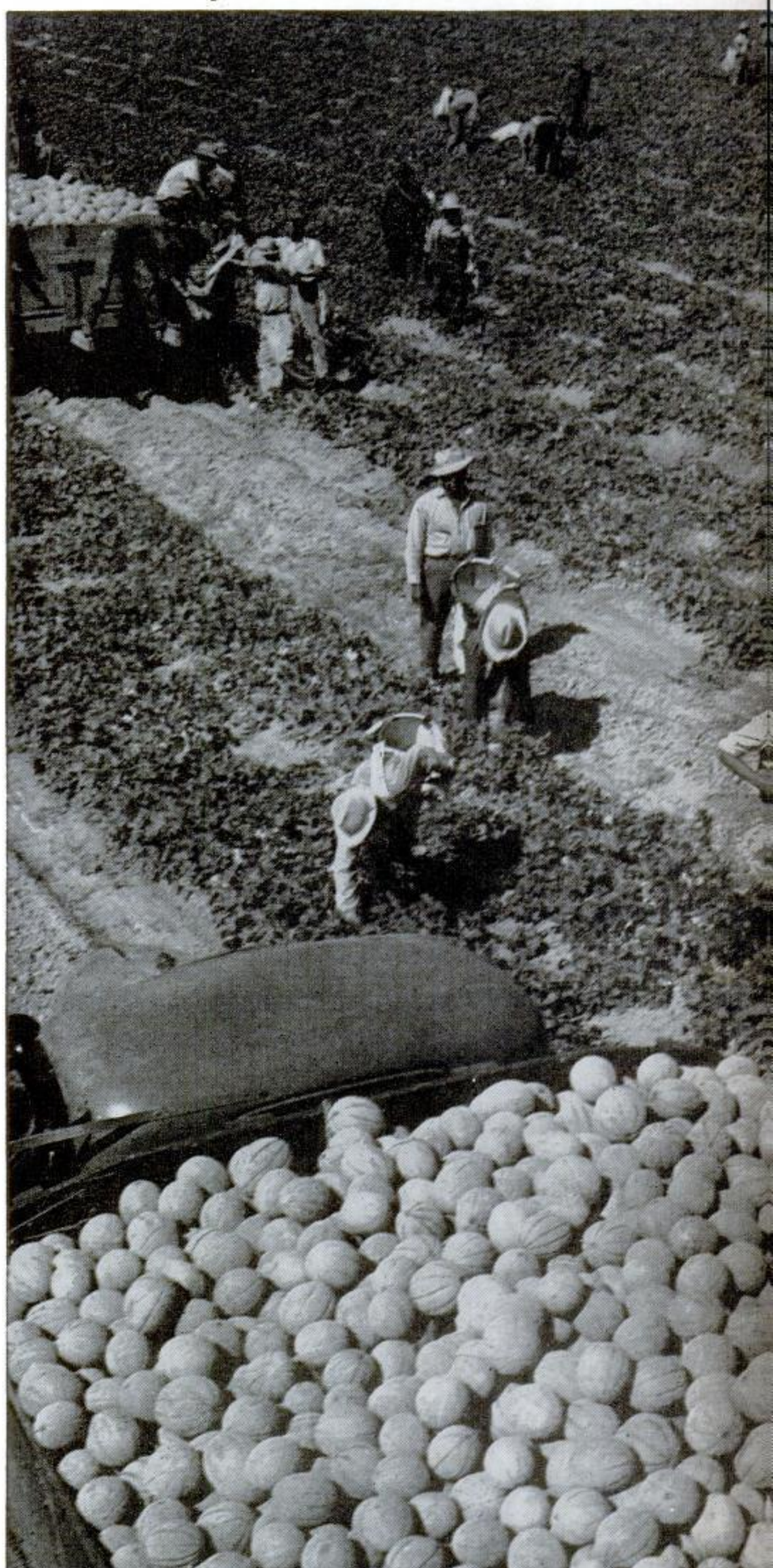
The new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire is the first really different tire in a generation. It upsets the entire current principle of tread design. When the car is rolling, you have the effect of a smooth tire. Now look through the glass. See how vacuum cups are formed to assure positive anti-skid protection by holding the car in its tracks safely and surely.

A plus value of this revolutionary tire design is that it greatly increases the mileage obtained from every pound of material in the tire.

When Victory permits, your Pennsylvania dealer will have for you the safest and greatest tire the world has ever known—the new Pennsylvania Silent Vacuum Cup Tire. Get to know him now. Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

MANUFACTURED BY THE ORIGINATORS OF THE *Silent Vacuum Cup Tire*

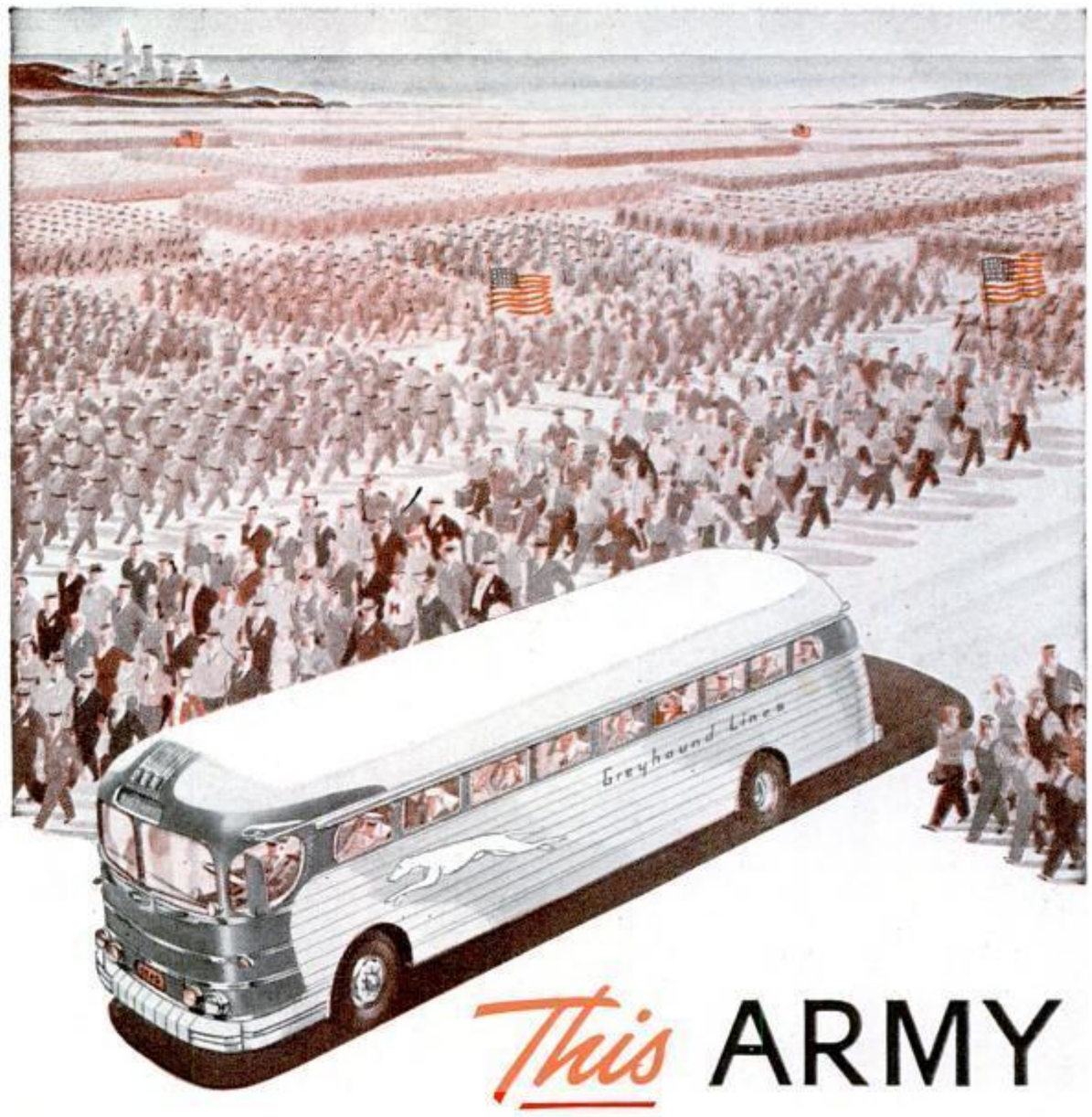


MELONS

Considered a nonessential crop because they are bulky as well as perishable, melons were grown in small quantities. Here, Mexican laborers pick and load cantaloupes on large

Copyrighted material

melon farm in Colorado, biggest producer of melon seeds (Arizona and California outproduce it in crops). Total fruit supply for 1943-44 marketing season is about 11% smaller than last year but 6% larger than the average, with citrus fruits in the lead.



This ARMY MOVES BY GREYHOUND

...132 Million Passengers in One Year
...the Fighting, Working Manpower of America!

Greyhound and other bus lines now carry more than half of all *intercity* passengers moved by public transportation in the United States . . . between cities, towns, military centers, farm and factory areas. Buses do this immensely important job on less than 3 per cent of the motor fuel used by all commercial vehicles!

Greyhound, doing the largest single share of this war job (132 million passengers last year), has seen its passengers change, almost overnight, to war plant workers, men in uniform, farm help, WACS, WAVES—and all the others whose trips are so necessary to back our fighting men in far lands.

But Greyhound and all bus lines are faced by serious curtailments of equipment and fuel — by loss of skilled personnel — by the national reduction in operating speeds. These restrictions have cut deeply into their capacity for carrying manpower. The Office of Defense Transportation and the intercity bus lines, working together, are doing all in their power to remedy this threat to the war program.

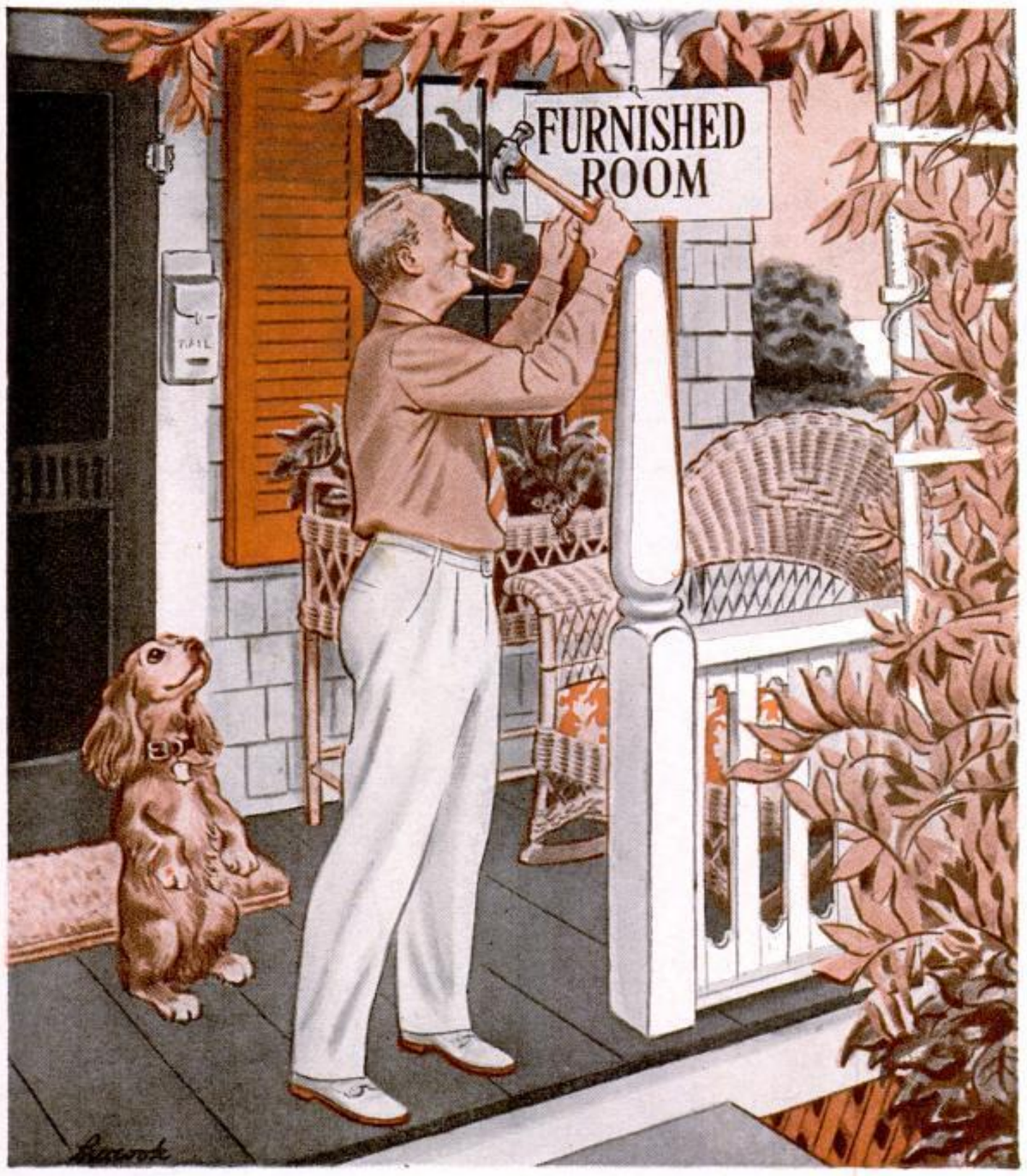
But YOU can help most of all:

By avoiding all travel around holidays—by starting and finishing necessary trips on midweek days (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday) —by traveling light—by taking occasional inconvenience or crowding with good nature.

And buy more War Savings Bonds! They're the best possible investment for you, for your country—and they'll be good for thrilling travel in the finer, faster Greyhound buses Victory will bring.

GREYHOUND

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MANY MEN IN WHOSE

MODEST HOMES THERE USED TO BE A

MITE OF IDLE SPACE NOW

MAKE A POINT OF RENTING ONE OR

MAYBE TWO ROOMS TO

MORE-THAN-VITAL WAR WORKERS. IN

MANY TOWNS THIS HELPS VERY

MUCH TOWARD EASING THE

MIGHTY TOUGH HOUSING PROBLEM.

MAYBE YOU HAVE A ROOM THAT YOU

MIGHT RENT! IF SO, DO SO!



The best of 'em is

M&M

MATTINGLY & MOORE BLENDED WHISKEY

80 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

If your bar or package store is out of M & M, there is a very good reason. You see, we haven't made a drop of whiskey since the fall of 1942. During these many months our distilleries have been devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

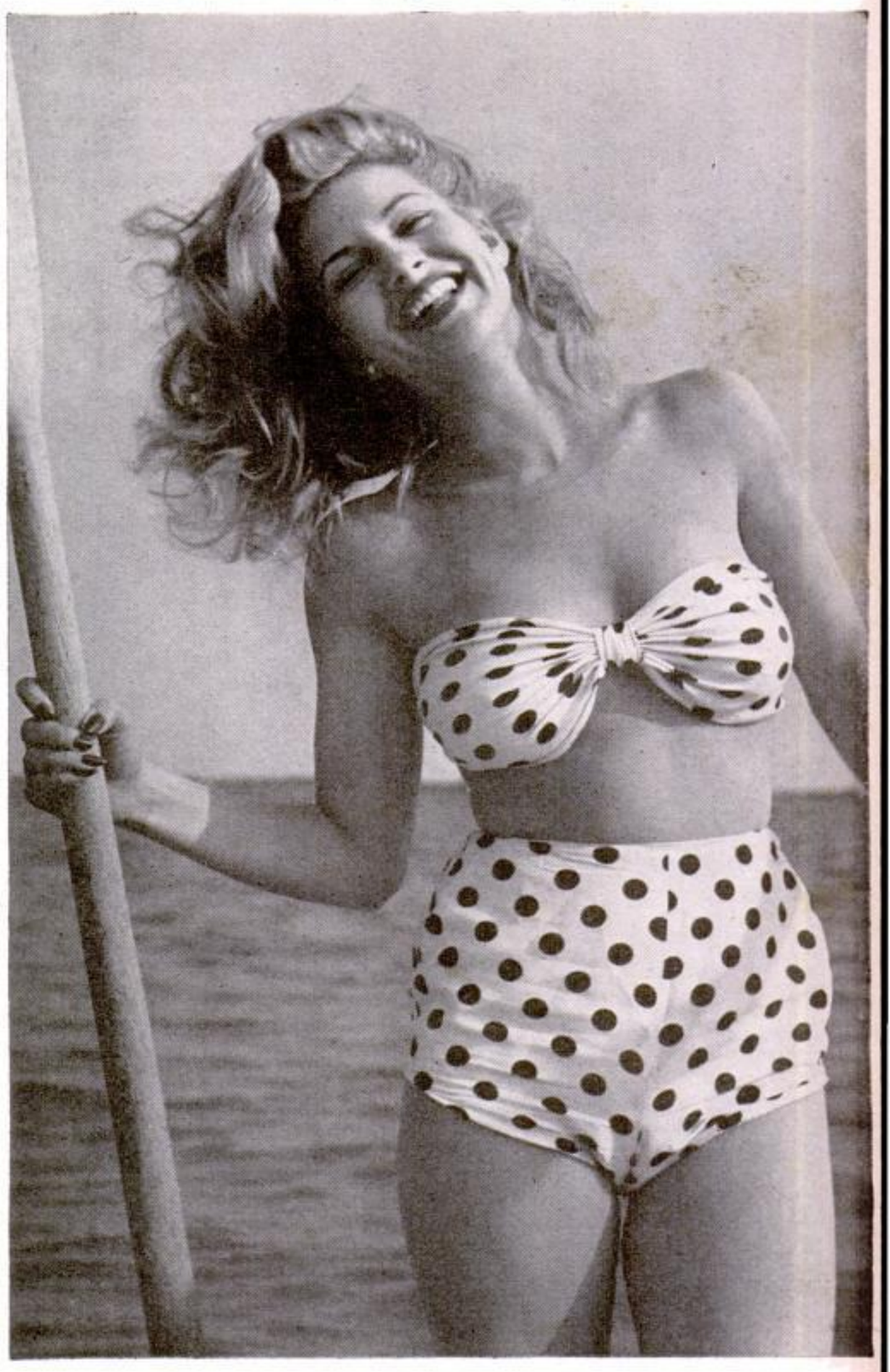
COVER GIRL

Sirs:

This picture shows Miss Chili Williams, my newest Cover Girl. I think she has all the photogenic qualities which have brought fame to other Cover Girls, including Choo Choo Johnson, Candy Jones, Dusty Anderson, Anita Colby. This is one of her first pictures.

HARRY CONOVER

New York, N. Y.



BEAUTIFUL TEACHERS

Sirs:

The next generation of children will be taught by teachers who are aware of the value of being beautiful. As evidence I offer this picture of some of the members of the class of 1943 at New Jersey State Teachers' College at Glassboro, N. J.

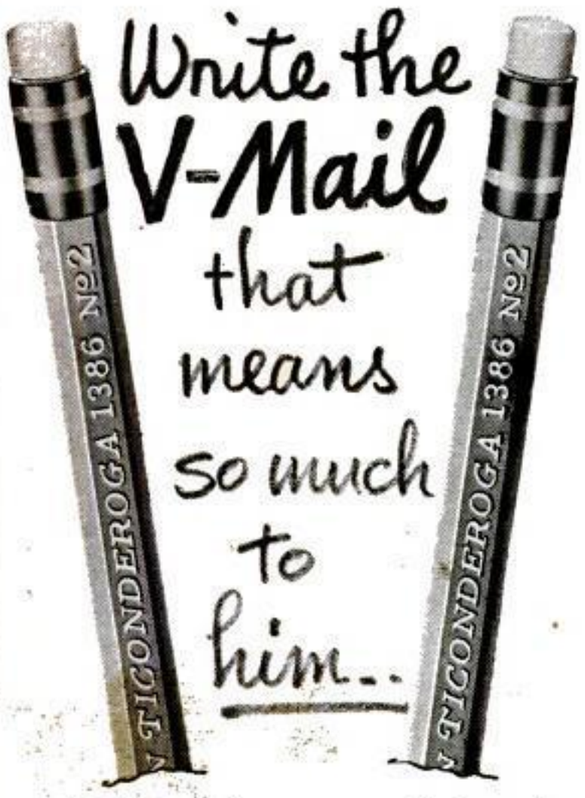
Yes sir, I almost wish I were starting school again. It would be a pleasure to learn the three R's from one of these lovely school ma'ams.

TIM O'BRIEN

Murray, Ky.



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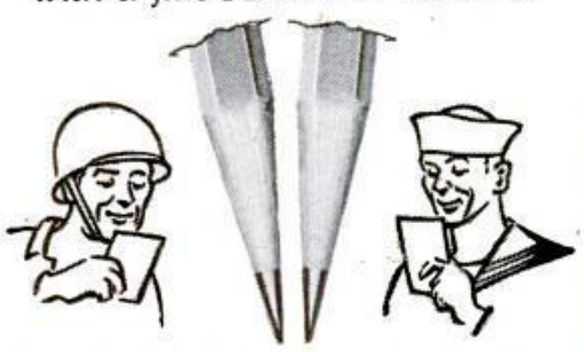


with a Ticonderoga pencil. It makes clean, sharp lines that reproduce legibly, and it writes so readily you'll find it easier to think about what you want to say.

P. S. He will appreciate Ticonderogas to write his V-Mail easier, too. Send him a box of 12 today—weighs less than 8 ounces, can be mailed overseas.

WHEN YOU BUY PENCILS ASK FOR AND INSIST ON GETTING

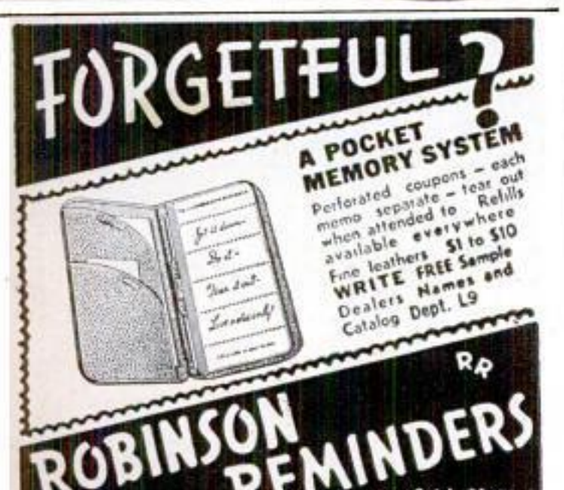
A fine American Pencil with a fine American name...



TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 43-J9, Jersey City 3, N. J.
Canadian Plant: Dixon Pencil Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.





PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

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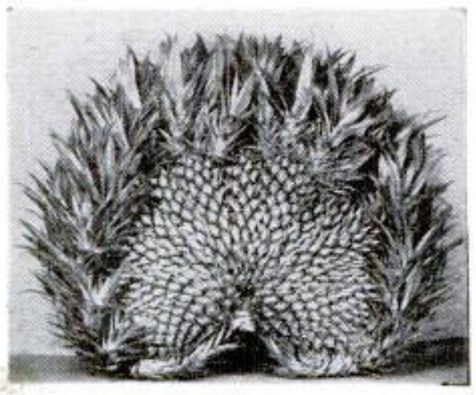
SHARP FEATHERS

Sirs:

This feathery-looking shield is actually a sharp-edged cluster of many pineapples which grew together at their base. When it was dissected, we counted 97 crowns! The pineapple weighed 19½ lb. and was found on a Hawaiian truck farm in the Kau district.

FRANCIS LYMAN

Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.



PERPETUAL ESCUTCHEON

Sirs:

Last winter when we were bivouacking in Africa, we chiseled our names into a cactus leaf and casually propped it in front of our field hospital tent. You can imagine our astonishment a couple of months later when we found that our "shingle" had taken root.

1st. LIEUT McKELDON SMITH,
1st LIEUT. JOHN R. MORRIS,
1st LIEUT. JOHN R. MAPP,
Eighth Evacuation Hospital
A. P. O. 464



BIRD LOVER'S MEMORIAL

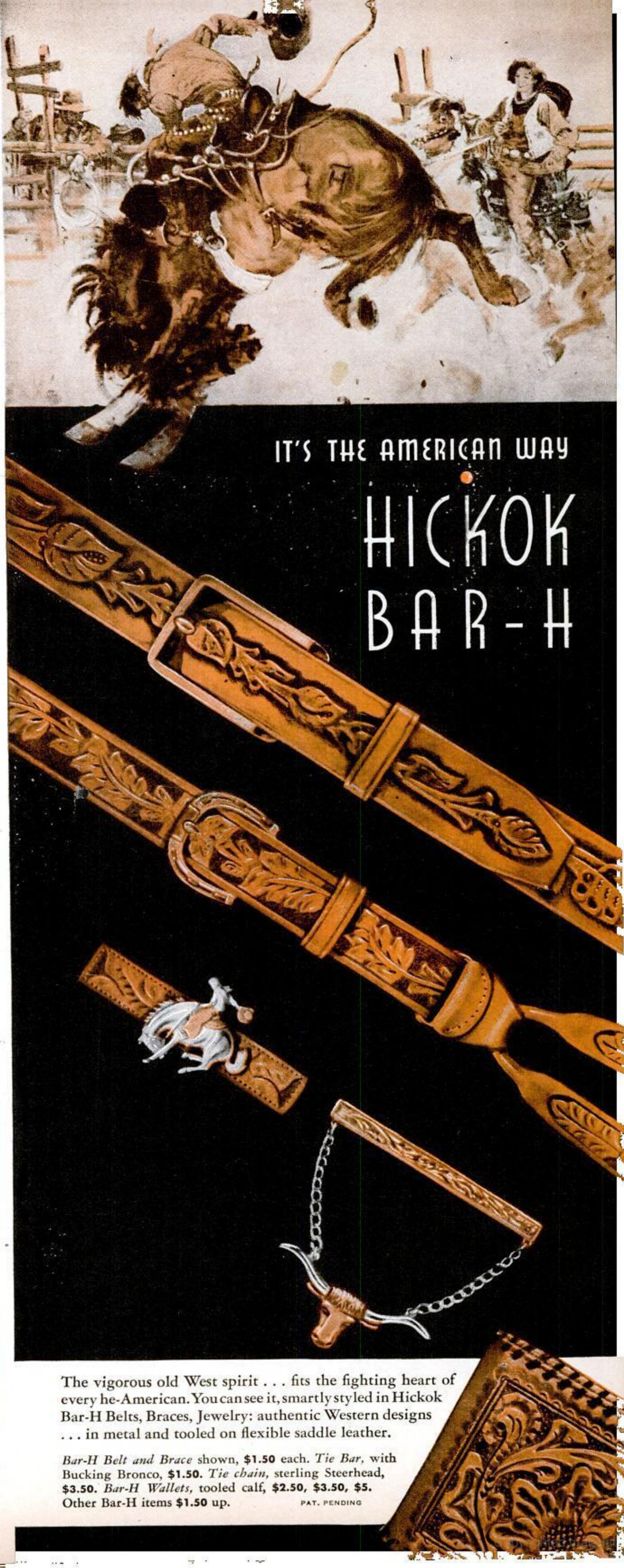
Sirs:

Kathryn Brown Shiffer loved birds and so, when she died, her husband built her monument of ordinary field stones and made it in the shape of a birdhouse which once stood in her backyard. Will Shiffer, whose name is on the opposite side, died a few years later.

DAVID L. EYNON

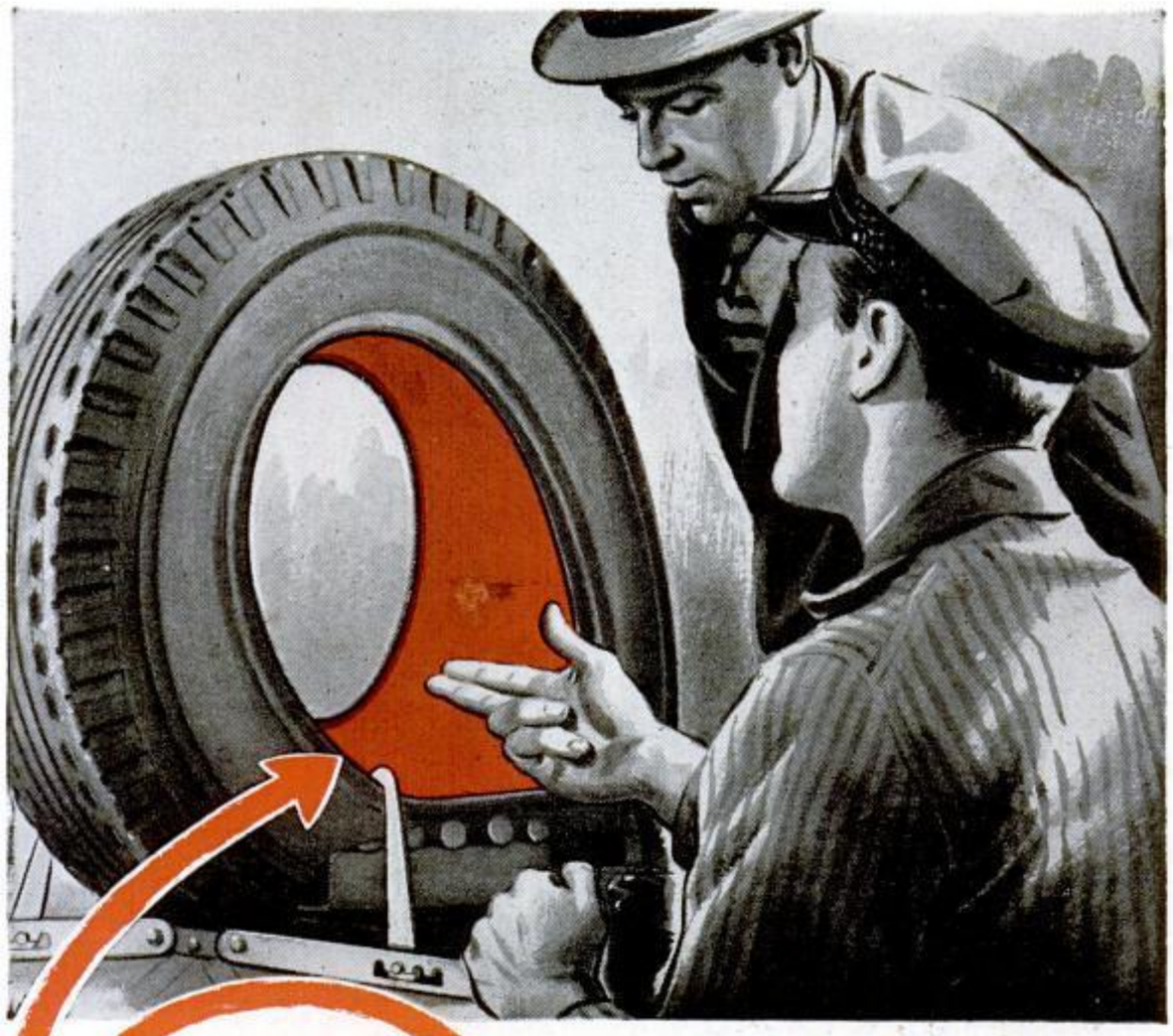
Media, Pa.





The vigorous old West spirit . . . fits the fighting heart of every he-American. You can see it, smartly styled in Hickok Bar-H Belts, Braces, Jewelry: authentic Western designs . . . in metal and tooled on flexible saddle leather.

Bar-H Belt and Brace shown, **$1.50** each. *Tie Bar,* with Bucking Bronco, **$1.50.** *Tie chain,* sterling Steerhead, **$3.50.** *Bar-H Wallets,* tooled calf, **$2.50, $3.50, $5.** Other Bar-H items **$1.50** up. PAT. PENDING



DANGER ZONE

TIRES...
and Potatoes are MUCH ALIKE

They may look good outside but... be rotten INSIDE

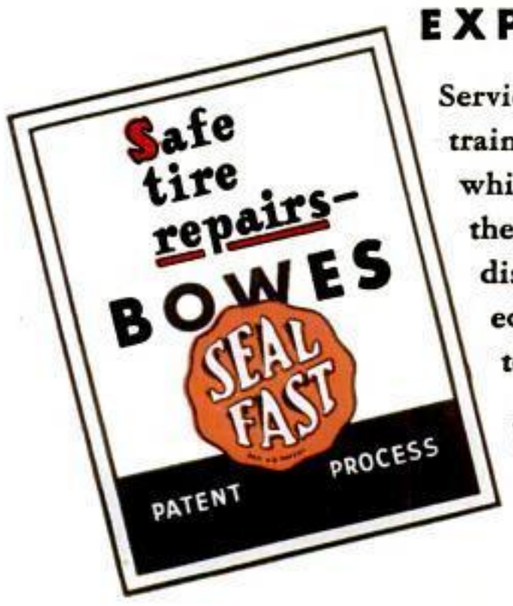


Says Bob Bowes

President and Founder
Bowes "Seal Fast" Corp.
Pioneer in
Safe Tire Repairs

Don't depend on casual inspection of the outside of your tires. The *inside* is the real danger zone. Insist that casings be taken off the wheels and careful inspection made of the inside . . . because many tires which look perfectly OK outside sometimes have small breaks on the inside. These inside breaks, caught "young," can be quickly and easily repaired and you'll add many miles to the life of your tires. But . . . let that inside break go too long, and . . . *BANG* . . . you'll have a blowout, which, in many cases, cannot be safely repaired.

This **SIGN WILL LEAD YOU TO EXPERT TIRE REPAIRMEN**



Service stations displaying this sign are factory-trained Tire Repair Experts. They have equipment which makes it possible to inspect, thoroughly, the inside of your casing . . . and . . . when they discover trouble, they have the expert training, equipment and materials which enable them to make safe, dependable repairs.

YOU'LL GET GREATER TIRE MILEAGE—

If . . . your tires are inspected and properly repaired at Bowes "Seal Fast" Service Stations.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

NEW YORK STAYS HOME

Sirs:

I took these pictures every night at 8:30 during the week of August 29, from a spot overlooking the London Terrace Towers in Manhattan. I think they show that despite war-swollen incomes and the town's myriad attractions, New Yorkers are no different from other people in their preference for the home above all other places. Count the lights:

SUNDAY: This was the big surprise—only a few lights, low number for week.

MONDAY: A stay-at-home night, reserved for the radio and the wash.

TUESDAY: People stir out again; this is below the week's average.

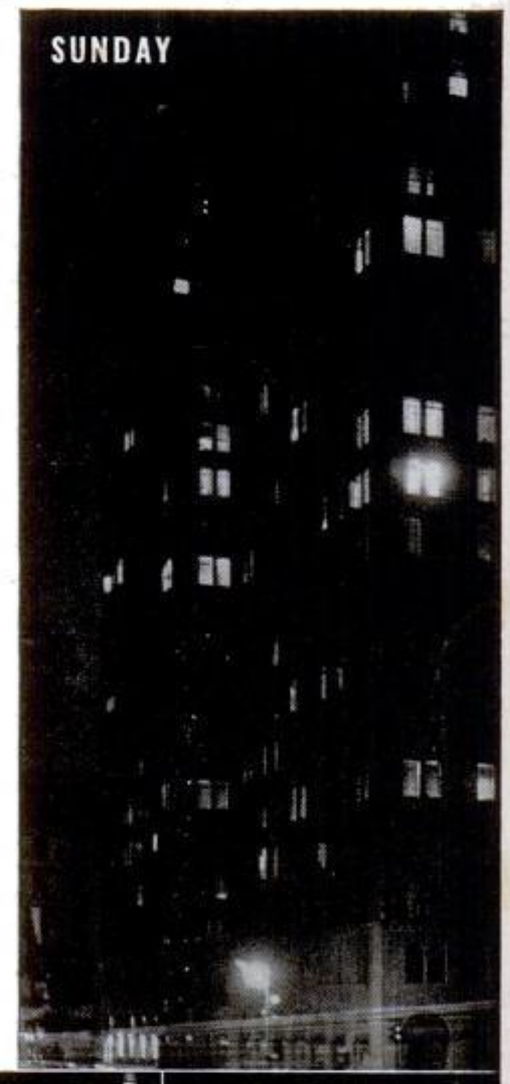
WEDNESDAY: Ablaze like a Christmas tree, the home is most popular tonight.

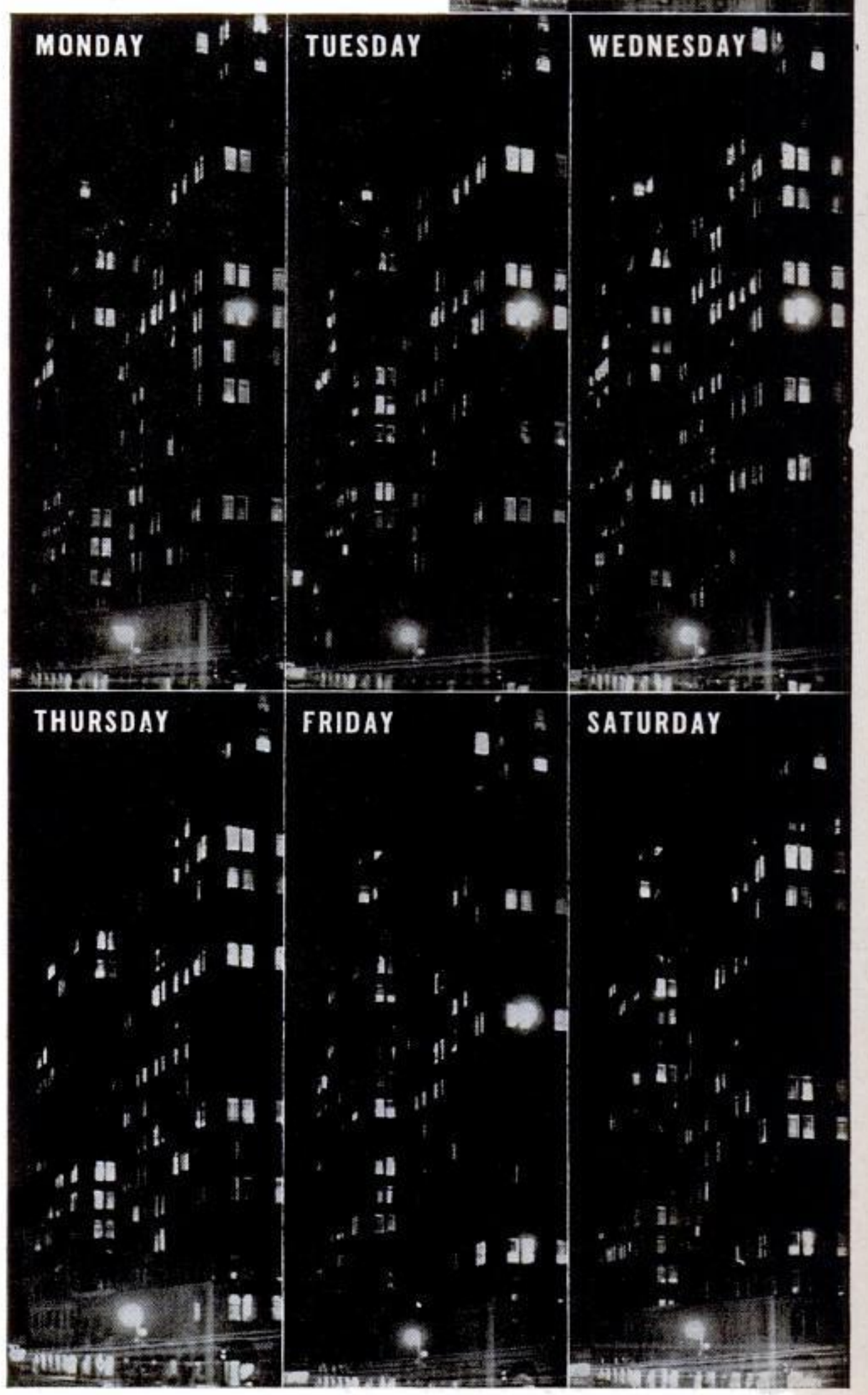
THURSDAY: The department stores are open, which may account for the slump.

FRIDAY: Down again, but still a good showing for a traditional night out.

SATURDAY: Even the gayest night of all finds many having fun at home.

RAYMOND D. SMITH
New York, N.Y.





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I'm going to save this for special occasions...

because Schenley is making War Alcohol exclusively



...no whiskey is being distilled these days

Only limited pre-war stocks are available of the choice whiskies used in Schenley Royal Reserve. Thus you may not always be able to get it, but when you do, use Schenley Royal Reserve on special occasions and enjoy it that much longer.

SCHENLEY

ROYAL RESERVE

BLENDED WHISKEY

BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE, BUY WAR BONDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Tobacco Expert." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Joe Jones



...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy On The Draw

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company